THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 [illegible] Franklin

NOVEMBER 28, 1914 — 5c. THE COPY

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Made in La Salle and Peru, Ill., by Westclox

NOVEMBER 28, 191[illegible] $2.50 THE COPY

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Big Ben won success in a truly American way—by being on the job every minute of the time. Big Ben has pushed himself ahead by helping others rise.

Uncle Sam asked Santa Claus to buy American goods—suggested "his clock"—*Made by Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*—and now it's Big Ben for 'most every one on his Christmas list.

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Here are seven of the thirty models of the famous Hamilton Watch. They will give you an idea of the wide range of style and the beauty of the designs in which Hamilton watches are made.

Your own jeweler will tell you that, no matter which model you choose, you are certain to get marvelous accuracy and dependable durability in a

Hamilton Watch

"The Railroad Timekeeper of America"

Any railroad man or any man or woman who *must* have accuracy and who knows watches will tell you that the Hamilton is a watch that may always be relied on—that the name "Hamilton" is a perfect safeguard in watch buying. A Hamilton Watch is always guaranteed in every part and particular. Cased Hamiltons are mounted in handsome leather display boxes.

Sent on Request—the Hamilton book, "The Timekeeper"

This book describes all Hamiltons and also gives many interesting facts important to you if you are considering buying a good watch. May we send you a copy?

Brief Descriptions of the Hamiltons Shown on This Page

Hamilton No. 920—The thinnest 12-size watch made in America and the crowning achievement in American watch making. Nickel bridge movement. Pendant set. 23 extra-fine ruby jewels in gold settings. Patent Motor Barrel. Micrometric regulator. Breguet hair spring. Compensation balance. Adjusted to temperature, isochronism and five positions. Prices $80 to $150.

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Hamilton No. 914—12-size, very thin, gentleman's watch, 14K. solid gold case. Nickel ¾ plate movement. 17 extra-fine ruby jewels, micrometric regulator. Breguet hair spring. Compensation balance, adjusted to temperature, isochronism and three positions. Prices from $55 to $85. In gold-filled case, $40.00.

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Hamilton movements in a variety of models can be purchased of your jeweler, without case, to be fitted to your present case or any case you may select.

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THREE GENERALS AND A COOK—*By IRVIN S. COBB*

TO GET to the civic midriff of the ancient and honorable French city of Laon you must ascend a road that winds in spirals about a high, steep hill, like the threads cut in a screw. Doing this you come at length to the flat top of the screw—a most curiously flat top—and find on this side of you the Cathedral and the market-place, and on that side of you the Hôtel de Ville, where a German flag hangs among the iron lilies in the grille-worked arms of the Republic above the front doors.

Dead ahead of you is the Prefecture, which is a noble stone building, facing southward toward the River Aisne; and it has decorations of the twentieth century, a gateway of the thirteenth century and plumbing of the third century, when there was no plumbing to speak of.

PHOTO. BY THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

A Battery of German Field Artillery

We had made this journey and now the hour was seven in the evening, and we were dining in the big hall of the Prefecture as the guests of His Excellency, Field Marshal von Heeringen, commanding the Seventh Army of the German Kaiser—dining, I might add, from fine French plates, with smart German orderlies for waiters.

Except us five, and one other, the twenty-odd who sat about the great oblong table were members of the Over-General's Staff. We five were Robert H. Thompson, American consul at Aix-la-Chapelle; McCutcheon and Bennett, of the Chicago Tribune; Captain Alfred Mannesmann, of the great German manufacturing firm of Mannesmann & Mulag; and myself. The one other was a Berlin artist, by name Follbehr, who, having the run of the army, was going out daily to do quick studies in water colors in the trenches and among the batteries. He did them remarkably well, too, seeing that any minute a shell might come and spatter him all over his own drawing board.

All the rest, though, were generals and colonels and majors, and such—youngish men mostly. Excluding our host I do not believe there was a man present who had passed fifty years of age; but the General was nearer seventy than fifty, being one of the veterans of the Franco-Prussian War, whom their Emperor had ordered out of desk jobs in the first days of August to shepherd his forces in the field.

At his call they came—Von Heeringen and Von Hindenberg and Von Zwehl, to mention three names that speedily became catchwords round the world—with their gray heads full of Prussian war tactics; and very soon their works had justified the act of their imperial master in choosing them for leadership, and now they had new medals at their throats and on their breasts—to overlay the old medals they won back in 1870–71.

The Polyglots of the German Army

LIKE most of the older officers of the German Army I met, Von Heeringen spoke no English, in which regard he was excessively unlike ninety per cent of the younger officers. Among them it was an uncommon thing in my experience to find one who did not know at least a smattering of English and considerably more than a smattering of understandable French. Even that marvelous organism, the German private soldier, was apt to astonish you at unexpected moments by answering in fair-enough English the questions you put to him in fractured and dislocated German.

Not once or twice, but a hundred times during my cruising about in Belgium and Germany and France this fall, I laboriously unloaded a string of crippled German nouns and broken-legged adjectives and unsocketed verbs on a hickory-looking sentry, only to have him reply to me in my own tongue. It would come out then that he had been a waiter at a British seaside resort or a steward on a Hamburg-American liner; or, oftener still, that he had studied English at the public schools in his native town of Kiel, or Coblenz, or Dresden, or elsewhere.

The officers' English, as I said before, was nearly always ready and lubricant. To one who spoke no French and not enough German to hurt him, this proficiency in language on the part of the German standing army was a precious boon. The ordinary double-barreled dictionary of phrases had already disclosed itself as a most unsatisfying volume in which to put one's trust. It was wearing on the disposition to turn the leaves trying to find out how to ask somebody to pass the butter and find instead whole pages of parallel columns of translated sentences given over to such questions as "Where is the aunt of my stepfather's second cousin?"

As a rule a man does not go to Europe in time of war to look up his relatives by marriage. He may even have gone there to avoid them! War is terrible enough without lugging in all the remote kinsfolk a fellow has. How much easier, then, to throw oneself on the superior educational qualifications of the German military machine! Somebody was sure to have a linguistic life net there, rigged and ready for you to drop into.

It was so in this instance, as it has been so in many instances before and since. The courteous gentlemen who sat at my right side and at my left spoke in German or French or English as the occasion suited.

Peaceful Hospitalities in the Midst of War

CONSIDERING that we were supposed to be at the front, the food was good, there being a soup, and the invariable veal, on which a German buttresses the solid foundations of his dinner, a salad and fruit, red wine and white wine, and brandy. Also, there were flies amounting in numbers to a great multitude.

The talk, like the flies, went to and fro about the table; and always it was worth hearing, since it dealt largely with first-hand experiences in the very heart of the fighting. Yet I must add that not all the talk was talk of war. In peaceful Aix-la-Chapelle, whence we had come, the people knew but one topic. Here, on the forward frayed edge of the battle line, the men who had that day played their part in battle occasionally spoke of other things.

I recall there was a discussion between Captain von Theobald, of the Artillery, and Major Humplmayer, of the Automobile Corps, on the merits of a painting that filled one of the panels in the big, handsome, overdecorated hall. The major won, which was natural enough, since, in time of peace, he was by way of being a collector of and dealer in art objects at Munich.

Somebody else mentioned big-game shooting. For five minutes, then, or such a matter, the ways of big game and the ways of shooting held the interest of half a dozen men at our curve of the table.

In such an interlude as this the listener might almost have lulled himself into the fancy that, after all, there was no war; that these courteous, gray-coated, shoulder-strapped gentlemen were not at present engaged in the business of killing their fellowmen; that this building wherein we sat, with its florid velvet carpets underfoot and its too-heavy chandeliers overhead, was not the captured château of the governor of a French province; and that the clear-eyed, white-bearded, deep-voiced old man who sat just opposite was not the commander of sundry hundreds of thousands of fighting men with guns in their hands, but surely was no more and no less than the elderly lord of the manor, who, having a fancy for regimentals, had put on his and had pinned some glittering baubles on his coat and then had invited a few of his friends and neighbors in for a simple dinner on this fine evening of the young autumn.

Yet we knew that already the war had taken toll of nearly every man in uniform who was present about this board. General von Heeringen's two sons, both desperately wounded, were lying in field hospitals—one in East Prussia, the other in Northern France not many miles from where we were. His second in command had two sons—his only two sons—killed in the same battle three weeks before. When, a few minutes

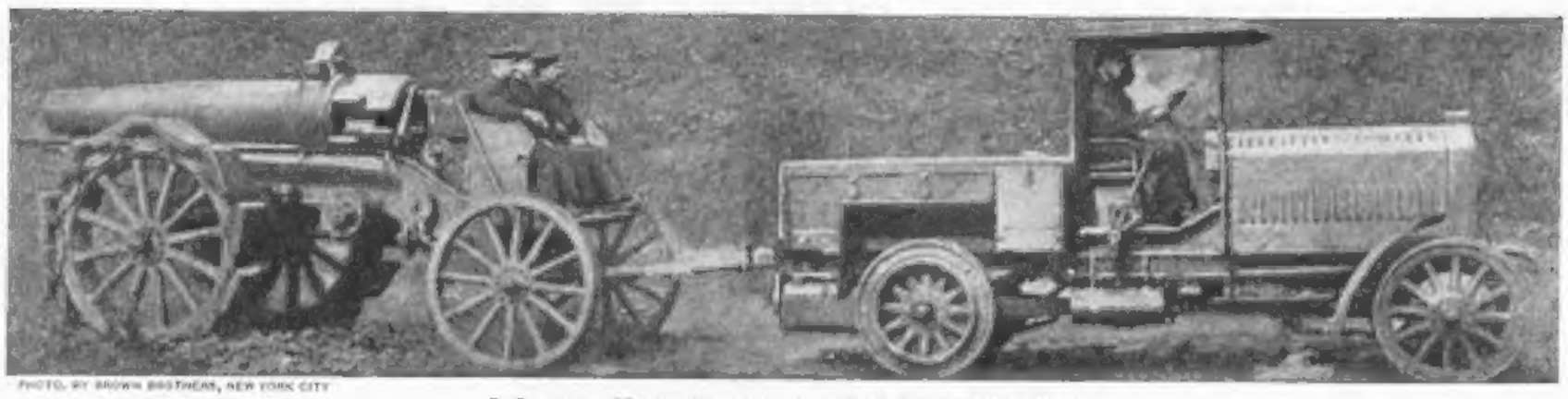


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A German Motor-Drawn Gun With Caterpillar Feet

earlier, I had heard this I had stared at him, curious to see what marks so hard a stroke would leave on a man. I had seen only a grave middle-aged gentleman, very attentive to the consul who sat beside him, and very polite to us all.

Prince Scharemberg-Lippe, whom we had passed driving away from the Prefecture in his automobile as we drove to it in ours, was the last of four brothers. The other three were killed in the first six weeks of fighting. Our own guide, Captain Mannesmann, had heard only the day before, when we stopped at Hirson—just over the border from Belgium—that his cousin had won the Iron Cross for conspicuous courage, and within three days more was to hear that this same cousin had been sniped from ambush during a night raid down on the left wing.

Nor had death been overly stingy to the members of the Staff itself. We gathered as much from chance remarks. And so, as it came on toward eight o'clock, I caught myself watching certain vacant chairs at our table and at the two smaller tables in the next room with a strained curiosity.

One by one the vacant chairs filled up. At intervals the door behind me would open and an officer would clank in, powdered over with the dust of the French roads. He would bow ceremoniously to his chief and then to the company generally, slip into an unoccupied chair, give an order over his shoulder to a soldier-waiter, and at once begin to eat his dinner with the air of a man who has earned it.

After a while there was but one place vacant at our table; it was next to me. I could not keep my eyes away from it. It got on my nerves—that little gap in the circle; that little space of white linen, bare of anything but two unfilled glasses. To me it had become as portentous as an unscrewed coffin lid. No one else seemed to notice it. Cigars had been passed round and the talk eddied casually back and forth with the twisty smoke wreaths.

An orderly drew the empty chair back with a thump. I think I jumped! A slender man, whose uniform fitted him as though it had been his skin, was sitting down beside me. Unlike those who came before him, he had entered so quietly that I had not sensed his coming. I heard the soldier call him Excellency; and I heard him tell the soldier not to give him any soup. We swapped commonplaces, I telling him what my business there was; and for a little while he plied his knife and fork busily, making the heavy gold curb chain on his left wrist tinkle musically.

The Evening Benediction

"I'M RATHER glad they did not get me this afternoon," he said as though to make conversation with a stranger. "This is first-rate veal—better than we usually have here."

"Get you?" I said. "Who wanted to get you?"

"Our friends, the enemy," he answered. "I was in one of our trenches rather well toward the front, and a shell or two struck just behind me. I think, from their sound, they were French shells."

This debonair gentleman, as presently transpired, was Colonel von Scheller, for four years counsel to the German Embassy at Washington, more lately minister for foreign affairs of the kingdom of Saxony, and now doing staff duty in the ordnance department here at the German center. He had the sharp brown eyes of a courageous fox terrier, a mustache that turned up at the ends, and a most beautiful command of the English language and its American idioms. He hurried along with his dinner and soon he had caught up with us.

"I suggest," he said, "that we go out on the terrace to drink our coffee. It is about time for the French to start their evening benediction, as we call it. They usually quit firing their heavy guns just before dark, and usually begin again at eight and keep it up for an hour or two."

So we two took our coffee cups and our cigars in our hands and went out through a side passage to the terrace, and sat on a little iron bench, where a shaft of light, from a window of the room we had just quit, showed a narrow streak of flowering plants beyond the bricked walk and a clump of red and yellow woodbine on a low wall.

The rest lay in blackness; but I knew, from what I had seen before dusk came, that we must be somewhere near the middle of a broad terrace—a hanging garden rather—full of sundials and statues and flower beds, which overhung the southern face of the Hill of Laon, and from which, in daylight, a splendid view might be had of wooded slopes falling away into wide, flat valleys, and wide, flat valleys rising again to form more wooded slopes.

I knew, too, from what I remembered, that the plateau immediately beneath us was flyspecked with the roofs of small abandoned villages; and that the road which ran straight from the base of the heights toward the remote river was a-crawl with supply wagons and ammunition wagons going forward to the German batteries, seven miles away, and with scouts and messengers in automobiles and on motor cycles, and the day's toll of wounded in ambulances coming back from the front.

We could not see them when we went to the parapet and looked downward into the black gulf below, but the rumbling of the wheels and the panting of the motors came up to us. With these came, also, the remote music of those queer little trumpets carried by the soldiers who ride beside the drivers of German military automobiles; and this sounded as thinly and plaintively to our ears as the cries of sandpipers heard a long way off across a windy beach.

We could hear something else too: the evening benediction had started. Now fast, now slow, like the beating of a feverish pulse, the guns sounded in faint throbs; and all along the horizon from southeast to southwest, and back again, ran flares and waves of a sullen red radiance. The light flamed high at one instant—like fireworks—and at the next it died almost to a glow, as though a great bed of peat coals or a vast limekiln lay on the farthermost crest of the next chain of hills. It was the first time I had ever seen artillery fire at night, though I had heard it often enough by then in France and in Belgium, and even in Germany; for when the wind blew out of the west we could hear in Aix-la-Chapelle the faint booming of the great cannons before Antwerp, days and nights on end.

I do not know how long I stood and looked and listened. Eventually I was aware that the courteous Von Scheller, standing at my elbow, was repeating something he had already stated at least once.

"Those brighter flashes you see, apparently coming from below the other lights, are our guns," he was saying. "They seem to be below the others because they are nearer to us. Personally I don't think these evening volleys do very much damage," he went on as though vaguely regretful that the dole of death by night should be so scanty, "because it is impossible for the men in the outermost observation pits to see the effect of the shots; but we answer, as you notice, just to show the French and English we are not asleep."

Those iron vespers lasted, I should say, for the better part of an hour. When they were ended we went indoors. Everybody was assembled in the long hall of the Prefecture, and a young officer was smashing out marching songs on the piano. The Berlin artist made an art gallery of the billiard table and was exhibiting the water-color sketches he had done that day—all very dashing and spirited in their treatment, though a bit splashy and scrambled-eggish as to the use of the pigments.

The Unsafest Job in the Army

A VERY young man, with the marks of a captain on his shoulders and collar, came in and went up to General von Heeringen and showed him something—something that looked like a very large and rather ornamental steel coal scuttle which had suffered from a serious personal misunderstanding with an ax. The elongated top of it, which had a fluted, rudderlike adornment, made you think of Siegfried's helmet in the opera; but the bottom, which was squashed out of shape, made you think of a total loss.

When the general had finished looking at this object we all had a chance to finger it. The young captain seemed quite proud of it and bore it off with him to the dining room.

It was what remained of a bomb, and had been loaded with slugs of lead and those iron cherries that are called shrapnel. A French flyer had dropped it that afternoon with intent to destroy one of the German captive balloons and its operator. The young officer was the operator of the balloon in question. It was his daily duty to go aloft, at the end of a steel tether, and bob about for seven hours at a stretch, studying the effects of the shell fire and telephoning down directions for the proper aiming of the guns. He had been up seven hundred feet in the air that afternoon, with no place to go in case of accident, when the Frenchman came over and tried to hit him.

"It struck within a hundred meters of me," called back the young captain as he disappeared through the dining-room doorway. "Made quite a noise and tore up the earth considerably."

"He was lucky—the young Herr Captain," said Von Scheller—"luckier than his predecessor. A fortnight ago one of the enemy's flyers struck one of our balloons with a bomb and the gas envelope exploded. When the wreckage reached the earth there was nothing much left of the operator—poor fellow!—except the melted buttons on his coat. There are very few safe jobs in this army, but being a captive-balloon observer is one of the least safe of them all."

I had noted that the young captain wore in the second buttonhole of his tunic the black-and-white-striped ribbon and the black-and-white Maltese Cross; and now when I looked about me I saw that at least every third man of the present company likewise bore such a decoration. I knew the Iron Cross was given to a man only for most gallant conduct in time of war at the peril of his life.

A desire to know a few details beset me. Humplmayer, the scholarly art dealer, was at my side. He had it too—the Iron Cross of the first class.

"You won that lately?" I began, touching the ribbon.

"Yes," he said; "only the other day I received it."

"And for what, might I ask?" said I, pressing my advantage.

"Oh," he said, "I've been out quite a bit in the night air lately. You know we Germans are desperately afraid of night air."

Later I learned—though not from Humplmayer—that he had for a period of

(Continued on page 26)

PHOTO. BY THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

A Regiment of Uhlans on the March

THE PHŒNIX

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

BACK TO BODBANK

"'The Count Passes a Remark. It Was Somethin' About Doris'"

THE Phœnix, contrary to mythology, is not a bird. It is a hotel.

Phœnixes, no doubt, are legion. This Phœnix, like the creature of mythology, rose from the flames. The Great Fire destroyed the downtown district of Bodbank, Illinois, in 1885. The old hotel, from whose ancient balconies ante-bellum river gamblers were said to have watched the white, twin-stacked, filigreed steamers on the slothful brown flux of the Mississippi, and on whose old registers the signature of Abraham Lincoln appeared several times, was the American House.

The Phœnix, financed by the Board of Trade to show Bodbank spirit, and by patriotic and prominent citizens who now sleep peacefully in the Colfax Cemetery, to which the car line has been extended, has of course been superseded in modern improvements by the Bodbank, built in 1913, with elevators, and with telephones in every room. But even now, to many of us, the Phœnix is still the Phœnix.

The Bodbank doubtless uses butter in its cuisine; but where can the equal of the Saturday night vegetable hash, as served at the Phœnix, be found—lard or no lard? At the Bodbank music is furnished from concert disk records on the mezzanine floor; but who would not prefer the tunes whanged out on the old piano by some moving-picture-house actorine who wandered into the musty old ladies' parlor of the Phœnix, to become inspired by the steel engraving hanging there of bride and groom, in stiff clothes and crockery embrace, entitled, Alone At Last?

At the Bodbank the beds are of brass; but who can fail in deeper respect for the black-walnut caravans of rest, decorated with grape and flower clusters, and hallowed by the sleep of the varied and the just who have put up at the Phœnix night after night for these many solemn-moving years?

The Bodbank automobile bus is mirrored with new black enamel to dazzle the eyes of travelers in the Bodbank station at the foot of Main Street; the Phœnix bus is much more like the Deadwood original and genuine Coach exhibited for a price in Wild West shows in many places, all over the civilized world—often simultaneously. But who would not find more romance riding in it with those visitors to Bodbank who are more economical—and human—in the choice of hostelries?

The manager of the Bodbank is a gentleman imported from Chicago, who sits in an inner office, with an adding machine and his stenographer, Lizzie Adams, of the old Bodbank Hardware Store family, and an intercommunicating telephone and a case of dyspepsia. The manager and proprietor of the Phœnix is Rufus P. Holland, answering to the name of Rufe if the addressor is over fifty years of age—a gray landlord, mellowed by the rubbing of human beings against him, glad that the living are alive and the dead at ease at last.

If I could paint him I should do so with his short, waddling body standing in front of a chromatic print of a steamship in a golden-oak and flyspecked frame—the kind once furnished by transatlantic lines and put up all over the Phœnix walls. I should show his portrait with the lines that life had engraved on his face; there would be the old, yellow fool dog in the corner, and the same old perpetual slip of wood in the corner of Holland's mouth which led Judge Antrim to say that if he were to lay out Rufe for burial he should put a toothpick between his lips, "in pursuance of the propriety and art of undertaking."

And as between the Bodbank and the Phœnix who, having R. P. Holland in mind, would wish to choose among Bodbank hotels the lesser of the two evils? Who would sit in the lobby of the Bodbank if, instead, he could sit with Rufe in the Back Room at the Phœnix?

Certainly there was no hesitancy of choice in a particular group of Bodbank's best citizens. Would the gentlemen choose the modern house? Not Malachi Sturges, the stove manufacturer, for forty years maker of the Blizzard King. Not Michael Lynch, who since 1861 had held the wholesale liquor trade of the upper river-crossing towns—the man who gave the stained-glass windows and still wore concealed in his puckered face the same two untarnished Irish blue eyes of the boy who had come from the bog country where the homespuns smell of the peat smoke. Not Judge Antrim, from across the river, a Justice of the Supreme Court, who always came in blowing his nose under a silk handkerchief as large as a tablecloth, and was accused by Lynch of using this device to hide his features from the observation of those who might see His Honor entering the Back Room.

Not Dr. Caleb Reeve, with dandruff on his coat collar, and his eternal puffing through thin, judicial lips, to indicate that nothing was certain and no opinion could be expressed to-day which would not have to be moderated or changed to-morrow. Not Gunn—George Henry Gunn—the former Superintendent of Schools, author of Reform in Preparatory Education—printed privately; of A Pedagogue's Holiday: a Novel—printed privately; and of The Romance of Epictetus—a prose poem, mimeographed. He was a man wearing, above a feather-duster beard, an expression described by Rufe as "sad and pale and long." He was always worrying about the Middle West and "its virility, its culture and its thought"; and defending the Middle West as though that thing known as the Middle West could cause worry or need defense!

Not those several others who belonged to the Back Room Club. Not old Bosville, who, to hide his gray hair, used something that, when he leaned back, many evenings left a streak on the blue wall paint above the chair rail. Not Dame, the Apple Prince, who lived out at Dameville; nor Jamieson; nor Hibberd Shirley, who once ran for Lieutenant-Governor, principally because his father was the famous H. Shirley, who controlled the Republican conventions; or Shook, the growling president of the Bodbank Trust Company, who, remembering the days before the railroad came, claimed the credit for having brought it, and who, when opportunity offers, having had his mustache trimmed, now goes down to Washington to the hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to testify against it.

The Back Room Club, in its exclusive list, has the mellow old male souls of the growing, exuberant city of Bodbank. Many of its members are prevented by sniffling social distinctions from meeting one another in their homes. Socially, therefore, the Back Room Club has been a democracy; but many of the rich and powerful in Bodbank are barred from the warmth of the Phœnix Back Room. Intellectually the Back Room is an aristocracy.

The black ball of the Back Room is silence. Many a man has dared to take a seat in the circle of warmth from the Sturges Blizzard King Heater, 1891 Model, to find himself in a cloud of gloom, the disappearance of which would disclose the fact that, one by one, the members had left; and, at last, the stranger was alone with R. P. Holland. Whereupon Rufe would stare at the ceiling, with his toothpick moving up and down, or enter into conversation—with his dog.

"What these old boys sit here for," says Michael Lynch, "is to set down on the immortal pages av history the things av no consequince whatever that happens in Bodbank and, accordingly, is so vital to the life av a nation. If a furriner would want to know the essentials of the extract, elixir and essence of America, let him hang his hat on the horns of the moth-eaten caribou behind the Phœnix desk, an' then, lookin' as human as he may, stroll into the Back Room, appearin' to have nothin' to do except to listen to his betters. 'Tis there he'll recover from the impression of America he may have got from Broadway.

"Let him, in the precincts of them hallowed and narrow walls, decorated with pictures of still life, including strawberries an' a buckin' broncho, worship the goddess Taciturnus, who, bein' a woman, presides, with much talk, over Silence. There, fergettin' the newest and tallest office building of seven stories acrost the way, and other evils of modern times, he may learn the wisdom of Æsop from the gossip of ex-congressmen, trust magnates, liquor dealers like me, and other outcasts who are barred from everything except the support of churches, schools, hospitals an' political parties. Let him see the Judge, and the Doc and the others lick their chops over the prospect of tellin' somethin' about Bodbank—tellin' somethin' old to somethin' new!"

The evening after Lynch had said this to me a very fat man who registered at the Phœnix came into the Back Room and, clearing his throat, looked at Judge Antrim, at Bosville, at Hibberd Shirley and Rufe, at whom he smiled with the eternal fraternity of fat. "Weather, gentlemen!" said he, disdaining to define the drizzle outside.

Weather, of course, without adjectives, describes tempests, droughts, floods, thunder, sunshine, cloud-bursts, cold, dampness, heat, moonlight, changes, humidity, blue sky, cyclones, snow, frost, thaws, slush, crops, retail business. Say "Weather!" and you mean a surprise or violence of Nature which every one knows is going on. Rub your palms as you say the phrase—it is pleasant; shake your head—and it is serious; shrug your shoulders—it is monotonous. Only those who are not philosophers use adjectives with "weather"; without adjectives and with unction the word is not only a comment on the state of the day or night—it is a greeting or a good-by; a statement of one's bodily well-being or a complaint of infirmity; an invitation to pay attention or merely a promise to listen.

Those Bodbankers recognized at once that a New Yorker was in their midst, had greeted them and, with wisdom, had delivered a promise to listen. Each member of the Back Room Club, hungry, as one might say, to disgorge a narrative, began to jockey for a start.

Here was displayed the finest strategy. The Judge had a blizzard story. So he said:

"Yes, sir; your terse mention of the weather is no terser and expressive than that of Caleb Littlefield, the Federal District Attorney, who tried the Dodson murder case in the old courthouse, since burned down."

He paused, with the fingertips of his right hand resting against those of his left, his head shaking from side to side, and his eyes staring thoughtfully at Rufe's yellow dog, snoring in the corner.

The fat man from New York scrubbed an imaginary spot on his coat front with his left sleeve. This put the Judge out of the contest.

"Gasoline will take it out," said Shirley. "There used to be a man just outside of town here who was an inventor. He discovered a spot remover. It was his ruin!"

The stranger stared into the red glare from the open door of the Blizzard King and Shirley went down.

"Bad weather for apples," said Dame.

"There was a printer in town here," said Michael Lynch, "who was so fond of apples they called him Windfall Page. He published the Bodbank Pilot; and they do say that along in spring, when he'd not be gettin' any ordinary apples, he'd pay anythin' fer pineapples. In the fall av the year he was huntin' under the trees av strangers; and many a subscription to the Pilot was paid in Baldwins and Black Bens. It was this that led to an adventure with a colleen—an' fame an' forchune."

"The apple-eater copped the beautiful lady?" asked the fat man.

Mike Lynch had won. He put his lean old hand on the stranger's chair and opened his wrinkled eyelids so that the Irish blue of his eyes shone out.

"'Twas this way," said he.

"He did—or somebody did."

. . . . . .

"Wan av the principal landmarks av Bodbank is Malachi A. Sturges. He makes stoves. His family had an agreement with Destiny to make him a preacher. 'Twas him who broke that contract. A preacher has no chance to be a fortunate offender against the Sherman Law, and Malachi took Amalgamate for his middle name. Union, United, Combination, Pool, Price Agreement or Profit would have done as well. Malachi made the Blizzard King. Jones, over in Quincy, made the Home Glow. Thin Sturges made thim both. At Springfield the Parson's Stove and Furnace Company made the Parson Prince till 1892; thin it was Malachi.

"I won't go on. It was the sad and deplorable story av the survival av the fittest, which is now amended and repealed out av the statute books av Nature. Malachi was goin' fast before Equality av the Competint and Incompetint was passed and engrossed, and he was said to be worth eighteen million four hundred and fifty-six thousand two hundred and twinty-three dollars and sixty-five cints, a part av which came from the oil lands that lie south av us.

"Well, 'twas back in the days whin no wan in Bodbank had servants, and only those who could afford it had help, the difference betchune the two being that servants eat the best av everythin' in the kitchen and the old-style help av the good old Middle-Western days used to take pot-luck with the family.

"The town was laid out by a dog, with a tin can tied to his tail, which jumped off a packet down where the factories and levees are now and ran up the bluffs; and the straight line he made has been called Main Street by every one who has seen it.

"A girl was livin' at the far ind av Main Street, within walkin' distance av the grocery; for that was before the days av inaccessible country estates for our best people. Her name was Millie Dakin.

"Millie was always round in the freckle season and her giggle was one av the sweetest in the state. She could flute an apple pie with the best av them; an' she had the arms an' shoulders to which children, chiggers and choosin' men like to go for home.

"The most her family ever had clear of debt was wan av the first lightning-rod outfits in the valley; an' I remimber her father used to sing to the melodeon wid a voice that was cross-bred between dirk knives an' megaphones—rest his soul in peace!

"In these days the same Millie is upholstered in black brocade, chiffons, crêpe de Chine, and other Parisian rarities. I do hear a English maid brings the coffee whin she comes to put the curtains up av a mornin'; an' through her influence the family precipitates to little dogs with hay fever, rare editions av the furriner poets, talcum, indigestion and other powders, and the rest av the necessities of a refined, cultured, intellectual and discriminatin' life.

"Millie would have preferred New York for her declinin' years; but Sturges niver forgot Bodbank, the home of his ancestors, the scene of his boyhood's wild delights, the innocent pastime of makin' money in the good old halcyon days av a single tin-dollar bookkeeper, who couldn't keep track av the profits during the time the farmers av this great and glorious agricultural paradise were makin' up their minds that stoves were better than open fireplaces, which, it is said, contribute most av their feeble warmth in the form av exercise at the woodpile. Sturges could not forget, either, the yearning sentiment for home and the pull av his heartstrings, or the low taxrate of Bodbank. He decided to register from Bodbank. He shut his square jaw to the pleadings av his lady and came back to Bodbank.

"Naturally there was great interest in the return av Malachi and Millie. They'd lived in New York and Paris, and other principal sites. Some folks, hearin' they were comin' back, pointed out where the old church stood, where they were married, with daisy chains, on June the twinty-second, eighteen-eighty-five—the mimorable occasion when salt got into the ice cream. There was stories told by local weather prophets that, at the railroad station, Millie, the happy bride of Crœsus of the Stoves, had giggled in her inimitable fashion, an' Malachi had shed a couple of tears—the very picture av a young cap'n of indushtry who has reached the turning point in his career.

"Since they had less and less been Bodbankers, an' finally not at all—in the years that had slipped by since they had spint their last Christmas here—Bodbank had taken on a home life-insurance company, an automobile fire engine, done in delicate red and gold, a new water filter, creosoted-block pavements, seven new indushtrial plants, an up-to-date improved and corrupt city government, woman's suffrage, a Great White Way, a public library, the dances that are all right if they are done properly, but which in 1892, done as properly as possible, would have brought out the reserves from Station A.

"The years had also brought twilve thousand people, with strange native customs, from places such as Palermo, Bosnia, Bulgaria, the Bosporus an' Boston. It might be expected that the Sturges family would be impressed with Bodbank; everybody who niver had been out av town was aghast at Bodbank.

"But a currency of suspicion was made legal tender that the Sturgeses was stuck-up. The meaning of this is well known an' sildom analyzed. Stuck-up people are thim who are so unfortunate as to have been away and got gowns, fur overcoats, a shave, property worth putting initials on, loss av memory, and some pounds av fat. 'Tis thim that the Goddess av Bodbank Dimocracy cuts on the street. The Sturgeses were stuck-up, and no more proof was needed than that they were to live on a country estate out toward North Forks. Malachi tried to call it a farm an' Bodbank laughed in his face. No open and aboveboard farmer hires New York architects or builds courtyards with swimmin' pools.

"Jim Toomey dropped in on me wan day.

"'What d'ye think yer old friend, Sturges, is done?' says he.

"'She Found a Pile of Apples and Sat Down Beside 'Em; So I Had to Stay Away for Two Hours an' a Half'"

"'By yer look an' the gestures av yer voice,' I says, 'I believe him to be counterfeitin' money.'

"'No,' he says—'raisin' potatoes in a hothouse! But that ain't nothin',' he says. 'What do you think he calls his big place? Say, this wan will kill yer! I got this wan from Foggerty, who is his head dairyman. He calls it Dryaden!'

"'Guilty!' says I. 'Away wid him to the electric chair!' I says. 'I believe we'll have a scorchin' day to-morrow,' I says.

"'An' there is young men visitin' there from New York. They wear nothin' but dancin' pumps!' he says. 'Wid bows on 'em!' says he. 'An' wan av thim is a duke or count or somethin', an' carries a handkerchief up his cuff.'

"'Better business should you have than to be pickin' on the rich,' I says. 'Some day Poverty may withdraw her comfortin' arm from yer; an' thin you yourself may be havin' two daughters that look like peace on earth an' have faces like creatures that ain't ever real, except on life-insurance calendars, an' figures like nymphs, an' nine million apiece,' says I.

"'What'll the old man do about it?' says Toomey, resurgin' with sympathy.

"'God wot!' says I. 'Poor Malachi!' I says.

"'Twas not long after that day that Sturges came to see me. Not since he'd come back had I looked at him so close before as whin he came between the casks an' bottles to my office, that looks out over the river. It was fine corn weather; the sweat was streamin' down his powerful face.

"'Greetin's, Malachi,' says I.

"'Tis fine to be called by that name again, Mike,' he says to me. 'Av course, Millie don't understand; because a woman, no matter how fine she be, is a tigress fer society an' puttin's-on whin she is raisin' female young. But I've been lonesome,' he says. 'I spint twice a hundred thousand in New York one winter, and as much again on the Continent tryin' to attract attintion to the kind av folks we were. But whin you spind money to get into society it all runs downhill; I made a great reputation with waiters, real-estate agents, chauffeurs and these social climbers, and I only touched a high spot occasionally. It was no man's sport—it was not like makin' stoves. An' thin I got to dreamin' about real folks—those in Bodbank.'

"He stopped there.

"'It was just like ould Erin to you, I suppose,' says I.

"'I wouldn't listen to Millie, who says I was ruinin' the chances for a marriage for the twins—Doris an' Gwen—who we christened Arabelle and Daisy before we knew any better,' says he, goin' on. 'No; I wouldn't listen. I planned how I'd build a place in the country big enough to hold all the Bodbankers who would come out. I put up a tennis court for the young folks, an' I built a smokin' den for the old fools I used to know; an' I built arbors for sparkin' couples. An', so help me! there hasn't been a single soul out to even say "Howdy?" since I come back to Bodbank.

"'Whin a man calls me Malachi I feel like bustin' out! I'm lonesome as a wet cat pushed off the hind end av a river boat during the fall equinox. There is four desirable young persons in trousers out at the house makin' love to Gwen and Doris—but under no construction could you call 'em men without fear av contradiction. Millie lives daily in the hope that one av 'em will get one av my girls; an' I don't dare to say I'd rather see either wan av thim foolish enough to be a bartender's bride.'

"'I know,' says I. 'A time comes to every man whin he wishes fer the ideals an' surroundin's of life which somehow was associated with the good old customs—like helpin' the wife to wipe the dishes,' I says.

"'Stop!' says he, half jokin' an half serious. 'Stop, man; or ye'll have me in tears!'

"And at that he looked round, a bit surprised, for there had sounded a step behind him. And that step was the step av Windfall Page.

"The young editor, owner and manager av the Bodbank Pilot had sauntered in, munching an apple he had picked up at the Eyetalian fruit stand on the corner av River Street and Barnard Avenue. He is a fine-lookin' lad, with a clear eye, tall an' well set up, niver in a hurry, niver hot or noisy, saunterin' through life the way he sauntered into my office, with half a smile. No bad habits—but apples!

"'I'm a Younger Man Than You, Sir; an' You'll Have to Forgive Me for Lettin' You Have it From the Shoulder'"

"'Excuse me!' he says, slow an' calm. 'Howdy-do, Mr. Sturges?' says he. 'I know you, but you don't know me; the reason bein' that you gave the Sturges scholarship to the State University, an' I took it. Thus it is I can say with gratitude that once, a few years ago, we were partners—you furnishing the money an' I the brains.'

"He took another bite av the apple an' jumped up so as to sit on the counter.

"'Whether I wanted to or not, I heard what you were sayin', Mr. Sturges,' he goes on, holdin' the apple out at arm's length an' lookin' at it. 'I heard your troubles, sir, an' shall keep the matter confidential; but an idea occurred to me: I run a little daily mornin' paper here in Bodbank. When I've got it established I will start another in some other Mississippi River town, an' then some more of the same. They will be free an' independent, clean an' cheerful; an' more prominence will be given to the birth notices than to the obituaries. Meantime I need advertising, sir—not necessarily display advertising.'

"Malachi stared at him with his forehead twisted into a thousand wrinkles—the look av a great cap'n av industry who sees the word 'dollar' comin' toward him or smells the word 'proposition' comin' down the wind.

"'Suppose a man comes back to Bodbank,' says Windfall. 'Old acquaintance has grown rusty. He is not popular. He is a man who left Bodbank whin Bodbank was too small for him, an' now he an' Bodbank people don't fit. What does he do? The first thing he does is to show in some way that he is fond av Bodbank and her people.

"'The nixt thing he does is to put out his hand to Bodbank people. This would be easy if he wanted just one class av Bodbank folks, because he could write invitations to a big reception an' housewarmin' for a few select friends; but he would thin be in Dutch with those who didn't get invitations. They'd niver forget it. So there are two objects to be accomplished: First, do something for Bodbank; second, hold out a warm hand to everybody. This can be done by a man of means in wan day.'

"'How?' asks Malachi with a steel-trap voice.

"'An indushtrial edition av the Pilot; printed, say, up to twenty-five thousand, circulated where it will attract attintion to the manufacturin' possibilities in Bodbank, an' furnished to the Board av Trade to send to prospects. There's your contribution to Bodbank.'

"'Huh!' says Sturges. 'And the other thing?'

"'Why, in the local edition we will run an inserted page, with a statement from you over your own facsimile signature—a good, straightforward, honest statement, telling how you came back, how Bodbank is home to you, an' invitin' everybody to come out to Dryaden for a housewarmin' an' barbecue.'

"'What would Millie say?' asks Malachi in a frightened voice. 'What would Count Doppelin do? But I don't care, young man. What will it cost? The idea is prime!'

"Windfall threw the core out the window and challenged the old man with his own clear eyes.

"'No; it is not prime,' he said. 'I'd make money by it, but it's a rotten idea. You couldn't do worse. This may make you mad. I'm a younger man than you, sir; an' you'll have to forgive me for lettin' you have it from the shoulder. The idea is a punk idea. Why? Because no self-respectin' community wants any private individual to do its boomin' for it. It gives the impression that he is bigger than the town; an' he isn't—not even you. American towns are like American folks—neither av 'em wants to be patted on the head.

"'Furthermore, it makes you look like a prize fighter chucking money to the newsboys; even the newsboys have got the name an' number av a man who tries to buy respect with coin. You niver get delivery when you write love or respect on a bill of sale. And whin you invite the Bodbankers out wholesale to a party they will think you are gettin' ready to spraddle some ambition av your own. Hospitality that's real never has a bass drum. Some folks in Bodbank would say you were gettin' ready to run for Congress, but most av 'em would say that you were showin' off. Those that came to the party, Mr. Sturges, would come with thoughts which, if they were spoken aloud, would be a signal to you to call to your grooms an' chauffeurs an' stable boys to kick 'em off your grounds.'

"'This is an insult to me!' says Malachi with a quiet an' ugly note in his voice.

"'No, no; it is not,' Windfall says. 'It is only to show you that you don't understand or appreciate the folks in Bodbank now any more than they understand or appreciate you. You've made a lot av money an' lost a lot av humanness—that's all. You've grown used to persons an' unused to people. If you came back to Bodbank flat-broke you'd begin to pick up the old strings an' the new that bound you to Bodbank, one by one. That's what you've got to do now. Ask some ole friend out as a beginner. Make him come.'

"'And if he does I'll take him down in my den,' says Malachi thoughtfully. 'I won't take him over the place or show him round. I won't make that mistake.'

"'Wrong again!' says Windfall. 'I beg your pardon, sir; but in the old days if you'd built a four-room cottage you'd have shown it to your friends, wouldn't you? Well, show 'em everythin' you've got now. If you don't they'll think you're ashamed av your hundred-thousand-dollar farmhouse.'

"Malachi walked up an' down an' looked out at the Mississippi; then he winks at me, sheepishlike. An' at last he turns to young Page an' says:

"'What's to-morrow—Sunday?'

"'It must be, because the barber's shop under Woodmen's Hall is doin' a fast an' furious business av' lyin' to folks about "You're next!"' Page says.

"'A Dozen Times She Has Joined the Party an' Left the Two Nice New York Boys an' the Count Upstairs in the Salon'"

"'Well,' says Sturges with a sigh, 'I guess you're right. I've lost the hang of bein' human. There ain't any get-rich-quick method in the love an' respect av your neighbors,' says he; 'but I'll make a start now—to-day—on you,' he says. 'Come out an' see me to-morrow, Page. Gwen has gone away; but Doris will be home, an'——'

"'An' what?' says Page.

"'There's an old apple orchard I've had trimmed up an' sprayed; an' the Gravensteins are ripe.'

"'Don't say another word,' Windfall replies. 'I'll come.'

"He went. A few days later Jim Toomey told me he'd been drivin' past Dryaden with a new sprayin' machine for Dame's farm out on the pike, an' had seen in the Sturges orchard a man lyin' in the grass lookin' up at the sky with a pile of Gravensteins beside him. On the palatial tennis coort was the titled furriner bein' beaten by the beautiful Doris, whose motions were those av a nymph at play, whose eyes were dancin' blue, an' hair like the gold av a big dowry; but the man in the orchard was payin' no attention to the game.

"He was Windfall Page.

"An' before Jim Toomey had driven far he saw Malachi, the stove king, come out av the Illinois château, go into the orchard, an' lie down near at hand on the grass, as though he was a man who was four months behind on his grocer's bill an' had niver cut a coupon in his life.

"'Very strange!' says Jim. 'Very strange fer a man av large affairs to be lyin' down on the grass by the roadside!' he says.

"'No,' says I; 'he's tryin' his best not to be a big man. It may disturb his wife, Millie, fer she would prefer him to be in the library writin' letters to designers av coats av arms for limousine doors; but lyin' on the grass gettin' ants in the sparse gray hair about the temples is an excellent thing for a millionaire,' I says. 'If more av them did it there'd be less die from hardenin' av the arteries,' I says.

"'Well, as for Page, I think I'd rather be lookin' at Doris Sturges than the sky,' says Toomey.

"'The sky is less disturbin',' I says.

"But none the less, this set me to thinkin' about Malachi's daughter; an' when I got a chance, one mornin', I calls to Page across Carleton Street along about in front of the old Shirley place, where the iron stag is on the lawn.

"'You've been out to Dryaden a good deal since the first,' I says. 'What's the attraction?'

"'Talkin' with the old man,' he says.

"'What do you talk about?' says I.

"'We settle the affairs av the universe,' says he. 'He's niver undertaken the job before, an' he likes it.'

"'An' what else?' I asks.

"'Well, there's the apples,' says he.

"'An' what else?' I asks. 'Talkin' to Doris, maybe?'

"'Oh, no,' he says; 'I ain't allowed to talk to Doris. That's in the agreement. You'll laugh whin you know,' he says, an' stands back from me. 'Look at me, Mr. Lynch!' says he. 'Look at these shoes av mine, bought at Hodge & Heller's for two-fifty. Surely they're delicately exprissive. Look at this suit av clothes, imported from a New York clothing center, where they cut 'em out with steel dies. Look at my necktie. It would pass at a coeducational college, but would niver get by as the decorations for the neck av an eligible,' says he.

"'I've no titles but A. B. at a seat of learnin' where the price av tuition makes you a charity patient. My mother still darns the family hosiery for recreation in her spare time. It's the great sport of American women. Not so many years ago my father used to shake the furnace with his own hand. I'm a member av the *hoi polloi*. And would you ever look on me as a menace, Mr. Lynch?' he says.

"'A menace to what?' I says.

"'A menace to a beautiful young lady,' says he; 'an' particularly one who has been brought up to despise our great national mediocrity, to loathe all but the most polished manners, and to fear the cruel fate av bein' married to a man who has niver been photographed at the New York horse show. Could you believe that I would be a source of terror to the mamma of a creature who can look almost as well in a little simple five-hundred-dollar tea gown as she would look in somethin' less ridiculous, picked up among the markdowns?'

"'You spoke av an agreement,' I says.

"'I did,' says he. 'Prisently, an' confidentially, I'll tell you av it. It is only necessary to state beforehand that Mrs. Sturges went to our fellow citizen, the stove king, an' opined that I was a menace. She could not say how much av a menace I was, because young girls between the age av nineteen might be foolish—an', again, might not be, with the betting odds in favor of the affirmative. For her part, she could not believe any daughter av hers, who might make a brilliant marriage, would pay attintion to any man who once wore a shirt with detachable cuffs and whose male parent used a mustache cup with a gilt Father on the side av it. So Malachi came to me.

"'"Since you've been comin' out here," he says, "I'm more human. I feel less like a director," says he. "For heaven's sake, don't stop comin'. But I must ask you to do wan thing—keep away from Doris. Give me your promise."

"'I told him the promise was idle, because Doris was sure to keep away from me; but he told me what his wife had said, an' he made me shake his hand when I agreed to do what he asked.'

"'I suppose Malachi expected you to run if Doris came near, an' hide behind the sofa when she entered the room,' I says. 'An', no doubt, if she was to cast her big blue orbs at you, you was to yawn an' look at the ceilin'.'

(Continued on Page 29)

THE PRIVATE WAR

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

A REAL war correspondent—not one of the I—I—Me boys, but a real one—who had been in several wars, and who had violated all the rules of the game, as it is carried on at present, by sending back to his paper an occasional paragraph about the war instead of long cablegrams about himself—a real one—came into a gathering of his kind.

He had a slip of white paper in his hand and a look of great joy on his freckled face. He pulled up a chair, sat down, ordered a lemon squash, and waved his slip of paper in the smoky air.

"Here it is!" he said.

"Here's what?" somebody asked.

"Proof that they're going to let us go."

"Go where?"

"To the front, you blighter—to the front!"

"What sort of proof? Is it an order from Kitchener or an invitation from Joffre?"

"Neither. It's a pass."

Every man in the party looked at the newcomer—looked at him compassionately and not without misgivings, for he is a good chap and well liked.

"For the love of Mike," said an American finally, "go home and get some sleep! You are losing your grasp of things! I've got a trunkful of passes, and so has everybody here; and we're nearer the front now than we shall be three weeks from now!"

"But," protested the newcomer, "this is a pass that means business. It's a pass for a horse!"

"That's interesting," said an Englishman, "provided you have a horse that can use a typewriter and is capable of describing his incredible hardships in search of a few oats to sustain him while dashing from point to point amid shot and shell, in order that the public may be fully informed as to his own experiences and emotions and conclusions as to the proper strategy to be employed by the humans who are directing things. Otherwise it appears to me to be nothing more than a unique addition to your collection of permits that get you nowhere."

"You don't understand," answered the newcomer. "You don't get it. This, as you will perceive, is a pass for a horse."

He handed over the slip of paper. It was exactly what he said it was—a pass for a horse. It was a brief statement in typewriting, on a sheet of official paper used by the British War Office, which explained to all whom it might concern that the bearer, one of the regularly accredited correspondents to accompany the British Expeditionary Force into France, was thereby entitled to take with him one horse for his personal use; and that said horse was to receive, at the hands of all and sundry, exactly the same kind and considerate treatment that the horse's master was to receive, was not to be swiped by any English soldier in need of a mount, and was to have all equine comforts that might be procurable.

Also, there was a space wherein the age, sex, nationality and color of said horse were to be inserted. There was no space for the horse's name, which seemed to be an oversight.

"Well," rasped another Englishman, "what does this document prove, save that when you go you won't have to walk, and that the War Office is willing you should spend a hundred pounds or so for a nag?"

"What does it prove?" shouted the man with the pass. "What does it prove? Why, it proves everything! It's conclusive. It means we are about to get to the front. You don't suppose the War Office would put us to the trouble and expense of buying horses for ourselves, and go to the length of issuing passes for those horses, unless the War Office really intends to send us out with the army, do you?"

The oldest man in the party, who has been dealing with British officials for years in a writing way, lighted a cigarette, smiled, adjusted his eyeglass and said softly:

"My boy, it is my firm conviction that Lord K. and the rest, as our American friend here might phrase it, are stringing you."

"Impossible!" protested the man with the pass. "I tell you we shall be off in a few days now."

Well, that was about the first of September; and, as I write this weeks afterward, those correspondents are not off yet, except as they have gone individually and not officially or in an accredited manner. As the elderly English writing man put it, Lord K. and the rest were stringing them. Neither correspondents nor horses are at the front; and neither correspondents nor horses will be at the front. It is the firm conviction of Lord Kitchener, as it is of General Joffre, that there will be ample time to print things about this war after the war is over. At present they consider it a private and exclusive affair, and no part of the business of the people save in the incidental necessity of supplying men and money for its prosecution.

Lord K.'s Soft Pedal on Real News

THAT episode of the correspondents who were to go with the British Expeditionary Force illuminates the Kitchener idea of the matter of war publicity. It is Kitchener's unshakable opinion that all the news the British need, or should have, concerning the war is comprised in the line: Your King and Your Country Need You! And that is all the British people would get if he could put it over. However, powerful as he is, he is not powerful enough for that; and a few words have occasionally leaked out that were not contained in the official bulletins. The output has been small, however, considering the tremendous size of the conflict, the magnitude of the interests involved, and the cataclysmal consequences that are sure to follow, no matter how it ends. But it must be said, when it comes to discouraging publicity, that Kitchener has succeeded to a greater degree than any person thought was possible at the time the war began.

I am writing now of the first ten weeks of the war, when the interest and the excitement were greatest, and when the British people, plunged suddenly—overnight, indeed—into a war that is a battle for continued national existence, were without news and naturally eager for it: more eager than seemed, owing to the entirely British habit of repression.

The newspapers and every writing man and every news-collecting agency knew, of course, that Great Britain was sending as large a force of soldiers as possible to France to join the French in the effort to hold back the Germans. Naturally the newspapers and the news-collecting agencies wanted to send correspondents with these British soldiers, in order that the British public and the world might know what these soldiers were doing, and for the purpose of informing their readers, at first hand, just how things were progressing.

Immediate and numerous applications were made to the War Office for permission to send capable and responsible men with the expedition. These negotiations occupied some time—two or three weeks, in fact. Then it was decided by the War Office that ten or twelve correspondents might go with the Expeditionary Force, one from each of a selected list of English newspapers. The men were designated.

They were all good men, experienced men, capable men, and men of the highest character and responsibilities. Every one of them had been in wars before. Every one of them had an excellent reputation.

"But," protested the American correspondents in London, "do you mean to say that no American correspondent is to be allowed to go?"

"Bless our souls!" exclaimed the War Office managers. "We hadn't thought of that!"

"And," followed the Canadian newspapers, "do you mean that no representative of the Canadian press is to be in that party—no representative of that great British dependency?"

"Bless our souls!" the Englishmen exclaimed again. "We hadn't thought of that, either."

"Well," chorused the Americans and the Canadians, "think of it, please."

So they devoted quite some time to thought on the subject and ultimately decided that one American correspondent and one Canadian correspondent might go. The designation of the American was left to the Department of State at Washington. Every American in London weighed in for one American, who is eminently fitted for such an assignment; and the Canadians did the same for a Canadian. Thus it was all settled. The force was complete. Ten or twelve—I have forgotten which—correspondents of tried ability and of impeccable reputation were to be sent to the Expeditionary Force in order that there might be adequate recital for the English-speaking people of the world as to the doings of the British soldiers in the field.

"When are we going?" the correspondents asked eagerly.

"Presently," assured the War Office. "There are many details to be arranged, you know."

They began arranging the details. They had long consultations with the officer assigned to arrange matters for them, discussing day after day matters of equipment and of privileges, and all that. There could be no possible injury to the British cause, it was held on all sides, by the presence of these men with General French's army, for they were all responsible and patriotic men, and, aside from that, there was a censorship that was rigorous and alert enough to prevent any error or hurtful publication.

The correspondents organized into a mess. They were told how much baggage they might take. Strikers were assigned to them. Their transportation was arranged. One afternoon, I remember, they were in session a long time, discussing with the War Office functionary the sort

of cigars that should be procured. This was important, and was thoroughly threshed out, as were various other similar matters of moment.

This kept them busy for about three weeks. Then, every detail having been arranged and all contingencies provided for, the correspondents began to press in on the War Office, as did their editors, and ask that insistent question: "When are we going?"

"Very soon now," was the reply; "but there is one subject we have not yet taken up—horses. You must each have a horse, you know."

Some of them—not all, but some—went out and tried horses, put them through their paces, and finally bought one each.

"Now," they chorused, "we have the horses. When do we go?"

"Very soon; very soon," soothed the War Office. "Come up to-morrow."

They trooped in on the morrow.

"Here," said the War Office, "is a very important and necessary document for you. We now present you with the passes for your horses."

"But when do we go?"

"Shortly, gentlemen—shortly, quite! Have patience!"

They had such patience as they could for a week or so and became insistent again. At this point it was discovered that there was an obstacle hitherto unsuspected. Greatly to the astonishment of the British War Office, it was learned that General Joffre, in command of the French troops, strenuously objected to the presence of the English correspondents. It was all very astonishing and very perplexing and very embarrassing.

Of course the gentlemen of the corps understood that the British War Office was straining every nerve to get these gentlemen to the front; but here was Joffre objecting—a new contingency; as the French themselves might say, a desolating dénouement. However, the effort would be continued, and the gentlemen of the press must understand that, though the British War Office was extremely anxious to get them away, General Joffre was in command of the French forces and chief in command in the field, and his wishes must be consulted. It was hoped that General Joffre might be prevailed on. Indeed, the chances were that he would be prevailed on to change his determination; but that would take time and the gentlemen must be patient.

A Fine Example of Passing the Buck

MEANTIME, while the correspondents were patient again, a diversion was created. One day they all received notices that the method of transportation had been changed. After mature consideration by the British War Office it had been decided that the correspondents accredited to the Expeditionary Force would be conveyed up and down the front in automobiles. This decision, of course, nullified the passes for the horses, and left the correspondents with said passed horses on their hands. It was intimated in the notice that the officers in charge of the work of securing remounts for the British Army might purchase those horses, and the locations of several remount stations were given.

It took the correspondents a week or so more to dispose of their horses and saddles and other gear, and then they began to be insistent again. Much to the regret of the War Office General Joffre had not seen fit to change his view; but there was a strong hope that he would become more reasonable within a short time. Hence the gentlemen of the press must be patient. And over in France the troops were fighting and had been fighting; and Englishmen were being killed and were doing great deeds; and the battle that, as it seemed then, must change the map of the world, was on its bloody and terrific way.

At this juncture some of the more impatient ones went out on their own hook, some going to France and some to Belgium. Inquiries were made. General Joffre was asked, through some one in authority for him, about his objections to the correspondents.

"Objections?" was the polite reply. "Why, there are no objections on our part, save as we object out of courtesy to our ally, Great Britain. France will be very happy to have these correspondents with the army; but naturally, if the British authorities think it wiser not to allow them at the front we can do nothing but bow to that decision."

Whereupon the situation became reasonably clear. The British War Office was using the French as the obstacle, and the French were doing the same thing with the British. It was a simple and efficacious case of passing the buck. And it became somewhat apparent that neither side had any intention of allowing correspondents to go to the front. However, the British press was complaining, and so were the people; and the British War Office sent an officer over to the front who contributed communications under the pseudonym of An Eyewitness. Also, a very capable writer prepared some official dispatches for General French.

This did not prevent a final assault on the War Office by the regularly accredited correspondents who were to go with the Expeditionary Force. That assault was made. It happened on a day late in September.

"Gentlemen," said the officer in charge of the fortunes—or misfortunes—of the regularly accredited conclave, "I am happy to assure you that General Joffre has withdrawn his objections. It is all arranged. It is now merely a matter of official confirmation. All we need is the final consent of Lord Kitchener. That, as you understand, is a mere formality. Wait here and I will secure it."

He went out of the room. Half an hour later he returned.

"When do we go?" shouted the eager correspondents.

"Gentlemen," replied the officer, "I regret to inform you that Lord Kitchener says you cannot go at all."

Of course this does not mean that there has not been printed about this war more words, more columns, more pages and more volumes than were ever before printed in a similar length of time about anything that ever happened in this world—not that. What it does mean is that, so far as the actual relation of actual occurrences actually witnessed by trained observers in the zone of action, there has been less printed than ordinarily would be printed about a football championship final.

There have been reams, tons, libraries, oceans of second-hand stuff written and printed. The actual first-hand stuff, seen by the eyes of the men who do the writing, could all be put in one issue of a twenty-page newspaper, provided the official communications were not included—and might be if they were. And the official communications are prepared by men, not at the front, who do what they choose with the dispatches from the officers who are at the front.

I am not arguing the merits or demerits of this plan. I am stating the fact. It may be a good plan or it may be a bad plan. Whether or not, it is the plan. As I had occasion to state at the time of our impending difficulty with Mexico last spring, the war correspondent has ceased to exist. Also, there is a bad crimp in the war reporter. This war is different from any other war—greater; more disastrous; not subject to any comparison or to be measured by anything that has ever happened.

Also, the reporting of it is different. The whole scheme of war publicity has been revised—or rejected, to use a better word—so far as the Allies are concerned. Lord Kitchener and General Joffre have attended to that.

When you come down to the finalities of war, the real news of any war is of the successive battles that lead to victory or defeat, which side won those battles, and how many were killed in the winning and the losing. So far as it is discoverable, Kitchener's idea is that a battle is nobody's business except the business of the men who plan it and the men who fight; or, in a broader sense, a campaign is the business of nobody except those who plan and execute it, until such time as he—Lord Kitchener—being in supreme command, sees fit to let the public in on that business and inform them of what has happened.

Doesn't Care to Get in the Papers

KITCHENER does not recognize any right the public may have to information. He does not admit that the war is anything other than a task, of whatever magnitude it may be; and that the task is imposed on him. Wherefore he intends to do what he chooses in the circumstances; and whenever he deems it advisable he will tell what he has done—never what he is doing; and if the public does not like his method the public is at liberty to get another chief.

There is little doubt that if Kitchener could have his way he would go to war, fight that war, win it or lose it, and after all was over announce the result in one of two bulletins: We won! or We lost!—and let it go at that. He has no sympathy with any method or manner of information. Likewise he has no fear—not an atom—of the mediums of publicity. He does not care a snap of his fingers what the writers or the papers or the public or the world says about him and his methods, or thinks about him and his methods. His job is his job. He does that job as he wants to do it. The results are thus and so. Take these results or leave them, and be hanged to you!

Now that is not the English view or the British view from choice. English newspapers are enterprising. They are good newspapers of their kind, restricted in their activities by a rather severe code of libel and other laws, which may be excellent or may not be, but which are there. However, when a big thing happens it has been the custom of the English newspapers to handle it and describe it in a big way.

Here is the biggest thing that ever happened in this world, and if they could do as they would choose the English newspapers would handle it in a manner befitting its importance. They are not printing all this mass of rumor and conjecture and bare official dispatches, and all that, because they want to, but because they have to. Kitchener has attended to that end—Kitchener, who does not give a whoop for all the editors and all the newspapers and all the correspondents in the universe!

He is big enough and powerful enough to make the Kitchener view of handling and communicating news of this war the prevailing view up to a certain point. He cannot prevent or does not try to prevent the display of long dispatches describing inconsequential happenings, or of personal experiences of men wandering round as near the zone of battle in France and Belgium as they can

(Continued on Page 27)

Peter and the Prescription

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"There's No Such Thing as Chance on a Race-Track. It's Nothing But a Great Big Gambling Game to Trim the Sucker Public"

IT WAS eight-fifteen on a Monday morning—high time for the desk slaves of Morgan, Evans & Company to be at their several tasks; but one tall stool was unoccupied and Peter Plymire, the billing clerk, gazed at it with grave misgivings.

The absence of his deskmate confirmed certain gloomy suspicions that had poisoned Peter's Sabbath. The vacant stool was not a surprise; it was a corroboration. Saturday had been pay day and Jonesey had a habit of being late after pay days. An intervening Sunday only served as an aggravating complication in that it gave Jonesey an additional twenty-four hours in which to exchange his cash balance for a dark-brown taste and a jumpy set of nerves, Jonesey being what the plodding Peter—half contemptuously, half enviously—called a sport.

Some may say that a young man cannot be a sport on seventy dollars a month. Wrong, all wrong. The best—or worst—that any prodigal can do is to spend his last cent, a feat which Jonesey managed to accomplish with distressing frequency—distressing, because when in this penniless condition it was his custom to borrow insignificant sums from the frugal Peter.

"A live one for two days and a dead one for thirteen or fourteen," the cheerful spendthrift was wont to remark, the same being another way of saying that the clerks in the employ of Morgan, Evans & Company were paid twice a month. The last half of February was quite naturally the brightest spot upon Jonesey's calendar. Peter lifted his eyes to the clock and sighed. He had reason to sigh, for Jonesey owed him ten dollars and to Peter ten dollars was no insignificant sum. What particularly annoyed Peter was that Jonesey had made no mention of the matter at noon on Saturday when the semimonthly envelopes had been distributed. Worse than that, he had hurried away from the office without giving Peter an opportunity to drop a delicate hint. Is it any wonder that this particular ten loomed large among Peter's doubts and fears and shrank to the vanishing point when regarded as an asset?

"He might have said he was a little short, or something," thought Peter in bitterness of spirit. "I wouldn't have boned him for the money if he'd made some sort of an excuse. Now he'll blow it all in and goodness knows when I'll get it back. . . . And maybe he'll ask for more. . . . He won't get it!"

Having settled the question of Jonesey's credit, Peter donned his black sateen sleeve-protectors, a present from the one and only girl—strange that for a plodder like Peter there is always the one and only girl—and attacked Saturday's sales slips with his customary machinelike precision. Peter was not entirely a machine, however, for he might have been heard to mutter:

"He gets more than I do anyway!"

From this it may be inferred that Peter had some sneaking fondness for the recreant Jonesey and was thus attempting to justify himself in the stern course he was about to take.

Half an hour passed and the stool was still vacant. At nine o'clock Phillips, the cashier, paused at Peter's elbow.

"Jonesey not here yet?" he asked in low, official tones.

"Haven't seen him," was Peter's noncommittal reply.

"This day-after-pay-day business is coming too regular—altogether too regular," said Phillips. "First thing that boy knows he'll be hunting another job. They're not so easy to find either."

"Oh, he'll be here any minute now," said the kindly Peter.

But it was ten-thirty when the outer door opened noiselessly and a slim, red-eyed youth, dressed in a cheap and flashy plaid, slipped behind the counter. The young man's waistcoat was gorgeous, even if slightly soiled, and it lacked a button. His cloth-topped shoes were of patent leather, but badly cracked across the toes. His crimson scarf was carefully tied, the knot hiding a stain. Peter was deep in a column of figures when the door opened, but the stealthy and inconspicuous entrance did not escape him.

When on time it was Jonesey's habit to dawdle about for twenty minutes, preparing to go to work. When he was late he was always in a desperate hurry to be at his tasks. In just six seconds by the watch he had divested himself of hat and coat, wriggled into an ink-stained working jacket and was heading swiftly and unostentatiously for the vacant stool. The cashier, who had been watching these maneuvers from beneath his eye shade, executed a flank movement and cut off his victim in midoffice. Jonesey, thus challenged, was not without resource. He whispered huskily, earnestly, and as he spoke of the treacherous alarm clock he laid saffron-hued fingers familiarly upon the cashier's arm. Phillips listened with a sardonic grin.

"That'll do," said he at length. "That'll do, Jonesey. Don't strain yourself. I'll overlook it this time, but don't do it again. These bats of yours are coming too regular. Understand?"

Jonesey escaped, smirking, and flung himself upon his stool.

"Hello, old Stick-in-the-mud!" he whispered jocularly. "Gee, but what a time I've had!"

Peter ignored this somewhat too-cheerful greeting. Jonesey had wheedled him before, but never ten dollars' worth.

"You're a nice one!" said Peter sternly. "Phillips is wild. He was saying ——"

"Aw, what do I care about Phillips?" scoffed Jonesey. "He better let me alone or I'll quit!" Having made this vague and terrible threat Jonesey rumpled his hair, scattered some papers about his desk, thrust a pencil behind his ear, and as if by magic there immediately descended upon him the outward appearance of one engrossed with toil. Peter had seen this pantomime before and was not impressed.

"Look out for yourself!" he whispered. "Phillips will go to the Old Man next time."

"Let him!" grunted Jonesey, naming another place where Phillips might go for all of him. "That old stiff must think a fellow can't work anywhere but here! I could quit right now if I wanted to!"

"Ye-es you could!" said Peter.

"Think not, eh?" Jonesey thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and withdrew it, tightly closed. "Think not? Take a look at this!"

Jonesey thrust his arm across the desk and the hand opened slowly. The palm was filled with shining gold pieces—twenties and tens and fives. Peter gasped with amazement.

"Wh-where did you get it?" was all he could manage to say.

Jonesey grinned.

"Never you mind, boy, never you mind," said he lightly. "That's for me to know and you to find out. And there's a lot more where this came from. All kinds of it. Why," he boasted, "I've spent a hundred dollars since Saturday!" He dropped the coins jinglingly into his pocket and looked at Peter out of the corner of his eye to note the effect of the golden display. Something in the billing clerk's expression caused him to dive hastily into his pocket once more.

"Here's that ten I owe you," said Jonesey. "Much obliged, old horse. I was going to slip it to you Saturday, but I forgot it, honest I did."

Mark how one lie breeds another.

"That's all right, Jonesey," mumbled Peter, pocketing the gold piece. "That's all right. I wasn't worrying. Any time would have been soon enough for me. I knew you forgot about it."

Jonesey was not exactly a fool. He saw the puzzled expression on Peter's face and played to it skillfully.

"Talk about your talkabouts!" said he with a return of his patronizing manner. "I took my girl and her mother up to Mount Tamalpais yesterday. Lived in San Francisco all their lives and never been up there before. Great stuff, boy, great stuff! The old girl is strong for me now. Dinner at Marchetti's afterward—champagne and everything. Then the Orpheum. Box seats, boy, box seats! Best in the house wasn't good enough for us. Took 'em home in a hack. Then there was a young poker game in my room. Got hooked in bad and couldn't quit. Lost a little—about forty. Just broke up. Haven't been to bed yet. That's the way to live, eh?"

Peter's mind moved slowly but usually along straight lines.

"You didn't have a nickel on Saturday morning," said he. "You've been to Mount Tamalpais and Marchetti's and the Orpheum and the who knows where else. You've spent a hundred and still you've got a pocketful of gold. You didn't rob a bank, did you?"

"That," said Jonesey, "is some more of your business."

"Excuse me," said Peter stiffly. He returned to his sales slips and Jonesey pretended to add a column of figures,

but in reality he was footing up past favors. He knew that Peter was a simpleton—a farmer, Jonesey would have said, for this was long before the unlovely word "boob" was coined—but farmer or not, Peter was the only man in the office to whom Jonesey could go for a loan. He was fortified against immediate necessity, but the future was not assured and a friend in need is worth conserving, particularly when he happens to be one's only friend in need. Jonesey's pocket was full of gold, but Jonesey's experience with money had taught him that the eagles which live on dollars are the most migratory of birds.

"Y'ain't sore, are you, Pete?" said Jonesey, breaking the silence.

"Oh, shut up. Can't you see I'm working?" snapped Peter.

"Aw, what's the use of getting mad?" soothed Jonesey. "I can't tell you about it here, but this noon I'll blow you to a real lunch and put you on to a scheme that beats working all hollow. I was going to tell you about it anyway, boy, sure I was."

II

"TWENTY-FIVE dollars for one—that's what they paid me," said Jonesey. "Two hundred and fifty for ten! That's what I call money, Pete!"

"I should say so!" ejaculated Peter; "but I don't see how you knew which horse to bet on."

Jonesey expanded and thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his vest.

"Didn't I tell you that I used my own judgment?" said he. "Common sense is all you need to begin with—that and a little money. Not much. I never saw any of those horses before and never was at Tanforan in my life; but I've gambled some and I know my way round the block. It's just as simple as A B C when you get on the inside."

"I suppose it is," said Peter, nodding his head. It was the first time he had ever heard a Saturday sport outline a system for beating the races. There are as many systems as there are Saturday sports, and all different, but every last one of them is founded upon the basic idea that horse racing is crooked as a corkscrew and each winner foreshadowed in the betting ring. The Saturday sport with his small bank roll, his smaller knowledge and the smallest of suspicions is the bookmaker's best friend.

"Now this is what you want to get through your head," said Jonesey. "There's no such thing as chance on a racetrack. Don't let anybody tell you that luck has got anything to do with it. It's nothing but a great big gambling game to trim the sucker public and the bookmakers are on the inside. Everything is cooked up in advance."

"It's awful!" said Peter, wagging his head over the iniquity of the bookmakers. "Awful!"

"It ain't so awful if you can find out what the bookmakers are up to," said Jonesey. "All you need to know is which horse is carrying the least money—the one that nobody bets on. Did you ever see that game out at the Cliff House—six little tin horses, painted different colors, running round a track?"

"I've seen it," said Peter, "but I never played it."

"Well, it's the rankest kind of a skin game of course," said the wise Jonesey, "but it's run on the same principle as real horse racing. You bet your money on the colors and they pay off on the three horses that stop nearest the wire. The horses are controlled by electricity and the ones with the least money bet on 'em always win. *Sabe?*"

Peter nodded.

"That game is a cinch to beat," said Jonesey, "because you can see what money is bet. It's right on the table in front of you. At the race track you have to hang round the betting ring and keep your ears open. That's what I did. I was a little loser after the fourth race. I should have had a bundle of money by that time, but I let people tell me things and tout me off of the horses I wanted to play. In the fifth I used my own judgment and won ten dollars. That one ten wasn't any use to me—might pretty near as well not had anything.

"I went into the betting ring and Aztec was favorite at four to five. That means you had to bet five dollars to win four. I couldn't see that price at all. I stood there and watched those bookies take a barrel of money on Aztec—hundreds and thousands of dollars—and it struck me all at once that they wouldn't be doing it if Aztec had a chance to win. It stands to reason that they wouldn't, Pete.

"Now, if it wasn't Aztec, it had to be one of the others—and like a flash that tin-horse proposition popped into my head! I don't know why I didn't think of it before. It would be the horse with the least money on him of course!"

"Of course!" said Peter. "Why, sure!"

"Well," said Jonesey, "I leaned right up against a bookmaker's stand and I heard every bet as it was called off. The money kept rolling in on Aztec but there was plenty played on the other horses too. They bet on everything in the race but a skate named Cæsar's Ghost. I listened and I listened but not a soul put a nickel on him to win.

"'What more do you want?' says I to myself, and at the very last minute I stepped up and bet the ten on Cæsar's Ghost—twenty-five to one. It was quite a chunk, I know, but it was their money anyway and if I lost I wasn't anything out. The bookmaker looked at me kind of funny when I told him what horse I wanted to play.

"'You look to me as if you knew something, young feller,' says he.

"'Never you mind what I know,' says I. 'Gimme Cæsar's Ghost.'

"He asked me again where I got my information, but I didn't tell him anything. I'm going after him again some day. His name is Root."

There was a short silence.

"Was it a close race?" asked Peter.

"Naw! Cæsar's Ghost ran away from Aztec the same as if he was tied to the fence. Nothing to it at all. I thought that was the way it would be. . . . What say we go out there next Saturday afternoon and clean 'em out for fair? Let's give 'em a real trimming while we're at it, eh?"

"I don't know," said the cautious Peter. "I don't gamble, Jonesey."

"Who said anything about gambling?" demanded Jonesey. "This ain't gambling; this is a cinch!"

"I'll think it over," said Peter. "I—I can't promise."

III

"WELL, I hope I may be tee-totaciously tribble-damned if I know how some of these hawss owners git away with it, I do, for a fact!"

Thus Tennessee Todd to his friend Dave Parsons, while seated upon a bale of alfalfa hay in front of Mr. Todd's stable at the Tanforan track. They were watching Missy, Todd's mare, as Bud, the black stable boy, led her up and down under the trees. Missy was being cooled out after a race that she had lost by a matter of inches, but her owner stood in even greater need of a cooling process, for the mare had been defeated under conditions which Mr. Todd deemed unfair, yes, and criminal too. Listen to him:

"I don't know how they do it!" repeated Todd. "They run their hawsses any whichaway till they git a price to suit 'em. Monday they leave the hop out and they don't finish nowhere. Tuesday they give 'em the little ole p'scription and they win as far as you can shoot a gun. Seems to me they ought to be some folks ruled off fo' life round this place!"

"That Rascality hoss, now," said Dave sympathetically, "he couldn't beat a police sergeant round the track the last time out, but he run a smashin' good race to-day."

"He had his p'scription, I tell you!" shrilled Mr. Todd. "He was stim'lated! That Rascality's a hop hawss; he can't run a lick on earth 'thout they drug him! Everybody knows he's a hop hawss!"

"Well, what if he is?" Dave spoke meaningly. "Ever hear the story about the judge at the Texas bush meetin'? Two men has a match race framed up—call 'em Jones and Smith. At the last minute Jones busts into the judges' stand, all lathered up and excited. 'Judge,' says he, 'I just ketches Smith stim'latin' his hoss! He's got a shot o' hop in him sure!' 'Well,' says the bush judge, combin' his whiskers, 'you go 'long back to the paddock an' hop yo' hoss too. We got to make a race out of this thing somehow!' What if this Rascality is a hop hoss? You know the way to the drug store, don't you?"

"They ain't no use in your talkin' thataway to me," said Todd sternly. "I tell you here an' now, Dave Parsons, I ain't never resorted to that yet. When the time comes that I has to hop my hawsses to make 'em win I'll quit the turf. Yes, sir, quit it cold. I don't believe in it nohow. I was raised diff'rent. Take that Rascality. Let him alone an' he can't beat Missy a-doin' anything, but when he's got his hop in him he'll run the heart out of her. It ain't fair to an honest hawsman. Them judges ——"

"They can't do nothing," interrupted Parsons. "How many stables would be left round here if they started rulin' off for hoppin' hosses? How many? If I was in your place, Todd, I'd fight the devil with fire, that's what I'd do. You're goin' to start Missy in the handicap Saturday, ain't you?"

"Ye-up," said Tennessee, "I reckon I will; but she ain't got no more chance'n a rabbit. Looks like they're a better class of hawsses than what she's used to runnin' with."

Dave Parsons took out his pocketbook and removed therefrom a folded paper.

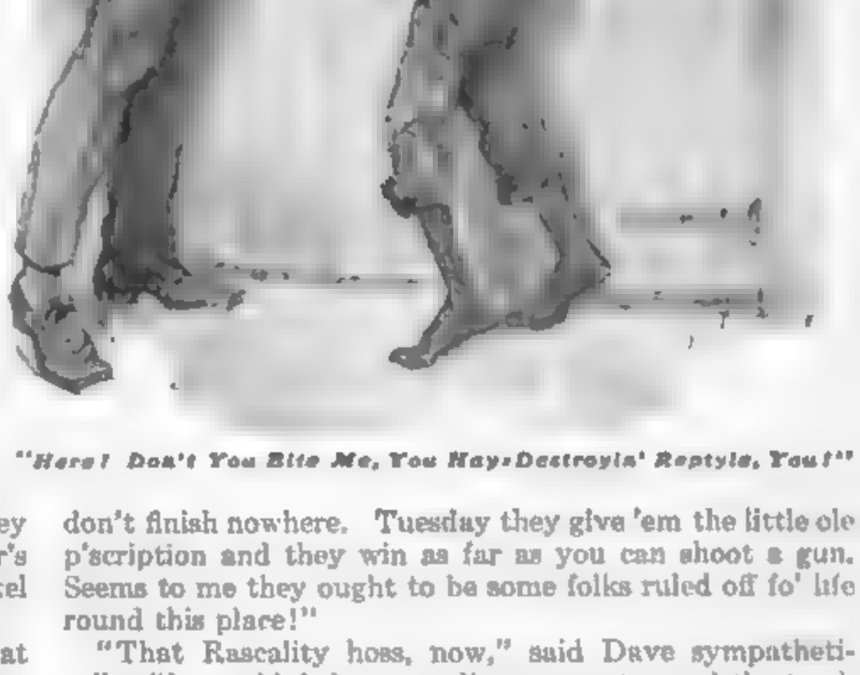
"Give her this powder about the time you start her for the paddock," said he quietly. "She'll have a chance then. With this to help her she'll be a cinch—and at a price too."

"No, sir!" said Tennessee stoutly. "I don't want no truck with that stuff—none whatever! I never stim'lated a hawss yet and I won't begin now! I'll quit first! Any time I begin doin' that, I—let's see what it looks like, Dave. I never got this close to it before. Where'd you git it?"

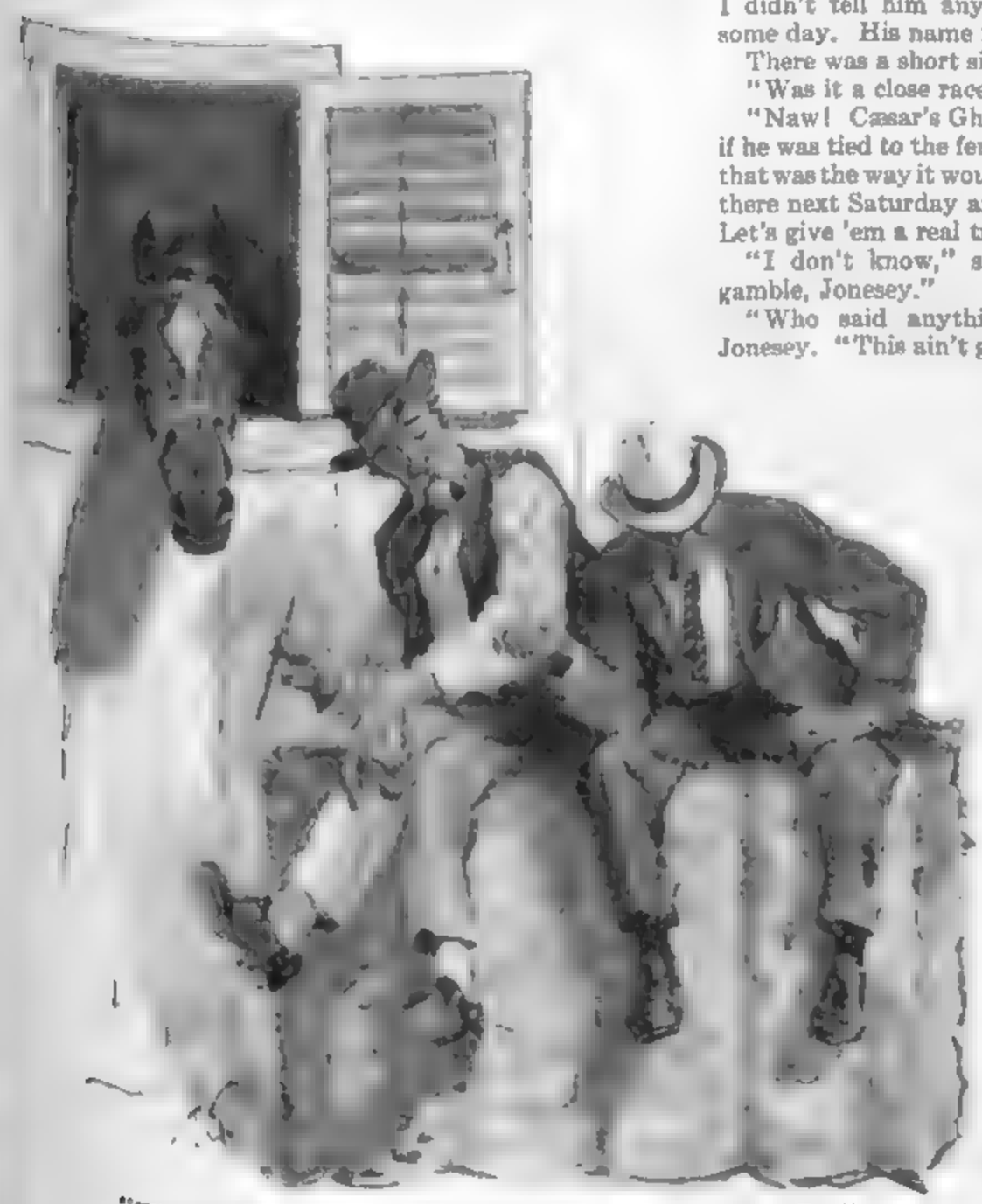
"Never you mind," said Parsons. "It'll do the work. That's all you need to know. And it won't leave no traces afterward."

Todd opened the paper and poked at the whitish crystals with the tip of his forefinger

"Mighty innocent lookin'," said he. "You wouldn't think this would make anybody run, would you?"



"Here! Don't You Bite Me, You Hay-Destroyin' Reptyle, You!"



"With This to Help Her She'll be a Cinch—and at a Price Too"

"Run!" chuckled Parsons. "Say, a feller I know got the druggist to mix him one of these speedballs for his hoss and at the same time he got a headache powder for his wife. Feller forgot which was which and give the headache powder to the hoss and the speedball to his wife. . . . The hoss run last."

"What happened to the wife?" asked Todd.

"Oh, she run away from home that very night," said Parsons, "and the next heard of her she was in Portland. She give half of the powder to her husband's pardner and he run right 'long with her."

"I ought to knowed better than to bite on that one," said Todd ruefully. "It had all the earmarks of a josh. . . . How would you give this to a hawss?"

"Easiest thing in the world," said Parsons. "Sprinkle it on the mare's tongue when you start her for the paddock. Takes it half an hour or so to git action. It's convenient and don't leave no trace that a 'vet' can swear to afterward. You'd be astonished to know some of the hosses at this track that can't win without it."

"That's just the point!" said Todd earnestly. "They git so's they can't do nothing 'thout it—same as hop-heads and coke fiends!" As he spoke he refolded the paper carefully.

"They only git that way when they have it too often," argued Parsons. "Use it in reason and it's like givin' a man a cup of coffee when he's tired. It's a bracer, that's all it is."

"I'm agin it!" declared Todd with sudden vehemence. "I ain't never used any of it yet and I never will! Seems to me, Dave, it ain't no way to treat an honest hawss. That little mare of mine yonder always does the best she can. Don't tell me it won't hurt her to dope her up so's she'll run faster'n she knows how. No, sir! I won't have nothin' to do with that stuff. It—it ain't *moral!*"

With the last word the folded paper disappeared in Todd's vest pocket. Parsons caught the movement with the corner of his eye and obligingly looked at the clouds. He spoke of the chance of rain and thereafter the conversation took new channels. Dave grinned to himself as he slouched toward the barn where his own horses were kept.

"Thought I didn't see him go south with that prescription!" he chuckled. "Well, Tennessee's a good feller, and it's time he woke up. . . . Missy'll likely be worth a good bet Saturday."

Tennessee Todd was no Pharisee, but he often thanked his Creator out loud that he was an honest hawssman and didn't never have no truck with thieves and druggists, no—how, no—time, no—where.

"My hawsses run the best they can," he used to say, "and they don't never get no he'p from a drug store!"

The Goddess of Fortune, hearing Mr. Todd extol his own virtue, conceded the point of his honesty and bestowed upon him the advertised reward of the virtuous, which, it will be remembered, is of such a nature that it cannot readily be exchanged for baled hay, entrance fees and jockey hire.

Tennessee had four horses at Tanforan; more strictly speaking, three horses and Dollar Bill. Missy, with two seconds and a third to her credit, was the star of the stable; the others had not earned their salt. Dollar Bill, an aged chestnut horse, had made something of a record. Todd had started him five times in the nonwinner class and each time Dollar Bill had finished last. Men used to laugh when they saw his name on the overnight entry slips. It was Henry Root, the track wit, who favored Dollar Bill with one shaft that struck deep into the heart of public opinion.

"Well, well," said Henry, as he glanced at the overnights, "here's Dollar Bill again. Todd doesn't think he can win with this old beetle. He only starts him because he likes to hear his bones rattle. Pity he didn't name him Minstrel!"

Dusk settled down over Tanforan and with it came the fog from the Pacific, blotting out the guiding lights. Other guiding lights were endangered also, for in a shabby back room, where the only adornment was a cheap, fly-specked lithograph of the finish of the race between Salvator and Tenney, a horseman of the old school fingered a folded paper and thought of the feed bills he owed.

Temptation wears a thousand shapes—as many shapes as there are human weaknesses. While Tennessee Todd was fighting his fight in the darkness, Peter Plymire was encountering temptation in another and totally unexpected form.

No front parlor love-making was Peter's. The girl of his choice—Peter had really been Milly's choice but he was never to know this—worked for a living and had no home, unless a furnished room on Devisadero Street answered that description. On this foggy evening Peter and Milly walked together and the street lamps blinked dimly at them, encouraging them to hold hands.

"So it ought to be all right pretty soon," said Peter courageously. "I wouldn't want to get married on sixty a month, but ——"

"Oh, Peter!" cried Milly. "Wouldn't *want* to?"

"Bless your heart!" said Peter. "I *wanted* to marry you when I was getting forty! I mean I don't think I ought to marry on sixty. They'll surely give me seventy at the end of the year ——"

"You thought they would give it to you in July, dear," said Milly, "but they didn't."

"I had it coming," said Peter. "You see I've been with the firm too long—ever since I was a little shaver. They think I'm a fixture and they give me the worst of it. If I had a thousand dollars I'd pull out and get into business on my own hook."

"Oh, if there was only some way you could get a little money ahead!" said Milly. "You wouldn't need to have a thousand before we could get married, Peter."

"No-o," said Peter, his mind's eye fixed upon a palm full of shining gold pieces. "But it's slow saving on sixty dollars a month."

"Three hundred would do it nicely," said Milly. "Even two hundred. Oh, Peter, isn't there some way—some way to get it quick?"

"One of the boys down at the office was talking about an—an investment," said Peter. "He wanted me to go in with him."

"Tell me all about it," commanded Milly. "It might be just a scheme to get your money away from you."

"I can't go into the details," said Peter. "I don't quite understand them yet myself. . . . Suppose I could make a quick turn and pick up enough to furnish a little place, eh? How would that be?"

"It would be heavenly!" cried Milly. "Just heavenly, Peter; but promise me you'll be careful. You're so reckless, dear!"

"I'll be careful—anyway, I wouldn't invest very much, Milly. I may have some news for you Saturday."

IV

SATURDAY noon again, and Jonesey wiped his pen on his sleeve, slammed the drawers on his side of the desk and looked expectantly at Peter.

"Well?" said he. "Are you with me or not?"

"I think I'd better not go," said Peter.

"Are you scared of losing a few dollars?" sneered Jonesey.

"I can't afford to lose," said Peter, which was a very brave remark to make to a sport.

"Huh!" grunted Jonesey. "If you can't afford to put up something you'll never win. Last night I got to fooling round a crap game. I bet five dollars on the line and hit 'em four straight licks without pinching. That made eighty dollars, because I was doubling my money every roll. I could have picked it up and walked out with it and nobody would have said anything. Did I do it? Not on your life! One more lick would have made one hundred and sixty.

"'Shoot the works!' says I—and the bones come deuce, ace. I lost the whole business, but look what I'd have had if I won! If you're scared of your money, Peter, you'll never have any money but your own. I've told you twenty times how soft this racetrack game is and how easy it is to get a bookmaker's dough if you'll just play my system on him. If you're afraid of it, you don't need to come in with me. . . . So long!"

Peter's brown study lasted for several minutes and might have lasted longer had not an office boy roused him with a shrill call:

"Plymire on de phone!"

It was Milly's voice that came to him over the wire:

"That you, Peter? . . . Any news yet? . . . I mean about that investment?"

"Not yet," said Peter. "I—I haven't decided."

"I was hoping you'd know by this time," said the voice, "and I couldn't wait."

"I may know before night," said Peter. "I'm not sure. Maybe."

"You'll come home early, won't you, dear?"

"As early as I can," said Peter.

The bugles were calling the horses to the fifth race when Peter sneaked through the turnstile at Tanforan. Temptation had conquered in a sharp three-hour engagement and Peter's conscientious scruples against gambling were in full retreat. He had the decency to be ashamed of his moral weakness, and so plainly was this shame written upon Peter's countenance that the detective at the gate looked shrewdly after him as he passed.

"I'll bet there's a clerk that's been tapping the till at the store where he works," said the detective.

"He looks the part," said the uniformed gateman.

"And yet they blame racetracks when folks go wrong," said the detective. "Look at him! A fellow like that would steal to play penny-ante poker."

"Maybe there's a woman mixed up with it," said the gateman safely.

"It's for Milly," thought Peter, as he skirted the edges of the human whirlpool known as the betting ring. "It's for Milly."

At the moment when the last shred of Peter's moral fiber gave way and he abandoned himself as lost, a leggy chestnut horse was about to be led from his stall on the opposite side of the track. It was old Dollar Bill, entered in the sixth race, the worse than forlorn hope of the Todd fortunes.

"If you're a Dollar Bill," said Tennessee whimsically, "I reckon you're a counterfeit. Yes, you triflin' ole hound, you can't run fast enough to ketch your breath. If ever there was a hawse that needed a p'scription it's you. . . . Here! Gimme that tongue! . . . Don't you bite me, you hay-destroyin' reptyle, you! Don't you do it! . . . I wouldn't give this to a real race hawss. . . . I come mighty close to it. . . . Mighty close. . . . But somehow I didn't have the heart. . . . And Missy, she come fifth in the handicap. . . . There! . . . How do you like that, hey? . . . Swaller it, darn you, swaller it! I ain't goin' to carry it 'round in my pocket no longer. . . . It was all I could do to stand the pressure. . . . Nowgo 'long, you miserable ole lizard, and see if you can't finish somewhere else besides last! . . . Get thee behind me, Satan! . . . Here, Bud! Take him away!"

"Yo' gwine bet on ole Bill to-day, Mist' Todd?" asked Bud, showing his teeth.

"Bet on him!" said the owner savagely. "I wouldn't bet on him if he was runnin' agin a flock o' mud-turkles! Take him away, an' if he finishes last agin don't never bring him back!"

As Dollar Bill disappeared in the direction of the track Tennessee Todd took off his battered slouch hat, squared his shoulders and thanked God that he was still an honest hawssman.

"But it was a mighty close shave!" said he. "A mighty close shave! Little bit more an' Missy would have had that p'scription!"

V

HENRY ROOT, bookmaker, stood on the block and frowned as he surveyed the sheet of cardboard that bore the names of the horses entered in the last race. By reason of his reputation for caustic wit and a certain sour brand of humor, Henry was

(Continued on Page 42)

"Holy Mackerel, What a Start! Half of 'Em Left at the Post!"

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPE

"That is a Doctor Who Has Just Gone In. He Has Been Found!"

XIX

RICHARD presented himself the next morning at the Hôtel de Paris. "Cheero!" he exclaimed on being shown into Hunterleys' sitting room. "All right up to date, I see."

Hunterleys nodded. He had just come in from the bank and held his letters in his hand. Richard seated himself on the edge of the table.

"I slept out on the yacht last night," he said. "Got up at six o'clock and had a swim. What about a round of golf at La Turbie? We can get down again by luncheon time before the people are about."

"Afraid I can't," Hunterleys replied. "I have rather an important letter to go through carefully and a reply to think out."

"You're a queer chap, you know!" Richard went on. "You always seem to have something to do, but I'm hanged if I can see how you pass your time here in Monte Carlo. This political business, even if you do have to put in a bit of time at it now and then, can't be going on all the while. Monte Carlo, too! So far as the women are concerned they might as well be off the face of the earth, and I don't think I've ever seen you make a bet at the tables. How did your wife do last night? I thought she seemed to be dropping it rather."

"I think that she lost," Hunterleys replied indifferently. "Her gambling, however, is like mine, I imagine, on a fairly negligible scale."

Richard whistled softly.

"Well, I don't know," he observed. "I saw her going for maximums yesterday pretty steadily. A few thousands don't last very long at that little game."

Hunterleys smiled.

"A few thousands!" he repeated. "I don't suppose Violet has ever lost or won a hundred pounds in her life."

Richard abandoned the subject quickly. He was obliged to tell himself that it was not his business to interfere between husband and wife. "Say, Hunterleys," he suggested, "do you think I could do something for the crowd on my little boat—a luncheon party or a cruise, eh?"

"I should think every one would enjoy it immensely," Hunterleys answered.

"I can count on you, of course, if I arrange anything?"

"I am afraid not," Hunterleys regretted. "I am too much engrossed now to make any engagements."

"I'm hanged if you don't get more mysterious every moment!" Richard exclaimed vigorously. "What's it all about? Can't you be safe even in your room for five minutes without keeping one of those little articles under your newspaper while you read your letters?" he added, lifting with his stick the sheet that Hunterleys had hastily thrown over a small revolver. "What's it all about, eh? Are you plotting to dethrone the Prince of Monaco and take his place?"

"Not exactly that," Hunterleys replied a little wearily. "Lane, old fellow, you're much better off not knowing too much. I have told you that there's a kind of international conference going on about here and I've been pitchforked into the affair. Over in your country you don't know much about such things, but since I've been out of harness I've done a good deal of what really amounts to secret-service work. One must serve one's country somehow or other, you know, if one gets the chance."

Richard was impressed.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "The sort of thing that one reads about, eh, and only half believes? Who's the French Johnny who arrived last night?"

"Doualle. He's the coming president, so people say. I'm seriously thinking of paying him a visit of ceremony this afternoon."

There was a knock at the door. A waiter entered with a note upon a salver.

"From madame, monsieur," he announced, presenting it to Hunterleys.

The latter tore it open and read the few lines hastily:

Dear Henry:

If you could spare a few minutes I should be glad if you would come round to my apartment. Yours, VIOLET.

Hunterleys twisted the note up in his fingers.

"Tell Lady Hunterleys that I will be round in a few moments," he instructed the servant.

Richard took up his stick and hat.

"If you have an opportunity," he said, "ask Lady Hunterleys what she thinks about a little do on the yacht. If one could get the proper people together ——"

"I'll tell her," Hunterleys promised. "You'd better wait till I get back."

He made his way to the other wing of the hotel. For the first time since he had been staying there he knocked at the door of his wife's apartment. Her maid admitted him with a smile. He found Violet sitting in the little salon before a writing table. The apartment was luxuriously furnished and filled with roses. Somehow or other their odor irritated him. She rose from her place and hastened toward him.

"How nice of you to come so promptly!" she exclaimed. "You're sure it didn't inconvenience you?"

"Not in the least," he replied. "I was only talking to Richard Lane."

"You seem to have taken a great fancy to that young man all at once," she remarked.

Hunterleys was sitting upon the arm of an easy chair. He had picked up one of Violet's slippers and was balancing it in his hand.

"Oh, I don't know! He is rather refreshing after some of these people. He still has enthusiasms, and his love affair is quite a poem. Aren't you up rather early this morning?"

"I couldn't sleep," she sighed. "I think it has come to me in the night that I am sick of this place. I wondered ——"

She hesitated. He bent the slipper slowly back, waiting for her to proceed.

"The Draconmeyers don't want to go," she went on. "They are here for another month at least. Linda would miss me terribly, I suppose, but I have really given her a lot of my time. I have spent several hours with her every day since we arrived, and I don't know what it is—perhaps my bad luck, for one thing—but I have suddenly taken a dislike to the place. I wondered ——"

She had picked up one of the roses from a vase close at hand and was twirling it between her fingers. For some reason or other she seemed ill at ease. Hunterleys watched her silently. She was very pale, but since his coming a slight tinge of pink color had stolen into her cheeks. She wore a very fascinating dressing gown of blue silk.

"I wondered," she concluded at last almost abruptly, "whether you would care to take me away."

He was for a moment bereft of words. Somehow or other he had been so certain that she had sent for him to ask for more money that he had never even considered any other eventuality.

"Take you away?" he repeated. "Do you really mean take you back to London, Violet?"

"Just anywhere you like," she replied. "I am sick of this place and of everything. I am weary to death of trying to keep Linda cheerful—you don't realize how depressing it is to be with her—and every one seems to have got a little on my nerves. Mr. Draconmeyer," she added a little defiantly, raising her eyes to his, "has been most kind and delightful, but somehow I want to get away."

He sat down on the edge of a couch. His wife seated herself at the farther end of it.

"Violet," he said, "you have taken me rather by surprise."

"Well, you don't mind being taken by surprise once in a while, do you?" she asked a little petulantly. "You know I am capricious—you have told me so often enough. Here is a proof of it. Take me back to London or to Paris, or wherever you like."

He was almost overwhelmed. It was unfortunate that she had chosen that moment to look away and could not see, therefore, the light that glowed in his eyes.

"Violet," he assured her earnestly, "there is nothing in the world I should like so much. I would beg you to have your trunks packed this morning, but unfortunately I cannot leave Monte Carlo just now."

"Cannot leave Monte Carlo?" she repeated derisively. "Why, my dear man, you are a fish out of water here! You don't gamble; you do nothing but moon about, and go to the opera, and worry about your silly politics. What on earth do you mean when you say that you cannot leave Monte Carlo?"

"I mean just what I say," he replied. "I cannot leave Monte Carlo—for several days, at any rate."

She looked at him blankly, a little incredulously.

"You have talked like this before, Henry," she said, "and it is all too absurd. You must tell me the truth now. You can have no business here. You are traveling for pleasure. You can surely leave a place or not at your own will."

"It happens," he sighed, "that I cannot. Will you please be very kind, Violet, and not ask me too much about this? If there is anything else I can do," he went on hesitatingly, "if you will give me a little more of your time, if you will wait with me for a few days longer ——"

"Can't you understand," she interrupted impatiently, "that it is just this very moment, this instant, that I want to get away? Something has gone wrong. I want to leave Monte Carlo. I am not sure that I ever want to see it again. And I want you to take me. Please!"

She held out her hands, swaying a little toward him. He gripped them in his. She yielded to the pressure until their lips almost met.

"You'll take me away this morning?" she whispered.

"I cannot do that," he replied; "but, Violet ——"

She snatched herself away from him. An ungovernable fit of fury seemed to have seized her. She stood in the center of the room and stamped her foot.

"You cannot!" she repeated. "And you will not give me a reason? Very well, I have done my best, I have made my appeal. I will stay in Monte Carlo then. I will ——!"

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," she cried. "Who is it?"

The door was softly opened. Draconmeyer stood upon the threshold. He looked from one to the other in some surprise.

"I am sorry," he murmured. "Please excuse me."

"Come in, Mr. Draconmeyer," she called out to his retreating figure. "Come in, please. How is Linda this morning?"

Draconmeyer smiled a little ruefully as he joined the Hunterleys.

"Complaining," he replied, "as usual. I am afraid that she has had rather a bad night. She is going to try to sleep for an hour or two. I came to see if you perhaps felt disposed for a motor ride this morning."

"I should love it," she assented. "I should like to start as soon as possible. Henry was just going—weren't you?" she added, turning to her husband.

The Gorgeous Bay of Mentone Lay a Thousand Feet Below

He stood his ground. "There was something else I wished to say," he declared, glancing at Draconmeyer.

The latter moved at once toward the door, but Violet stopped him.

"Not now," she begged. "If there is really anything else, Henry, you can send up a note, or I dare say we shall meet at the club to-night. Now, please, both of you go away. I must change my clothes for motoring. In half an hour, Mr. Draconmeyer?"

"The car will be ready," he answered.

Hunterleys hesitated. He looked for a moment at Violet. She returned his glance of appeal with a hard, fixed stare. Then she turned away.

"Susanne," she called to her maid, who was in the inner room, "I am dressing at once. I will show you what to put out"

She disappeared, closing the door behind her. The two men walked out to the lift in silence. Draconmeyer rang the bell.

"You are not leaving Monte Carlo at present then, Sir Henry?" he remarked.

"Not at present," Hunterleys replied calmly.

They parted without further speech. Hunterleys returned to his room, where Richard was still waiting.

"Say, have you got a valet here with you?" the young man inquired.

Hunterleys shook his head.

"Never possessed such a luxury in my life," he declared.

"Chap came in here directly you were gone—mumbled something about doing some work for you. I didn't altogether like the look of him, so I sat on the table and watched. He hung round for a moment and then, when he saw that I was sticking it out, he went off."

"Was he wearing the hotel livery?" Hunterleys asked quickly.

"Plain black clothes," Richard replied. "He looked the valet right enough."

Hunterleys rang the bell. It was answered by a servant in gray livery.

"Are you the valet on this floor?" Hunterleys inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"There was a man in here just now. He said he was my valet, or something of the sort, hung round for a minute or two and then went away. Who was he?"

The servant shook his head. He was apparently a German, and stupid.

"There are no valets on this floor except myself," he declared.

"Then who could this person have been?" Hunterleys demanded.

"A tailor, perhaps," the man suggested; "but he would not come unless you had ordered him. I have been on duty all the time. I have seen no one about."

"Very well," Hunterleys said, "I'll report the matter in the office."

"Some hotel thief, I suppose," Lane remarked as soon as the door was closed. "He didn't look like it exactly though."

Hunterleys frowned.

"Not much here to satisfy anyone's curiosity," he observed. "Just as well you were in the room though."

"Surrounded by mysteries, aren't you, old chap?" Richard yawned, lighting a cigarette.

"I don't know exactly about that," Hunterleys replied; "but I'll tell you one thing, Lane. There are things going on in Monte Carlo at the present moment that would bring out the black headlines on the halfpenny papers if they had an inkling of them. There are people here who are trying to draw a new map of Europe, a new map of the world."

Richard shook his head.

"I can't get interested in anything, Hunterleys," he declared. "You could tell me the most amazing things in the world, and they'd pass in at one ear and out at the other. Kind of a blithering idiot, aren't I? You know what I did last night after dinner. If you'll believe me, when I got to the villa I found the place patrolled as though they were afraid of dynamiters. I skulked round to the back, got on the beach, and climbed a little way up toward the rock garden. I hid there and waited to see if she'd come out on the terrace. She never came, but I caught a glimpse of her passing from one room to another, and I tell you I'm such a poor sort of an idiot that I felt repaid for waiting there all that time. I shall go there again to-night. The boys wanted me to dine—Eddy Lanchester and Freddy Montressor and that lot—a jolly party too. I shan't do it. I shall have a mouthful alone somewhere and spend the rest of the evening on those rocks. Something's got to come of this, Hunterleys!"

"Let's go into the lounge for a few moments," Hunterleys suggested. "I may as well hear all about it."

They made their way downstairs and sat there talking, or rather Hunterleys listened while Richard talked. Then Draconmeyer strolled across the hall and waited by the lift. Presently he returned with Violet by his side, followed by her maid carrying rugs. As they approached Hunterleys rose slowly to his feet. Violet was looking up into her companion's face, talking and laughing. She either did not see Hunterleys or affected not to see him. He stood for a moment irresolute. As she passed she glanced at him quite blankly and waved her hand to Richard. Then she and Draconmeyer disappeared. Hunterleys resumed his seat. He had, somehow or other, the depressed feeling of a man who has lost a great opportunity.

"Lady Hunterleys looks well this morning," Lane remarked, absolutely unconscious of anything unusual.

Hunterleys watched the car drive off before he answered.

"She looks very well," he assented gloomily.

xx

THEY had skirted the wonderful bay and climbed the mountainous hill to the frontier before Violet spoke. All the time Draconmeyer leaned back by her side perfectly content. A man of varied subtleties, he understood and fully appreciated the intrinsic value of silence. While the customs officer, however, was making out the deposit note for the car she turned to him.

"Will you tell me something, Mr. Draconmeyer?"

"Of course!"

"It is about my husband," she went on. "Henry isn't your friend—you dislike one another, I know. You men seem to have a sort of freemasonry that compels you to tell falsehoods about one another, but in this case I am going to remind you that I have the greater claim, and I am going to ask you for the sober truth. Henry has once or twice during the last few days hinted to me that his presence in Monte Carlo just now has some sort of political significance. He is very vague about it all, but he evidently wants me to believe that he is staying here against his own inclinations. Now I want to ask you a plain question: Is it likely that he could have any government business whatever to transact in Monte Carlo? What I mean is, could there possibly be anything to keep him in this place that for political reasons he couldn't tell me about?"

"I can answer your question finally so far as regards any government business," Mr. Draconmeyer assured her. "Your husband's party is in opposition. As a keen politician he would not be likely to interest himself in the work of his rival."

"You are quite positive," Lady Hunterleys persisted, "that he could not have a mission of any sort—that there isn't any meeting of diplomatists here in which he might be interested?"

Mr. Draconmeyer smiled with the air of one listening to a child's prattle.

"If I were not sure that you are in earnest ——" he began. "However, I will just answer your question. Nothing of the sort is possible. Besides, people don't come to Monte Carlo for serious affairs, you know."

Her face hardened a little.

"I suppose," she said, "that you are quite sure of what you told me the other evening about this young singer, Felicia Roche?"

"I should not allude to a matter of that sort," he declared, "unless I had satisfied myself as to the facts. It is true that I owe nothing to your husband and everything to you, or I should probably have remained silent. As it is, all that I know is at your service. Felicia Roche is to make her début at the opera house to-night. Your husband has been seen with her repeatedly. He was at her villa at one o'clock this morning. I have heard it said that he is a little infatuated."

"Thank you," she murmured. "That is quite enough."

The customs formalities were concluded and the car drove on. They paused at the last turn to gaze downward at the wonderful view—the gorgeous Bay of Mentone a thousand feet below, with its wealth of mimosa-embosomed villas; Monte Carlo glittering on the seaboard; the sweep of Monaco, red-roofed, picturesque. And behind, the mountains; farther away still, the dim, snow-capped heights. Violet looked as she was bidden, but her eyes seemed incapable of appreciation. When the car moved on she leaned back in her seat and dropped her veil. She was paler even than when they had started.

"I am going to talk to you very little," he said gravely. "I want you just to rest and breathe this wonderful air. If my reply to your question troubles you, I am sorry; but you had to know it some day. It is a wrench, of course, but you must have guessed it. Your husband is a man of peculiar temperament, but no man could have refused such an offer as you made him, unless there had been some special reason for it—no man in the world."

There was a little tremble in his tone, artistic and not overdone. Somehow she felt that his admiration ministered to her self-respect. He had placed his hand upon hers, and she permitted it to remain there. The touch of her fingers very nearly brought the torrent from his lips, but he crushed the words down. It was too great a risk. Very soon things would be different. He could afford to wait.

They drove on to San Remo and turned in at the hotel.

"You are better away from Monte Carlo for a few hours," he decided. "We will lunch here and drive back afterward."

She accepted his suggestion without enthusiasm and with very little show of pleasure. They found a table on the terrace in a retired corner surrounded with flowering cactus plants and drooping mimosa and overhung by a giant oleander tree. He talked to her easily but in gossiping fashion only, and always with the greatest respect. It was not until the arrival of their coffee that he ventured to become at all personal.

"Will you forgive me if I talk without reserve for a few moments?" he began, leaning a little toward her. "You have your troubles, I know. May I not remind you that you are not alone in your sorrows. Linda, as you know, has no companionship whatever to offer. She does nothing but indulge in fretful regrets over her broken health. When I remember, too, how lonely your days are, and think of your husband and what he might make of them, then I cannot help realizing with absolute vividness the supreme irony of fate. Here am I, craving for nothing so much on earth as the sympathy, the affection of—shall I say such a woman as you? And your husband who might have the best remains utterly indifferent, content with something far below the second best. And there is so much in life too," he went on regretfully. "I cannot tell you how difficult it is for me to sit still and see you worried about such a trifling thing as money. Fancy the joy of giving you money!"

She awoke a little from her lethargy. She looked at him startled.

"You haven't told me yet," he added, "how the game went last night."

"I lost every penny of that thousand pounds," she declared. "That is why I sent for my husband this morning and asked him to take me back to England. I am getting afraid of the place. My luck seems to have gone forever."

He laughed softly.

"That doesn't sound like you," he observed. "Besides, what does it matter? Write me out some more checks when we get back. Date them this year, or next, or the year after—it doesn't really matter a bit. My fortune is at

your disposal. If it amuses you to lose a thousand pounds in the afternoon and twice as much at night, pray do."

She laughed at him. There was a certain glamour about his words that appealed to her fancy.

"Why, you talk like a prince," she murmured. "And yet you know how impossible it is."

"Is it?" he asked quietly.

She rose abruptly from her place. There was something wrong—she felt it in the atmosphere—something that was almost choking her. "Let us go back," she insisted.

He ordered the car without another word and they started homeward. It was not until they were nearing Monte Carlo that he spoke of anything save the slightest topics.

"You must have a little more money," he told her in a matter-of-fact tone. "That is a necessity. There is no need to worry your husband. I shall go and bring you a thousand pounds. You can give me the checks later."

She sat looking steadfastly ahead of her. She seemed to see her numbers spread out before her, to hear the click of the ball, the croupier's voice, to feel the thrill of victory.

"I have already taken more money from you than I meant to, Mr. Draconmeyer," she protested. "Does Linda know how much you have lent me?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What is the use of telling her? She does not understand. She has never felt the gambling fever, the joy of it, the excitement. She would not be strong enough. You and I understand. I have felt it in the money markets of the world, where one plays with millions, where a mistake might mean ruin. That is why the tables seem dull for me; but all the same it comes home to me."

She felt the fierce stimulus of anxious thought. She knew very well that notwithstanding his quiet manner she had reason to fear the man who sat by her side. She feared his self-restraint, she feared the light that sometimes gleamed in his eyes when he fancied himself unobserved. He gave her no cause for complaint. All the time his behavior had been irreproachable. And yet she felt somehow or other like a bird who is being hunted by a trapper, a trapper who knows his business, who goes about it with quiet confidence, with absolute certainty. There was something like despair in her heart.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to stay here," she said, "and I can't stay here without playing. Yes, I will take one thousand more if you are willing to lend it to me."

"You shall have it directly we get to the hotel," he told her. "Don't hurry with the checks and don't date them too soon. Remember that you must have something to live on when you get back."

"I am going to win," she declared confidently. "I am going to win enough to pay you back every penny."

"I won't say that I hope not," he observed, "for your sake; but it will certainly give me no pleasure to have the money back again. You are such a wonderful person," he added, dropping his voice, "that I rather like to feel that I can be a little useful to you."

They had neared the end of their journey and Mr. Draconmeyer touched her arm. A faint smile was playing about his lips. Certainly the fates were befriending him! He said nothing, but her eyes followed the slight motion of his head. Coming down the steps from Ciro's were her husband and Felicia Roche. Violet looked at them for a moment. Then she turned her head away.

"Most inopportune," she sighed with a little attempt at gayety. "Shall we meet later at the club?"

"Assuredly," Mr. Draconmeyer replied. "I will send the money to your room."

"Thank you once more," she said, "and thank you, too, for my drive. I have enjoyed it very much. I am very glad, indeed, that I had the courage to make you tell me the truth."

"I hope," he whispered as he handed her out, "that you will never lack the courage to ask me anything."

XXI

SELINGMAN, a large cigar between his lips and a happy smile upon his face, stood in the square before the Casino watching the pigeons. He had just enjoyed an excellent lunch, he was exceedingly pleased with a new light-gray suit that he was wearing, and his one unsatisfied desire was for companionship. Draconmeyer was away motoring with Lady Hunterleys, Mr. Grex was spending the early part of the day in conclave with his visitor from France, and Mademoiselle Nipon had gone to Nice for the day. Selingman had been left to his own devices and was beginning to find time hanging upon his hands.

Conversation and companionship were almost as much necessities with him as wine. He beamed upon the pigeons and looked round at the people dotted about in chairs outside the Café de Paris, hoping to find an acquaintance. It chanced, however, that he saw none but strangers. Then his eyes fell upon a man who was seated with folded arms a short distance away, a man of respectable but somewhat gloomy appearance. He was dressed in dark clothes and had pale cheeks and cavernous eyes. Selingman strolled toward him.

"How go things, friend Allen?" he inquired, dropping his voice a little.

The man glanced uneasily round. There was, however, no one in his immediate vicinity.

"Badly," he admitted.

"Still no success, eh?" Selingman asked, drawing up a chair and seating himself.

"The man is secretive by nature," was the gloomy reply. "One would imagine that he knew he was being watched. Everything he receives in the way of a written communication is at once torn up. He is the most difficult order of person to deal with—he is methodical. He has only the hotel valet to look after his things, but everything is always in its place. Yesterday I went through his waste-paper basket. I took home the contents, but the pieces were no larger than sixpences. I was able to put together one envelope which he received yesterday morning, which was franked 'On His Majesty's Service' and the postmark of which was Downing Street."

Selingman shook his head ponderously.

"You must do better than that, my Sherlock Holmes, much better," he declared.

"I can't make bricks without straw," Allen retorted sullenly.

"There is always straw if one looks in the right place," Selingman insisted, puffing away at his cigar. "What we want to discover is exactly how much Hunterleys knows of certain operations of ours that are going on here. He is on the watch, of that I am sure. There is one known agent in the place and another suspected one, and I am pretty certain that they are both working at his instigation. What we want to get hold of is one of his letters to London."

"I have been in and out of his rooms at all hours," the other said. "I have gone into the matter thoroughly, so thoroughly that I have taken a situation with a firm of English tailors here and am supposed to go out and tout for orders. That gives me a free entry to the hotel. I have even had a commission from Sir Henry himself. He gave me a coat that needed some buttons sewn on. I have practically free access to his room, but what's the good? He doesn't even lead the Monte Carlo life. He doesn't give one a chance of getting at him through a third person. No notes from ladies, no flower or jewelry bills. The only photograph upon his table is a photograph of Lady Hunterleys."

"Better not tell our friend Draconmeyer that," Selingman observed, smiling to himself. "Well, well, you can do nothing but persevere, Allen. We are not niggardly masters. If a man fails through no fault of his own, well, we don't throw him into the street. Nothing parsimonious about us. No need for you to sit about with a face as long as a fiddle because you can't succeed all at once. We are the people to kick at it, not you. Drink a little more wine, my friend. Give yourself a liqueur after luncheon. Stick a cigar in your mouth and go and sit in the sunshine. Make friends with some of the ladies. Remember, the sun will still shine and the music will still play in fifty years' time, but not for you. Come and see me when you want some more money."

"You are very kind, sir," the man replied. "I am going across to the hotel now. Sir Henry has been about there most of the morning, but he has just gone in to Ciro's to lunch, so I shall have at least half an hour."

"Good luck to you!" Selingman exclaimed heartily. "Who knows but that the big things may come even this afternoon? Cheer up, and try to make yourself believe that a letter may be lying on the table, a letter he forgot to post, or one sent round from the bank since he left. I am hopeful for you this afternoon, Allen. I believe you are going to do well. Come up and see me afterward if you will. I am going to my hotel to lie down for half an hour. I am not really tired, but I have no friend here to talk with or anything to do, and a rest is a wise economy of the human frame. Tonight mademoiselle will have returned. Just now every one has deserted me. I will rest until six o'clock. *Au revoir*, friend Allen! *Au revoir!*"

Selingman climbed the hill and entered the hotel where he was staying. He mounted to his room and took off his coat, which he glanced at admiringly for a moment and then hung up behind the door. Finally he pulled down the blinds and lay down to rest. Very soon he was asleep.

The drowsy afternoon wore on. Through the open windows came the sound of carriages driven along the dusty way, the shouts of the coachmen to their horses, the jingling of bells, the hooting of motor horns. A lime tree, the leaves of which were stirred by the languorous breeze, kept tapping against the window. From a farther distance came the faint, muffled voices of promenaders and the echo of the guns from the Tir aux Pigeons. But through it all Selingman, lying on his back and snoring loudly, slept. He was awakened at last by the feeling that some one had entered the room. He sat up and blinked.

"Hello!" he exclaimed.

A man in the weird disguise of a motorcyclist was standing at the foot of the bed. Selingman continued to blink. He was not wholly awake and his visitor's appearance was unpleasant.

"Who the devil are you?" he inquired.

The visitor took off his disfiguring spectacles.

"Jean Coulois—behold!" was the soft reply.

Selingman raised himself and slid off the bed. It had seemed rather like a dream. He was wide awake now, however.

"What do you want?" he asked. "What are you here for?"

(Continued on Page 44)

"She Never Came, But I Caught a Glimpse of Her, and I Tell You I Felt Repaid for Waiting There All That Time"

ROMANCE IN HARDWARE

By John A. Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

IF I HAD written that title before I met Tom Connor I should have made it Imagination in Hardware—but Romance is Tom's pet word. He uses it every time he talks or thinks about his business. I suggested to him that he meant imagination, but he contended that imagination is not sufficiently inclusive. He said that romance, as he means it, is a result of imagination plus activity and energy in applying it—making it work. There would not have been any story but for Tom; so I think his word ought to stand in the title.

To get to the narrative, however: When we tried to market our line of high-grade family refrigerators through retail hardware stores we made the discouraging discovery that the average hardware merchant is merely an order taker. He does not believe salesmanship is necessary in his business. One of them told me, when I was trying to explain to him how I thought he could increase his sales, that I was "plumb nutty" if I thought I could talk a man into buying ten pounds of nails when he needed only five, or sell him a rake if he came in to buy a currycomb.

This situation was a facer for me, because I had supplied the imagination that induced our firm to make this expensive line of refrigerators. I got my inspiration from one of the early Potash & Perlmutter stories, in which the famous partners were paralyzed by the suggestion of an artistically inclined cutter that they put out a line of garments made of silk that cost five dollars a yard. They could not think in prices higher than two dollars a yard. Some one with an imagination that could bridge the three-dollar gap saw the possibilities of the idea, however, and the line was a winner.

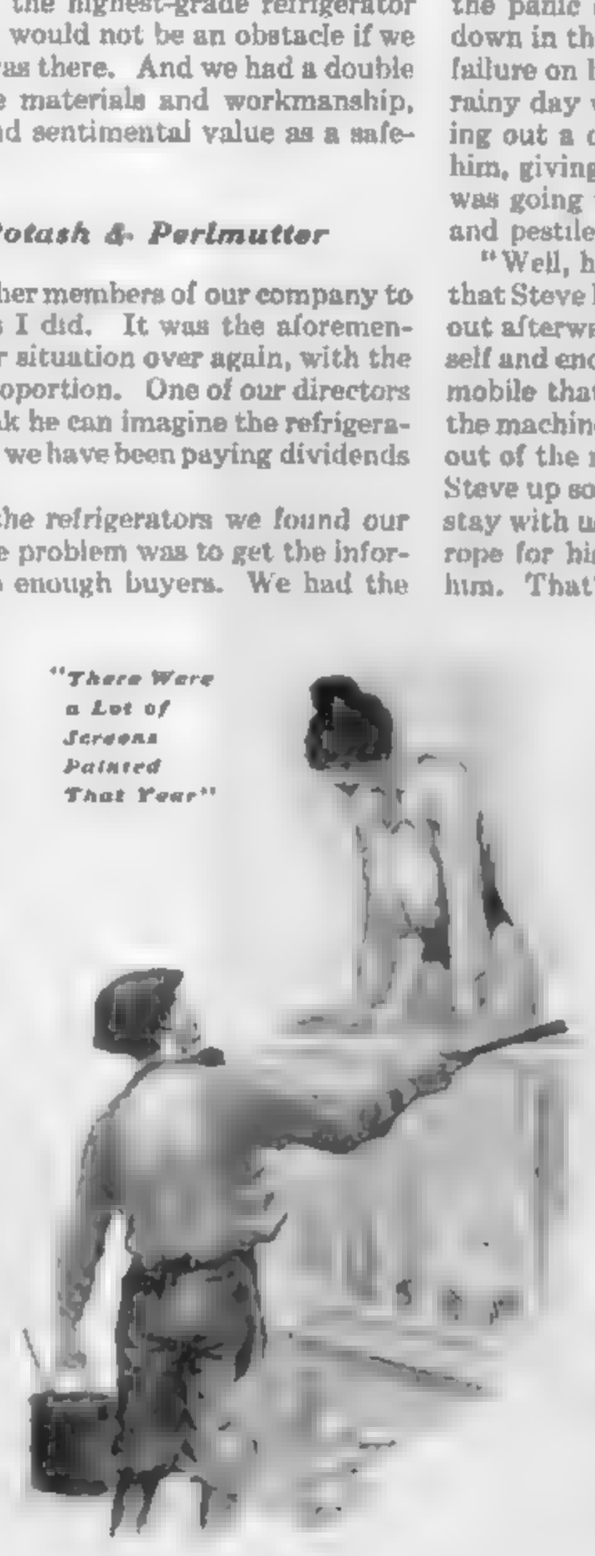
That episode stuck in my memory. Then, one day, a doctor who conducts a department of health in one of the Chicago papers devoted a column to a discussion of family refrigerators. He said he had had catalogues and letters from most of the manufacturers of refrigerators, and they told him of the beautiful finish of their products, but had nothing to say about how effective they were as heat insulators. He emphasized the fact that the efficiency and safety of a refrigerator depend on how low a temperature can be maintained in the interior of it.

That, of course, is a question of materials and workmanship. The best of both can be had at a price. I believed we could make a sufficient number of refrigerator users see the advantages of paying this price to build up a profitable business in what would be the highest-grade refrigerator made. I was sure the price would not be an obstacle if we could show that the value was there. And we had a double value to offer—that of the materials and workmanship, and the more important and sentimental value as a safeguard of the family health.

Learning From Potash & Perlmutter

THEN I had to get the other members of our company to imagine the same things I did. It was the aforementioned Potash & Perlmutter situation over again, with the figures in about the same proportion. One of our directors owns a bank. I do not think he can imagine the refrigerator scheme even now, though we have been paying dividends on the idea for some time.

When we got to selling the refrigerators we found our ideas were all sound, but the problem was to get the information about our values to enough buyers. We had the goods without a doubt. On temperature comparisons with other makes under identical conditions we had the best of all of them. The dryness in our boxes could easily be demonstrated; also the saving in ice. You could see the air circulation by injecting into a refrigerator with glass doors a little smoke just below the ice. The smoke would drop to the bottom of the box, turn almost a square corner, drift to the opposite side, float to the top, then flow back across the top and down over the ice, thus showing the exact movement of the air in circulation.



"There Were a Lot of Screens Painted That Year"

Personally I could pick out ten users and sell to eight of them every time, and there would not be a single objection to the price; but the average dealer could not sell our refrigerators. I do not believe any man can sell anything that he himself cannot appreciate; and to the average dealer there just could not be "any such animal" as a refrigerator at our price. Any box that would melt ice was a refrigerator to him and the lowest price made the easiest sales. It was a serious situation for me. I felt the responsibility, all right.

I made a trip through the Middle West to find out, if I could, how the dealer might be educated to a realization of the possibilities of our line.

A few years ago I read The Education of the Will, by Jules Payot, a French psychologist, in which the author proved conclusively—to me—that our wills are not influenced by our intellects but by our emotions. Also, that we cannot influence the wills of others much by an intellectual appeal. It must be done by an appeal to the emotions. If you doubt the correctness of this conclusion remember that Uncle Tom's Cabin, a love story and an appeal to the emotions, brought home the truth about slavery to thousands of people who never could have been influenced by the logic or arguments against it. If the Suffragettes could get their cause into a love story they would win the vote in a year.

I tried to make the dealers on whom I called understand this angle of salesmanship. I tried to show them how to stir the emotion of thrift by playing up the ice and food saving features of our refrigerator; of concern for the family health by emphasizing its sanitary features, and the freedom from the dangers of spoiled foods on account of the low temperature and the circulation of dry air; of pride by showing its quality and appearance. The response to my efforts was a joke.

One dealer out in Terre Haute, Indiana, heard me through and then handed me this:

"Young man, there's a whole lot you don't know about the hardware business. There's nothing about a hardware stock to stir the emotions. It's as cold as nails. I've been in the business all my life and I never saw but one sale made by jolting a customer's emotions. That was during the panic of 1907. Old Steve Rawlins was considerably down in the mouth on account of poor business and a crop failure on his farm, just out of town. He came in here one rainy day when Gus Sears, the town pessimist, was handing out a dose of blues to every one who would listen to him, giving a list of bank failures, telling how the country was going to the dogs, and predicting a winter of famine and pestilence.

"Well, he roused old Steve's emotions to such an extent that Steve bought thirty feet of rope from me, and we found out afterward that he had made up his mind to hang himself and end it all; but on the way home he passed an automobile that had skidded into the ditch, and the owner of the machine borrowed Steve's rope to use in pulling the car out of the mud. Seeing the other fellow's trouble cheered Steve up so much that he changed his mind and decided to stay with us a while longer. So he made a swing out of the rope for his little granddaughter, who lives next door to him. That's the only sale I have ever heard of having been made from a hardware stock by working on a man's emotions."

I came back from that trip without much enthusiasm; but I still believed there was some way to get at our particular market.

Eventually an advertising man with an imagination found us, sensed our problem and solved it by playing on the emotions of the whole United States—or, at least, that part of it which could buy our refrigerators—by telling our story in advertisements in monthly and weekly magazines that are read all over the country.

In passing I want to mention that he did not worry about educating the dealer to an appreciation of our product. He went straight to the user and depended on him to help educate the dealer.

We had been going at the thing wrong end first. It was mighty interesting to see how the advertising man's plan worked out. In most cases when a customer went to a dealer the sale was already half made. The dealer simply repeated the arguments he got from our general advertising; and the customer, having already responded to the same arguments in print, quickly confirmed his previous resolution to buy, and the sale was completed. Or, if the dealer had not been influenced by our advertising, the customer passed on our arguments to the dealer, and the latter was very quick to learn from the man or woman who had the money to spend.

"She Didn't Let Any Servant Open That Cooker Either"

However, I've drifted away from Tom Connor. Before this advertising man found us we were plugging along, doing fairly well through the high-class stores in the large cities, but unable to make headway with the dealers in small cities and towns. The best of such dealers would sell, we found, about one refrigerator a year to each thousand of population. Only a few did as well as that. We came to look on one sale to a thousand of population as the high mark—the goal to strive for.

One day while looking over our records I noticed that Thomas Connor, out in Evansburg, was selling one box to every five hundred people in his town. I suspected some peculiarity of the locality would account for such a showing. I got all the information obtainable; but the statistics did not show that Evansburg was different in a business way from any other town of twenty-five thousand population.

The Man Who Rode a Hobby to Success

I WAS still speculating about the possible causes of Connor's big business in our refrigerators when, one evening at the club, I met Joe Sullivan, an old friend of mine who makes suction sweepers. We were discussing our sales troubles when Sullivan mentioned that, though their machines were generally handled by dry-goods or house-furnishing stores, the best dealer they had was a hardware man by the name of Thomas Connor, in Evansburg. I decided right then to go out and see Mr. Connor, hoping he might have some miracle-working plan that we could pass on to dealers in a general way and move our average up to one sale to each five hundred of the population.

Well, I found that Connor had a plan, sure enough; but, as usual, it was the man behind the plan that counted most.

I arrived in Evansburg one morning and nosed round a little to size up the town and perhaps get some information about Connor from the outside or from some competitor.

I dropped into the first hardware store I saw; and from the gray-haired proprietor I found there were but three hardware stores in Evansburg. Usually a town of twenty-five thousand people has six or more hardware stores. It developed that there had been six in Evansburg. Connor had bought out one before he had been in business a year and had been coaxed by the owners to take over two more within another year. This old veteran of the nail keg with whom I talked said:

"Along with all the other hardware men in town I thought Tom Connor would be a funny joke when he undertook to run the business he inherited from his father. It was a good business, but Tom didn't like it and didn't want it. When he quit college he went into business in Chicago, and came back here only when his father's illness made it necessary.

"Before the old man died Tom was always talking about romance in business. He often asked me whether there was any romance in a hardware stock. I told him I'd never known any. He said he was sure there must be some, but he didn't have time to dig it out. He said he wanted to get into a business that had some life in it. He thought it would be good fun to sell women's hats or corsets, because you could get twenty dollars for two dollars' worth of goods and eighteen dollars' worth of imagination. He said you could put some romance into a business of that kind.

"Naturally it didn't look as though the Connor hardware business would last long in the hands of a youngster like that. He hoped his dad would get well and let him go back to Chicago; but the old man died and Tom had the hardware stock. When he saw he was in for it he started to find the romance—as he calls it—in the business. That was four years ago. He either found it or made it. Now he has the biggest business in town. I'm holding on just because I want a little something to do in my old age, and

Tom has made me a standing offer to take over my hardware stock whenever I am ready to quit."

I made no further inquiries, but went straight for Connor's store. The minute I opened the door I saw that this store was different from any I had visited. To begin with, the office was located just inside the door, on the right, and was separated from the rest of the store by brass railings—no partitions.

I have seen but one other hardware store in which the arrangement of stock approached Connor's, either in the attractiveness of display or the get-at-able-ness of the goods. The openness of the office and its close combination with the store proper gave a very pleasing sense of importance to the store. The location of the office at the front kept the clerks near the entrance when they were not busy with customers. I have been in few hardware stores, even in larger cities, where it was not necessary to hunt up a clerk and coax him to wait on me. That never happens in Connor's store. When I entered a man started from one of the desks in the office and met me before I had gone ten feet inside the door.

"Can I be of any service?" he inquired.

"I'd like to see Mr. Connor," I said.

When he replied, "I'm Mr. Connor," I was much surprised. He is barely of medium height—a commonplace-looking man, with the exception of his eyes. They are alive and alight every minute, and they have a peculiar twinkle that makes you think Connor is a humorist. I guess he is. He certainly has a good sense of proportion. After telling him my name and business I said:

Old Stock Sold by New Methods

"I'D LIKE to know how you sell proportionately twice as many of our refrigerators as any other dealer we have. I can understand partly, just by glimpsing your store. Both your store and your sales show a good stock of imagination."

"Come up to my den," he said. "I'm just aching for a chance to talk my business to a man who can understand."

He took me up to a small private office on the second floor where he evidently did his thinking and his real work. After some preliminary talk he told me his whole story; and here are some of the interesting things he said:

I Had Supplied the Imagination That Induced Our Firm to Make This Extensive Line of Refrigerators

"I didn't want to be a hardware merchant. I wanted to get into some business that had a lot of what I call romance in it. Romance in business is a hobby with me. I think I originated the application of that word to business—at least in the sense in which I use it. I couldn't see that there was any such possibility in the hardware trade. It dealt only in commonplace utilities. But my father died and left me his business, and I had promised him to keep it going. I guess I couldn't have done otherwise, anyway. I had no other resources and I couldn't have afforded to sacrifice the business. I felt at the time that I was sacrificing myself.

"Shortly after I inherited my father's business I went to Chicago for a few days, and on the train I met a millionaire manufacturer from that city. In our smoking-room talk he told me he had started in business as a retail merchant in an Indiana town, and that if by any chance he should ever go broke he'd go back to some good lively town and start another fortune in the same way, because it would be so easy.

"He said the possibilities were good and the competition all, for the reason that nine out of every ten retailers ought not to be in business. They appreciated neither its possibilities nor its dignity. He said it was like taking candy from children to get all the best trade. He outlined some of his methods. For instance, he suggested that if Mrs. Jones came in to order a rake in the spring I might hand her a folder illustrating an ice-cream freezer, saying that warm weather would soon be here and that if she needed a freezer I was sure she would find this the best one to buy. He told me that he had often found that from forty to fifty per cent of such seed planting brought sales.

"This sounded a good bit like romance to me, and I grew interested. I came home and analyzed my stock and became enthusiastic. There was plenty of romance in it, and I decided to give a lot of dignity to the retail hardware business in this town. And I'm mighty glad this business is one of utilities. I'd hate to be selling any goods that didn't have real intrinsic and practical worth. I'd like to call this a utility store instead of a hardware store. Maybe I will.

"The first thing I did was to arrange my store and office as you saw them. Each clerk has a small desk inside the railing. That makes him something more than a counter-jumper in his own estimation and in the minds of the customers. Then it wasn't so much of a job to train the clerks into the idea that we are selling service as well as hardware.

One Merchant Told Me I Was "Plumb Nutty" if I Thought I Could Talk a Man Into Buying Ten Pounds of Nails When He Needed Only Five

"In rearranging the stock I found we had a big supply of a brilliant-black colored varnish. My father had loaded up with it; but at that time it had not been advertised and there was small demand for it. I wanted to turn it into money. It was a good article and I wondered why we didn't sell more of it. It was intended to be used by the consumer in brightening up things round the house, such as fly screens, fixtures, and so on. I imagined that the obstacle to larger sales was the labor required to apply it. It's easy to touch up a fixture or two, but the average man or woman finds it mighty tiresome to paint a dozen window screens.

"So I worked out a plan, and advertised for boys who wanted to earn money during the spring vacation or after school hours. I had plenty of applicants. I picked out the brightest boy in each neighborhood and instructed him to go to his neighbors and say to the housewife that he would paint her window screens for ten cents each; and that he and Tom Connor would guarantee that they would not rust or look shabby for two years.

"It worked. Say a house had twenty screens. The boy bought forty cents' worth of the colored varnish and a brush. From this investment and his work he got two dollars. I taught the boys how to care for their brushes so they could use them for many jobs. There were a lot of screens painted that year. They needed it; but the house-owners hadn't noticed it until it was suggested to them.

"Our stock of colored varnish was soon disposed of and more ordered. I suggested to the boys that they might also paint or stain porch furniture. This sold more stain, paint and brushes, and had an unexpected effect: The newly painted screens and porch furniture made some of the houses look rather shabby. They needed painting. I heard of many of these cases through the boys, and went after them.

"It was easy to convince the house owners of the superiority of the ready-mixed paints we carry, but most painters want to mix their own lead and oil. I got hold of a few bright young painters and showed them how I could keep them busy if they would use our paint. They saw the advantage of my plan. They had me and the paint manufacturers behind them. To-day I think most of the orders for housepainting in Evansburg come through my store.

"I soon found possibilities in a hardware stock that I had never dreamed of. For instance, I wanted an automobile; but I wanted to buy it as an investment and make it pay for itself. One day I saw advertised a kerosene lamp that burned gas from kerosene through a mantle, just as city gas is burned. It made the gas from the kerosene as it burned. It was said to give an eighty-candle-power light at a very low cost. It looked like just the thing for farmers if it could be properly demonstrated to them; but you can't effectually demonstrate a light in a store in the daytime and farmers are not in town much at night. The only way to demonstrate this lamp was in the farmer's home at night.

"This looked like my chance for an automobile. I got one of the lamps and found it worked well, was simple to operate, and offered a good profit. I secured an exclusive agency for it and bought my auto. Every few days that fall I would load the tonneau with the lamps, which came packed in separate cartons. Then I'd get out into the country. At each farmhouse I'd set up one of the lamps, fill it with oil, show the farmer's wife how to light it, and ask her to use it instead of the old lamps until I called for it. I also gave her some statistics about defective eyesight in farmers' homes due to poor lighting.

"You can imagine that when night came the whole family was interested in lighting that lamp; and when they found the room flooded with a beautiful white light you couldn't have taken that lamp away by force. I could cover thirty or forty miles of road a day easily, and within a radius of sixty miles of Evansburg I've sold lamps to nearly every farmer who hadn't some better method of lighting. Many of them bought two; some, three. I paid for my car, all right, and made acquaintances and won customers that I should never have had otherwise.

"This experience with lamps suggested the idea that there must be other articles that could be sold easier in the home than in the store.

"I decided to try fireless cookers. I bought a small line of what I decided were the best cookers made, because I have more fun in selling quality stuff, and with my plan I needed a good margin of profit. Besides, a cheap fireless cooker, like a cheap refrigerator, is an unprofitable thing to sell under a money-back policy.

"I tried my experiment on one of my customers whom I knew to be a very careful housekeeper and to have a strong influence in her neighborhood. I telephoned her, asking her to come to the store at two o'clock if she were coming downtown that day, as I had something interesting to show her. I also asked her to do nothing about supplying herself with meat for dinner that evening. Whether she had intended to come down town or not, my invitation and her curiosity brought her to the store at two o'clock. I had ready a fine beef roast, a pan of biscuits, and the radiating stones properly heated.

"After explaining to Mrs. Brown the operation of the cooker and its advantages I put the radiators, roast and biscuits into the cooker, closed the lid and locked it with a small padlock, giving the key to Mrs. Brown. The lock was a little piece of stage business to assure her that the cooking was all done in the cooker, and it also prevented anyone but Mrs. Brown from opening the lid before the right time. Then I told her we would send the cooker to her house at once, and asked her to open it when she was just ready to serve dinner."

Letting the Housewife Sell to Herself

"I HAVE an idea she didn't think or talk much about anything but that cooker the rest of the afternoon; and she didn't let any servant open it either. She bought the cooker next day, and told me they had never had such a delicious roast or such biscuits. The cost of the roast was included in the price of the cooker; but Mrs. Brown got value received. Of course I used care in selecting my prospects; but mighty few cookers have been returned, and I've sent out a lot of them."

"A friend of mine tells me you sell a good many of his suction sweepers," I suggested.

"I do," he replied; "and that's another article you have to let the housewife sell to herself in her own home. Most women would rather spend twenty-five dollars for a hat than for a sweeping machine. They have to see a lot of benefits coming to them before they'll invest that much in

"Seeing the Other Fellow's Trouble Cheered Steve Up"

any utensil for housework. And they are more or less skeptical of any demonstration you make in your store. They don't have to deal with cork, powder, and so on at home.

"I picked out a machine that would really do the work, was durable, simple to operate, and could be trusted to perform its duty in the hands of a novice. My plan is to ask the housewife to let me do her weekly cleaning. I send one of my men with the machine. He shows the housewife how to work it and allows her to handle it herself. Then he exhibits, when he empties the bag, the unseen dirt with which she has been living, and calls her attention to the short time it has required to clean all her rugs and carpets more thoroughly than they have ever been cleaned.

"He tells her how this method saves her carpets and rugs and guards the health of her family—we've sold a lot of sweepers in homes where there are babies because we have convinced the mothers that their babies ought not to creep on floors that are not thoroughly cleaned of dust by the suction system. Then we leave the machine with the housewife, so that she may use it herself the next week. She usually buys it.

"Now I am coming to your refrigerator," he said.

"One of your salesmen convinced me that you had the goods, though the price is high—higher than that of any other refrigerator we have ever handled. I think that is one reason why I wanted to sell it.

"Now the purchase of a refrigerator represents about the largest expenditure the average family makes for a household utility, and the sale is correspondingly difficult—especially because the average man or woman looks on any box that will hold ice as a refrigerator. I made up my mind that every possible buyer I could reach would have to be educated in the principles of ice refrigeration. But you can't force this information on a customer. You have to make him want it.

"The minute you approach a man or a woman with a suggestion to buy, the person approached is on guard against that particular suggestion and prepares to resist it. That's human nature. So I evolved a plan to work up to the refrigerator by way of some other merchandise, so as not to rouse the buyer's antagonism to my refrigerator suggestion and then have to overcome that antagonism.

"The efficiency idea in all sorts of work was just attracting public attention, and I thought it might be applied to housework. So I started a home-efficiency department and coached one of my men as an efficiency expert. My idea was to announce to the housewife that our efficiency expert would make a survey of her home and suggest ways and means for making the work of her household help more efficient, calling attention to the fact that her husband adopted in his office every device for economizing time and labor, while most housework is still done in a more or less primitive way. Our expert would, we planned, among other things, suggest the installation of a sanitary refrigerator wherever one was lacking.

"I had, under various pretexts, visited several kitchens, and I had gone through our stock looking for devices that might be advantageously used in the average kitchen to expedite and lighten the work.

"You'd be surprised at the specialties in a hardware stock that would increase the efficiency of the housework—devices about which the average housewife knows nothing. She doesn't know about them because so few hardware specialties or staples are advertised, and fewer are properly advertised. Incidentally that's one reason why there are so few good retail hardware salesmen. I've noticed that in lines which are well advertised the manufacturers, directly and through the consumer, educate the retailer and his clerks to an appreciation of the advertised goods and of efficient ways to sell them. That develops a lot of good salesmanship in those lines. I hope more hardware manufacturers will take to advertising."

"Do you like to handle advertised articles?" I asked.

"Do I! The minute I see an article in my line advertised I stock it. And I've taught this town that anything which is advertised can be bought here.

"To get back to my plan, however—it looked like a winner. So we started to experiment in a small way, and we soon ran against the fact that the average woman doesn't take up readily with innovations in household methods. She doesn't need to be coaxed or educated to buy a seventy-five-dollar gown or a ten-dollar corset or a twenty-dollar hat. She buys those things in obedience to instinct apparently. Seventy-five dollars for a refrigerator or ten dollars for kitchen utensils is 'something else again.'

"A man will take to the efficiency idea for the household because he's accustomed to it in his office or factory. I almost made the mistake of trying to work this plan through the husband. Of course the wife would have fought it to a finish; and it would have been a quick finish, because the home is her department.

"It occurred to me that it was a question of style which made the corset or hat or gown sale so easy. So I thought: 'Let's make home efficiency fashionable!' That was the hinge of the whole scheme. We have a very active Woman's Club here, and the members have been devoting their energies to what they call civic housecleaning—getting ordinances passed to regulate garbage and refuse dumps, manure piles, the hours of labor of municipal employees, and so on.

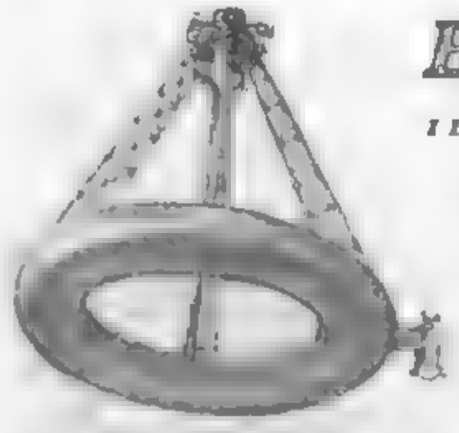
"I got myself invited to make a talk at one of their meetings. I praised all they had done for the city, but suggested that they might accomplish even bigger results for themselves individually, and for the city as a whole, by increasing the efficiency of their own home working force, over which they had absolute and intimate control. I explained that the nature of my business had set me to thinking along this line, and that I had even gone so far as to establish a household-efficiency department.

"The idea caught them and they appointed a committee to formulate a campaign for the promulgation of it. Household efficiency became stylish! The committee asked me for assistance and I gave it. Also, I sent to every woman in town an announcement of our efficiency department. That department had to work overtime, and we educated another expert.

(Concluded on Page 40)

The Man Who Rocked the Earth

XII



By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE shabby-genteel little houses of the Appian Way, in Cambridge, whose window-eyes with their blue-green lids had watched Bennie Hooker come and go, trudging back and forth to lectures and recitations, first as boy and then as man, for twenty years, must have blinked with amazement at the sight of the little professor as he started on the afterward famous Hooker Expedition to Labrador in search of the Flying Ring. For the five days following Thornton's unexpected visit Bennie, existing without sleep and almost without food save for his staple of ready-to-serve chocolate, was the center of a whirl of books, logarithms and calculations in the University Library, and constituted himself an unmitigated, if respected, pest at the Cambridge Observatory. Moreover—and this was the most iconoclastic spectacle of all to his conservative pedagogical neighbors in the Appian Way—telegraph boys on bicycles kept rushing to and fro in a stream between the Hooker boarding house and Harvard Square at all hours of the day and night. For Bennie had lost no time, and had instantly started in upon the same series of experiments to locate the origin of the phenomena which had shaken the globe as had been made use of by Professor von Schwenitz at the direction of General von Helmuth, the Imperial German Commissioner for War, at Mainz. The result had been approximately identical, and Hooker had satisfied himself that somewhere in the center of Labrador his fellow scientist—the discoverer of the Lavender Ray—was conducting the operations that had resulted in the dislocation of the earth's axis and retardation of its motion. Filled with a pure and unselfish scientific joy, it became his sole and immediate ambition to find the man who had done these things, to shake him by the hand, and to compare notes with him upon the now solved problems of thermic induction and of atomic disintegration.

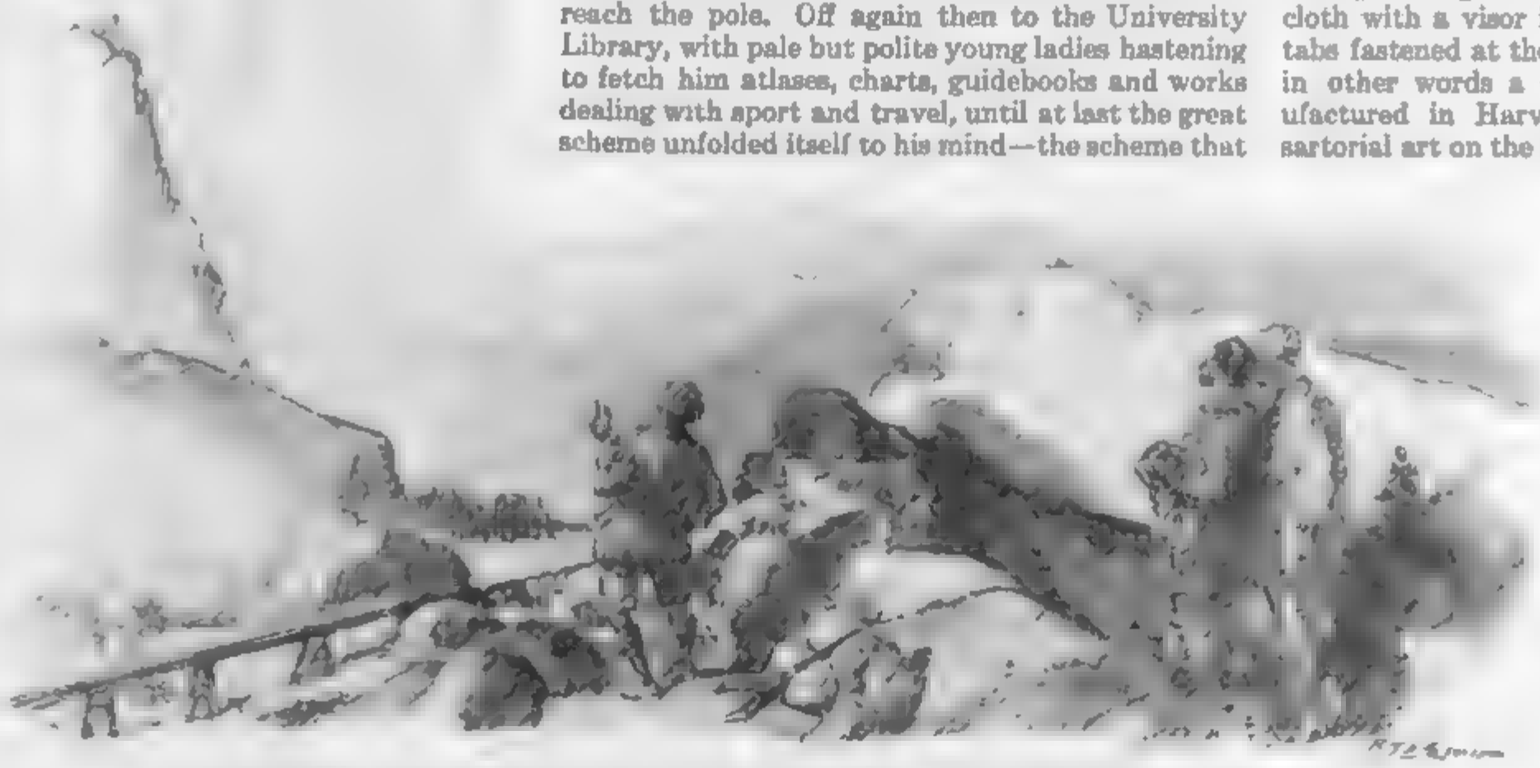
But how to get there? How to reach him? For Prof. Bennie Hooker had never been a hundred miles from Cambridge in his life, and a journey to Labrador seemed almost as difficult as an attempt to reach the pole. Off again then to the University Library, with pale but polite young ladies hastening to fetch him atlases, charts, guidebooks and works dealing with sport and travel, until at last the great scheme unfolded itself to his mind—the scheme that was to result in the perpetuation of atomic disintegration for the uses of mankind and the subsequent alteration of civilization, both political and economic. Innocently, ingeniously, ingenuously, he mapped it all out. No one must know what he was about. Oh, no! He must steal away, in disguise if need be, and reach Pax alone. Three would be a crowd in that communion of scientific thought! He must take with him the notes of his own experiments, the diagrams of his apparatus, and his precious zirconium; and he must return with the great secret of atomic disintegration in his breast, ready, with the discoverer's permission, to give it to the dry and thirsty world. And then, indeed, the earth would blossom like the rose!

A strange sight, the start of the Hooker Expedition!

Doctor Jelly's colored housemaid had just cast a pail of blue-gray suds over his front steps—it was six-thirty A. M.—and was on the point of resignedly kneeling and swabbing up the doctor's porch when she saw the door of the professor's residence open cautiously and a curious human exhibit, the like of which had ne'er before been seen on sea or land, surreptitiously emerge. It was Prof. Bennie Hooker—disguised as a salmon fisherman! Over a brand-new sportsman's knickerbocker suit of screaming yellow check he had donned an English mackintosh. On his legs were gaiters, and on his head a helmetlike affair of cloth with a visor in front and another behind, with ear tabs fastened at the crown with a piece of black ribbon—in other words a Glengarry. The suit had been manufactured in Harvard Square, and was a triumph of sartorial art on the part of one who had never been nearer to a real fisherman than the colored fashion plates of various publications. However, it did suggest a sportsman of the variety usually portrayed in the comic supplements, and, to complete the picture, in Professor Hooker's hands and under his arms were yellow pigskin bags and rod cases, so that he looked like the show window of a harness store.

"Fo' de land sakes!" exclaimed the Jellys' colored maid, oblivious of her suds. "Fo' de Lawd! Am dat Perfesser Hookey?"

It was! But a new and glorified professor, with a soul thrilling to the joy of discovery and romance, with a flash in his eyes, and the savings of ten years in a large roll in his left-hand knickerbocker pocket.



Bennie Found Himself Dancing Up and Down, Shouting to the Father of the Marionettes

Thus started the Hooker Expedition, which discovered the Flying Ring and made the famous report to the Smithsonian Institution after the disarmament of the nations. But could the nations have seen the expedition as it emerged from its boarding house that September morning they would have rubbed their eyes. With the utmost difficulty Prof. Bennie Hooker negotiated his bags and rod cases as far as Harvard Square, where, through the assistance of a friendly conductor with a sense of humor, he was enabled to board an electric surface car to the North Station. He had his itinerary all neatly written out in a fine hand on a piece of paper:

Sept. 7 6.30 A. M. Start from Cambridge.
7.15 A. M. Arrive North Station, Boston.
7.30 A. M. Breakfast in station.
8 A. M. Take Maine Central train to Portland.
11 A. M. Take Quebec Central train to Quebec.
10.30 P. M. Arrive Quebec.
Sept. 8 Purchase transportation and supplies for Labrador.
Sept. 9 5 A. M. Take steamer for Seven Islands.
Sept. 11 Arrive Seven Islands.
Sept. 12 Hire Indians, canoes and outfit.
Sept. 13 Start up the Moisie River for 55° N. & 75° W. (Region of Ungava.)
Sept. 15 ? ? ? ? ?

Beyond the start up the Moisie his imagination refused to carry him. But he had a faith that approximated certainty that over the Height of Land - just over the edge—he would find Pax and the Flying Ring. During all the period required for his experiments and preparations he had never once glanced at a newspaper or inquired as to the progress of the war that was rapidly exterminating the inhabitants of the globe. Thermic induction, atomic disintegration, the Lavender Ray, these were the Alpha, the Sigma, the Omega of his existence. But meantime the war had gone on with all its concomitant horror, suffering and loss of life, and the representatives of the nations assembled at Washington had been feverishly attempting to unite upon the terms of a universal treaty that should end militarism and war forever. And meantime, also, although Professor Hooker was sublimely unconscious of the fact, the celebrated conclave, known as Conference No. 2, composed of the best-known scientific men from every land, was sitting, perspiring, in the great lecture hall of the Smithsonian Institution, its members shouting at one another in a dozen different languages, telling each other what they did and didn't know, and becoming more and more confused and entangled in an underbrush of contradictory facts and observations and irreconcilable theories until they were making no progress whatever—which was precisely what the astute and plausible Count von Koenitz, the German Ambassador, had planned and intended.

The Flying Ring did not again appear, and in spite of the uncontroverted testimony of Acting Consul Quinn, Mohammed Ben Ali el Bad, and a thousand others who had actually seen the Lavender Ray, people began gradually, almost unconsciously, to assume that the destruction of the Atlas Mountains had been the work of an unsuspected volcano and that the presence of the Flying Ring had been a coincidence and not the cause of the disruption. So the incident passed by and public attention refocused itself upon the conflict on the plains of Châlons-sur-Marne. Only Bill Hood, Thornton, and a few others in the secret, together with the President, the Cabinet, and the members of Conference No. 1 and of Conference No. 2, truly apprehended the significance of what had occurred and realized that either war or the human race must pass away forever. But no one at all, save only the German Ambassador and the Imperial German Commissioners, suspected that one of the nations had conceived and was putting into execution a plan designed to result in the acquirement of the secret of how the earth could be rocked and in the capture of the discoverer. For the Sea Fox, bearing the German expeditionary force, had sailed from Amsterdam three days after the conference held at Mainz between Professor von Schwenitz and General von Helmuth, and having safely rounded the Orkneys was now already well on its course toward Labrador. Bennie Hooker, however, was ignorant of all these things. Like an immigrant with a tag on his arm, he sat on the train which bore him toward Quebec, his ticket stuck into the band on his hat, dreaming of a transformer that wouldn't—couldn't—melt at only six thousand degrees.

When Professor Hooker awoke in his room at the hotel in Quebec the morning after his arrival there he ate a leisurely breakfast, and having smoked a pipe on the terrace strolled down to the wharves along the river front. Here to his disgust he learned that the Labrador steamer, the Druro, would not sail until the following Thursday—a three-days wait. Apparently Labrador was a less frequented locality than he had supposed. He mastered his impatience, however, and discovering a library presided over by a highly intelligent graduate of Edinburgh, he became so interested in various profound treatises on physics which he discovered that he almost missed his boat.

For a Moment They All Lay Stunned and Sightless. The Face of the Cliff Glowed Like the Interior of a Blast Furnace

Assisted by the head porter, and staggering under the weight of his new rod cases and other impedimenta, Bennie boarded the Druro on Thursday morning, engaged a stateroom and purchased a ticket for Seven Islands, which is the nearest harbor to the mouth of the River Moisie. She was a large and comfortable river steamer of about eight hundred and fifty tons, and from her appearance belied the fact that she was the connecting link between civilization and the desolate and ice-clad wastes of the Far North, as in fact she was. The captain regarded Bennie with indifference, if not disrespect, grunted, and ascending to the pilot house blew the whistle. Quebec, with its teeming wharves and crowded shipping, overlooked by the cliffs that made Wolfe famous, slowly fell behind. Off their leeward bow the Isle of Orléans swung nearer and swept past, its neat homesteads inviting the weary traveler to pastoral repose. The river cleared. Low, farm-clad shores began to slip by. The few tourists and returning habitans settled themselves in the bow and made ready for their voyage.

There would have been much to interest the ordinary American traveler in this comparatively unfrequented corner of his native continent; but our salmon fisherman, having conveniently disposed of his baggage, immediately retired to his stateroom and, intent on saving time, proceeded to read passionately several exceedingly uninviting looking books which he produced from his valise, wholly oblivious of the Druro. The Druro, quite as oblivious of Professor Hooker, proceeded on her accustomed way, passed by Tadousac, and made her first stop at the Godbout. Bennie, finding the boat was no longer in motion, reappeared on deck under the mistaken impression that they had reached the end of the voyage, for he was unfamiliar with the topography of the St. Lawrence, and in fact had very vague ideas as to distances and the time required to traverse them by rail or boat. At the Godbout the Druro dropped a habitan or two, a few boatloads of steel rods, crates of crockery and tobacco, and then thrust her bow out into the stream and steered down river, rounding at length the Pointe des Monts and winding in behind the Isles des Oeufs to the River Pentecoute, where she deposited some more habitans, including a priest in a black soutane, who somewhat incongruously was smoking a large cigar. Then, nosing through a fog bank and breaking out at last into sunlight again, she steamed across and put in past the Carousel, that picturesque and rocky headland, into Seven Islands Bay. Here she anchored, and having discharged cargo, steamed out by the Grande Boule, where eighteen miles beyond the islands Bennie saw the pilot house of the old St. Olaf, of unhappy memory, just lifting above the water.

He had emerged from the retirement of his stateroom only on being asked by the steward for his ticket and learning that the Druro was nearing the end of her journey. For nearly two days he had been submerged in Soddy on The Interpretation of Radium. The Druro was running along a sandy, low-lying beach about half a mile offshore. They were nearing the mouth of a wide river. The volume of black fresh water from the Moisie rushed out into the St. Lawrence until it met the green sea water, causing a sharp demarcation of color and a no less pronounced conflict of natural forces. For, owing to the pressure of the tide against the solid mass of the fresh stream, acres of water unexpectedly boiled on all sides, throwing geysers of foam twenty feet or more into the air, and then subsided. Off the point the engine bell rang twice, and the Druro came to a pause.

Bennie, standing in the bow in his sportsman's cap and waterproof, hugging his rod cases to his breast, watched while a heterogeneous fleet of canoes, skiffs and sailboats came racing out from shore, for the steamer does not land here, but hangs in the offing and lighters its cargo ashore. Leading the lot was a sort of whaleboat propelled by two oars on one side and one on the other, and in the stern sheets sat a rosy-cheeked, good-natured looking man with a smooth-shaven face who Bennie knew must be Malcolm Holliday.

"Hello, cap!" shouted Holliday. "Any passengers?"

The captain from the pilot house waved contemptuously in Bennie's general direction.

"Howdy!" said Holliday. "What do you want? What can I do for you?"

"I thought I'd try a little salmon fishing," shrieked Bennie back at him.

Holliday shook his head. "Sorry," he bellowed; "river's leased. Besides, the officers* are here."

"Oh!" answered Bennie ruefully. "I didn't know. I supposed I could fish anywhere."

"Well, you can't!" snapped Holliday, puzzled by the little man's curious appearance.

"I suppose I can go ashore, can't I?" insisted Bennie somewhat indignantly. "I'll just take a camping trip then. I'd like to see the big salmon cache up at the forks if I can't do anything else"

*Along the St. Lawrence and the Labrador coast a salmon fisherman is always spoken of by natives and local residents as an "officer," the reason being that most of the sportsmen who visit these waters are English army officers. Hence salmon fishermen are universally termed "officers," and a habitan will describe the sportsmen who have rented a certain river as "*les officiers de la Moisie*" or "*les officiers de Saint Jean.*"

Half Mad With the Flies, and Nearly Naked, He Found His Way Somehow Across the Quaking Bog

Instantly Holliday scented something. "Another fellow after gold," he muttered to himself.

Just at that moment, the tide being at the ebb, a hundred acres of green water off the Druro's bow broke into whirling waves and jets of foam again. All about them, and a mile to seaward, these merry men danced by the score. Bennie thrilled at the beauty of it. The whaleboat containing Holliday was now right under the ship's bows.

"I want to look round anyhow," expostulated Bennie. "I've come all the way from Boston." He felt himself treated like a criminal, felt the suspicion in Holliday's eye.

Holliday laughed. "In that case you certainly deserve sympathy." Then he hesitated. "Oh, well, come along," he said finally. "We'll see what we can do for you."

A rope ladder had been thrown over the side and one of the sailors now lowered Bennie's luggage into the boat. The professor followed, avoiding with difficulty stepping on his mackintosh as he climbed down the slippery rounds. Holliday grasped his hand and yanked him to a seat in the stern.

"Yes," he repeated, "if you've come all the way from Boston I guess we'll have to put you up for a few days anyway."

A crate of canned goods, a parcel of mail and a huge bundle of newspapers were deposited in the bow. Holliday waved his hand. The Druro churned the water and swung out into midstream again. Bennie looked curiously after her. To the north lay a sandy shore dotted by a scraggy forest of dwarf spruce and birch. A few fishing huts and a mass of wooden shanties fringed the forest. To the east, seaward, many miles down that great stretch of treacherous, sullen river waited a gray bank of fog. But overhead the air was crystalline with that sparkling, scratchy brilliance that is found only in northern climes. Nature seemed hard, relentless. With his feet entangled in rod cases Professor Hooker wondered for a moment what on earth he was there for, landing on this inhospitable coast. Then his eyes sought the genial face of Malcolm Holliday and hope sprang up anew. For there is that about this genial frontiersman that draws all men to him alike, be they Scotch or English, Canadian habitans or Montagnais, and he is the king of the coast, as his father was before him, or as was old Peter McKenzie, the head factor, who incidentally cast the best salmon fly ever thrown east of Montreal or south of Ungava. Bennie found comfort in Holliday's smile and felt toward him as a child does toward its mother.

They neared shore and ran alongside a ramshackle pier, up the slippery poles of which Bennie was instructed to clamber. Then, dodging rotten boards and treacherous places, he gained the sand of the beach and stood at last on Labrador. A group of Montagnais picked up the professor's luggage and headed by Holliday they started for the latter's house. It was a strange and amusing landing of an expedition the results of which have revolutionized the life of the inhabitants of the entire globe. No such inconspicuous event has ever had so momentous a conclusion. And now when Malcolm Holliday makes his yearly trip home to Quebec, to report to the firm of Holliday Brothers, who own all the nets far east of Anticosti, he spends hours at the Club des Voyageurs, recounting in detail all the circumstances surrounding the arrival of Professor Hooker and how he took him for a gold hunter.

"Anyhow," he finishes, "I knew he wasn't a salmon fisherman in spite of his rods and cases, for he didn't know a Black Dose from a Thunder and Lightning or a Jock Scott, and he thought you could catch salmon with a worm!"

It was wholly true. Bennie did suppose one killed the king of game fish as he had caught minnows in his childhood, and his geologic researches in the Harvard Library had not taught him otherwise. Neither had his tailor.

"My dear fellow," said Holliday as they smoked their pipes on the narrow board piazza at the Post, "of course I'll help you all I can, but you've come at a bad season of the year all round. In the first place, you'll be eaten alive by black flies, gnats and mosquitoes." He slapped vigorously as he spoke. "And you'll have the devil of a job getting canoe men. You see all the Montagnais are down here at the settlement 'making their mass.' Once a year they leave the hunting grounds up by the Divide and beyond and come down river to *'faire la messe'*—it's a religious duty with 'em. They're very religious, as you probably know—a fine lot, too, take 'em altogether, gentle, obedient, industrious, polite, cheerful, and fair to middling honest. They have a good deal of French blood—a bit diluted, but it's there."

"Can't I get a few to go along with me?" asked Bennie anxiously.

"That's a question," answered the factor meditatively. "You know how the birds—how caribou—migrate every year. Well, these Montagnais are just like them. They have a regular routine. Each man has a line of traps of his own, all the way up to the Height of Land. They all go up river in the autumn with their winter's supply of pork, flour, tea, powder, lead, axes, files, rosin to mend their canoes, and castoreum—made out of beaver glands, you know—to take away the smell of their hands from the baited traps. They go up in families, six or seven canoes together, and as each man reaches his own territory his canoe drops out of the procession and he makes a camp for his wife and babies. Then he spends the winter—six or seven months—in the woods following his line of traps. By and by the ice goes out and he begins to want some society. He hasn't seen a priest for ten months or so, and he's afraid of the *loup-garou*, for all I know. So he comes down river, takes his Newport season here at Moisie, and goes to mass and staves off the *loup-garou*. They're all here now. Maybe you can get a couple to go up river and maybe you can't."

Then observing Bennie's crestfallen expression, he added: "But we'll see. Perhaps you can get Marc St. Ange and Edouard Moreau, both good fellows. They've made their mass and they know the country from here to Ungava. There's Marc now!—Here you, Marc St. Ange." A swarthy, lithe Montagnais was coming down the road, and Holliday addressed him rapidly in habitan French: "This gentleman wishes to go up river to the forks to see the big cache. Will you go with him?"

The Montagnais bowed to Professor Hooker and pondered the suggestion. Then he gesticulated toward the north and seemed to Bennie to be telling a long story.

Holliday laughed again. "Marc says he will go," he commented shortly. "But he says also that if the great father of the marionettes is angry he will come back."

"What does he mean by that?" asked Bennie.

"Why, when the aurora borealis—Northern Lights—plays in the sky the Indians always say that the marionettes are dancing. About three weeks ago we had some electrical disturbances up here and a kind of an earthquake. It scared these Indians silly. There was a tremendous display, almost like a volcano. It beat anything I ever saw, and I've been here fifteen years. The Indians said the father of the marionettes was angry because they didn't dance enough to suit him, and that he was making them dance. Then some of them caught a glimpse of a shooting star, or a comet or something, and called it the father of the marionettes. They had quite a time—held masses, and so on—and were really quite cut up. But the thing is over now, except for the regular, ordinary display."

"When can they be ready?" inquired Bennie eagerly.

"To-morrow morning," replied Holliday. "Marc will engage his uncle. They're all right. Now how about an outfit? But don't talk any more about salmon. I know what you're after—it's gold!"

The moon was still hanging low over the firs at four o'clock the next morning when three black and silent shadows emerged from the factor's house and made their way, cautiously and with difficulty, across the sand to where a canoe had been run into the riffles of the beach. Marc came first, carrying a sheet-iron stove with a collapsible funnel; then his Uncle Edouard, shouldering a bundle consisting of a tent and a couple of sacks of flour and pork; and lastly Professor Hooker with his mackintosh and rifle, entirely unaware of the fact that his careful guides had removed all the cartridges from his luggage lest he should shoot too many caribou and so spoil the winter's food supply. It was cold, almost frosty. In the black flood of the river the stars burned with a chill, wavering light. Bennie put on his mackintosh with a shiver. The two guides quietly piled the luggage in the center of the canoe, arranged a seat for their passenger, picked up their paddles, shoved off and took their places in bow and stern.

No lights gleamed in the windows of Moisie. The lap of the ripples against the birch side of the canoe, the gurgle of the water round the paddle blades, and the rush of the bow as, after it had paused on the withdraw, it leaped forward on the stroke were the only sounds that broke the deathlike silence of the semiarctic night. Bennie struck a match, and it flared red against the black water as he lit his pipe, but he felt a great stirring within his little breast, a great courage to dare, to do, for he was off, really off, on his great hunt, his search for the secret that would remake the world. With the current whispering against its sides the canoe swept in a wide circle to midstream. The moon was now partially obscured behind the treetops. To the east a faint glow made the horizon seem blacker than ever. Ahead the wide waste of the dark river seemed like an engulfing chasm. Drowsiness enwrapped Professor Hooker, a drowsiness intensified by the rhythmic swinging of the paddles and the pile of bedding against which he reclined. He closed his eyes, content to be driven onward toward the region of his hopes, content almost to fall asleep.

"Hi!" suddenly whispered Marc St. Ange. *"Voilà!* The Father of the Marionettes!"

Bennie awoke with a start that almost upset the canoe. The blood rushed to his face and sang in his ears.

"Where?" he cried. "Where?"

"Au nord," answered Marc. "But he descends!"

Professor Hooker stared in the direction of Marc's uplifted paddle. Was he deceived? Was the wish father to the thought? Or did he really see at an immeasurable distance upon the horizon a quickly dying trail of orange-yellow light? He rubbed his eyes—his heart beating wildly under his sportsman's suiting. But the north was black beyond the coming dawn.

Old Edouard grunted.

"Thou art a fool!" he muttered to his nephew, and drove his paddle deep into the water.

Day broke with staccato emphasis. The sun swung up out of Europe and burned down upon the canoe with a heat so equatorial in quality that Bennie discarded both his mackintosh and his sporting jacket. All signs of human life had disappeared from the distant banks of the river and the bow of the canoe faced a gray-blue flood emerging from a wilderness of scrubby trees. A few gulls flopped their way coastward and at rare intervals a salmon leaped and slashed the slow-moving surface into a boiling circle; but for the rest their surroundings were as set, as immobile, as the painted scenery of a stage, save where the current swept the scattered promontories of the shore. But they moved steadily north. So wearied was Bennie with the unaccustomed light and fresh air that by ten o'clock he felt the day must be over, although the sun had not yet reached the zenith. Unexpectedly Marc and Edouard turned the canoe quietly into a shallow and beached her on a spit of white sand. In three minutes Edouard had a small fire snapping and handed Bennie a cup of tea. How wonderful it seemed—a genuine elixir! And then he felt the stab of a mosquito, and putting up his hand found it blotched with blood. And the black flies came also. Soon the professor was tramping up and down, waving his handkerchief and clutching wildly at the air. Then they pushed off again.

The sun dropped westward as they turned bend after bend, disclosing ever the same view beyond. Shadows of rocks and trees began to jut across the eddies. A great heron, as big as an ostrich, or so he seemed, arose awkwardly and flapped off, trailing yards of legs behind him. Then Bennie put on first his jacket and then his mackintosh. He realized that his hands were numb. The sun was now only a foot or so above the sky line.

This time it was Marc who grunted and thrust the canoe toward the river's edge with a sideways push. It grounded

on a belt of sand and they dragged it ashore. Bennie, who had been looking forward to the night with vivid apprehension, now discovered to his great happiness that the chill was keeping away the black flies. Joyfully he assisted in gathering dry sticks, driving tent pegs, and picking reindeer moss for bedding. Then as darkness fell Edouard fried eggs and bacon, and with their boots off and their stockinged feet toasting to the blaze the three men ate as becomes men who have labored fifteen hours in the open air. They drank tin cups of scalding tea, a pint at a time, and found it good; and they smoked their pipes with their backs propped against the tree trunks and found it heaven. Then as the stars came out and the woods behind them snapped with strange noises Edouard took his pipe from his mouth.

"It's getting cold," said he. "The marionettes will dance to-night."

Bennie heard him as if across a great, yawning gulf. Even the firelight seemed hundreds of yards away. The little professor was "all in," and he sat with his chin dropped again to his chest, until he heard Marc exclaim:

"*Voilà!* They dance!"

He raised his eyes. Just across the black, silent sweep of the river three giant prismatic searchlights were playing high toward the polestar, such searchlights as the gods might be using in some monstrous game. They wavered here and there, shifting and dodging, faded and sprang up again, till Bennie, dizzied, closed his eyes. The lights were still dancing in the north as he stumbled to his couch of moss.

"Always the marionettes!" whispered Marc gently, as he might to a child. "Good-night, monsieur."

The tent was hot and dazzling white above his head when low voices, footsteps and the clink of tin against iron aroused the professor from a profound coma. The guides had already loaded the canoe and were waiting for him. The sun was high. Apologetically he pulled on his boots, and stepping to the sand dashed the icy water into his face. His muscles groaned and rasped. His neck refused to respond to his desires with its accustomed elasticity. But he drank his tea and downed his scrambled eggs with an enthusiasm unknown in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Marc gave him a hand into the canoe and they were off. And the day had begun.

The river narrowed somewhat and the shores grew more rocky. At noon they lunched on another sandspit. At sunset they saw a caribou. Night came. "Always the marionettes." Thus passed nine days—like a dream to Bennie; and then came the first adventure.

It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of the tenth day of their trip up the Moisie when Marc suddenly stopped paddling and gazed intently shoreward. After a moment he said something in a low tone to Edouard, and they turned the canoe and drove it rapidly toward a small cove half hidden by rocks. Bennie, straining his eyes, could see nothing at first, but when the canoe was but ten yards from shore he caught sight of the motionless figure of a man, lying on his face with his head nearly in the water. Marc turned him over gently, but the limbs fell limp, one leg at a grotesque angle to the knee. Bennie saw instantly that it was broken. The Indian's face was white and drawn, no doubt with pain.

"He is dead!" said Marc slowly, crossing himself.

Edouard shrugged his shoulders and fetched a small flask of brandy from the professor's sack. Forcing open the jaws he poured a few drops into the man's mouth. The Indian choked and opened his eyes. Edouard grunted.

"Youth thinks it knows everything," he remarked scornfully.

Thus they found Nichicun, without whom Bennie might never have accomplished the object of his quest. It took three days to nurse the half-dead and altogether starved Montagnais back to life, but he received the tenderest care. Marc shot a young caribou and gave him the blood to drink, and made a ragout to put the flesh back on his bones. Meanwhile the professor slept long hours on the moss and took a much-needed rest. And by degrees they learned from Nichicun the story of his misfortune—the story that forms a part of the chronicle of the expedition, which can be read at the Smithsonian Institution.

He was a Montagnais, he said, with a line of traps to the northeast of the Height of Land, and last winter he had had very bad luck indeed. There had been less and less in his traps and he had seen no caribou. So he had taken his wife, who was sick, and had gone over into the Nascopee country for food, and there his wife had died. So he had made up his mind very late in the season to come down to Moisie and make his mass and get a new wife, and start a fresh line of traps in the autumn. All the other Montagnais had descended the river in their canoes long before, so he was alone. His provisions had given out and he saw no caribou. He began to think he would surely starve to death. And then one evening, on the point just above their present camp, he had seen a caribou and shot it, but he had been too weak to take good aim and had only broken its shoulder. It lay kicking among the bowlders, pushing itself along by its hind legs, and he had feared that it would escape. And in his haste to reach it he had slipped on a wet rock and fallen and broken his leg. In spite of the pain he had crawled on, and then had taken place a wild, terrible fight for life between the dying man and the dying beast.

He could not remember all that had occurred—he had been kicked, gored and bitten; but finally he had got a grip on its throat and slashed it with his knife. Then, lying there on the ground beside it, he drank its blood and cut off the raw flesh in strips for food. Finally one day he had crawled to the river for water and had fainted.

The professor and his guides made for the Indian a hut of rocks and bark, and threw a great pile of moss into the corner of it for him to lie on. They carved a splint for his leg and bound it up, and cut a huge heap of firewood for him, smoking caribou meat and hanging it up in the hut. Somebody would come up river and find him, or if not, the three men would pick him up on their return. For this was right and the law of the woods. But never a word of particular interest to Prof. Bennie Hooker did he speak until the night before their departure, although the reason and manner of his speaking were natural enough. It happened as follows: But first it should be said that the Nascopees are an ignorant and barbarous tribe, dirty and treacherous, upon whom the Montagnais look down with contempt and scorn. They do not even wear civilized clothes, and their ways are not the ways of *les bons sauvages*. They have no priests; they do not come to the coast; and the Montagnais will not mingle with them. Thus it bespoke the hunger of Nichicun that he was willing to go into their country.

As he sat round the fire with Marc and Edouard on that last night Nichicun spoke his mind of the Nascopees, and Marc translated freely for Bennie's edification.

No, the injured Montagnais told them, the Nascopees were not nice; they were dirty. They ate decayed food and they never went to mass. Moreover, they were half-witted. While he was there they were all planning to migrate for the most absurd reason—what do you suppose? Magic! They claimed the end of the world was coming! Of course it was coming sometime. But they said now, right away. But why? Because the marionettes were dancing so much. And they had seen the father of the marionettes floating in the sky and making thunder! Fools! But the strangest thing of all, they said they could hunt no longer, for they were afraid to cross something—an iron serpent that stung with fire if you touched it, and killed you! What foolishness! An iron serpent! But he had asked them and they had sworn on the holy cross that it was true.

Bennie listened with a chill creeping up his spine. But it would never do to hint what this disclosure meant to him. Between puffs of his pipe he asked casual, careless questions of Nichicun. These Nascopees, for instance, how far off might their land be? And where did they assert this extraordinary serpent of iron to be? Were there rivers in the Nascopee country? Did white men ever go there? All these things the wounded Montagnais told him. It appeared, moreover, that the Rassini River was near the Nascopee territory, and that it flowed into the Moisie only seven miles above the camp. All that night the marionettes danced in Bennie's brain.

Next morning they propped Nichicun on his bed of moss, laid a rifle and a box of matches beside him and bade him farewell. At the mouth of the Rassini River Prof. Bennie Hooker held up his hand and announced that he was going to the Nascopee country. The canoe halted abruptly. Old Edouard declared that they had been engaged only to go to the big cache, and that their present trip was merely by way of a little excursion to see the river. They had no supplies for such a journey, no proper amount of ammunition. No, they would deposit the professor on the nearest sand bar if he wished, but they were going back.

Bennie arose unsteadily in the canoe and dug into his pocket, producing a roll of gold coin. Two hundred and fifty dollars he promised them if they would take him to the nearest tribe of Nascopees; five hundred if they could find the iron serpent.

"*Bien!*" exclaimed both Indians without a moment's hesitation, and the canoe plunged forward up the Rassini.

Once more a dreamlike succession of brilliant, frosty days; once more the star-studded sky in which always the marionettes danced. And then at last the great falls of the Rassini, beyond which no man had gone. They hid the canoe in the bushes and placed beneath it the iron stove and half their supply of food. Then they plunged into the brush, eastward. Bennie had never known such grueling work and heartbreaking fatigue. And the clouds of flies pursued them venomously and with unrelenting persistence. At first they had to cut their way through acres of brush, and then the land rose and they saw before them miles of swamp and barren land, dotted with dwarf trees and lichen-grown rocks. Here it was easier and they made better time; but the professor's legs ached and his rifle wore a red bruise on his shoulder. And then after five days of torment they came upon the Iron Rail. It ran in almost a direct line from northwest to southwest, with hardly a waver, straight over the barrens and through the forests of scrub, with a five-foot

(Continued on Page 32)

They Could Hunt No Longer, for They Were Afraid to Cross Something—an Iron Serpent That Stung With Fire if You Touched It, and Killed You!

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28, 1914

A Monstrous Crime

NOT only in the cities but in every village of the United States and of the whole world there is always poverty; always people without sufficient food, clothing and shelter to meet in reasonable measure their elemental creature wants—to say nothing whatever of the comforts, the cheer and the mental satisfactions we more fortunate folk regard as all that make life worth living.

Is this an incurable evil? Must a great part of the human race always merely subsist on the lowest possible starveling terms? Must every ebb of the industrial tide drag thousands of families into penury?

There, finally, is the greatest question of modern times—the one to which the best modern thought most constantly turns. It comes up with peculiar insistence this winter because there is more unemployment than common in the United States. Appeals for temporary relief are more numerous and eloquent than usual.

Among them one stands apart from all the others. That is the Belgian appeal. In Belgium hundreds of thousands of industrious people are near starvation because the Kaiser considered it good military strategy to invade that country. There is nothing obscure or doubtful about the cause of this poverty. No debatable theories of Malthus or Marx, or any other economist, enter into it. This poverty was deliberately manufactured at a vast expense.

Can we, with all our intelligence, our wealth, our enthusiasm, our capacity for organization, abolish poverty? Europe is answering: "We shall use all our intelligence, our wealth, our enthusiasm and our capacity for organization—not to abolish poverty but to create it."

No; poverty cannot be abolished. Mankind is still far too stupid and vicious.

American Ships

UNDER the registry law passed in August, seventy-seven ships, foreign-built and American-owned, with a capacity of two hundred and seventy-five thousand tons, had been transferred to our flag up to the end of October.

According to President Farrell, of the Steel Corporation, the total tonnage of American-owned ships sailing under foreign flags exceeded two and a half million tons; and "many more ships would doubtless be transferred to our flag if prudent revision of our navigation laws were made, rendering operation of American vessels possible on a basis fairly competitive with ships of other nations. Until this is done, capital cannot be expected to build ships and operate them at a loss. We need more liberal navigation laws rather than subsidies."

About the same time Willard Straight, speaking in Chicago, said:

"It has been impossible profitably to operate vessels—except under the coastwise monopoly—under the American flag, because the cost of labor left no margin on the capital invested. The present navigation laws are designed to maintain the wage scale and living conditions felt to be due to Americans at sea."

It is urged that the labor-saving devices in steam navigation are procurable by everybody on about equal terms; and a crew of Chinese coolies can be taught to work a ship under ordinary circumstances about as well as a crew of college professors—in which case the ship with a crew of coolies will be operated more cheaply.

The mere fact that two and a half million tons, owned by Americans, sail under foreign flags is proof that foreign registry is more profitable.

Government and Railroads

IF THIS experiment of private ownership and public control breaks down, the alternative, no doubt, will be government ownership of railroads. We do not think the public will surrender its control of the roads or that the Government will ever guarantee interest and dividends while the ownership is in private hands.

Many able railroad men believe that the experiment is visibly breaking down; that—in the words of President Ripley, of the Atchison—"the system under which private individuals are expected to furnish the cash while a group of lawyers at Washington provide a management out of their own theories cannot possibly endure."

Admittedly the experiment is a difficult one. Imagine it applied to your own business, whatever that business may be—you to furnish the capital and take all the risks, while some political appointees supervise the management in many essential details and fix the price at which your product shall be sold! For it to succeed, the supervising body must be fair, able, courageous, and far above any temptation to play demagogic politics with its power.

That private ownership cannot continue unless the roads are in a position to attract private capital is as obvious as that two and two make four; and the railroads cannot attract private capital unless they are reasonably prosperous. Mr. Ripley's suggestion of a compromise, with a government director for each group of roads, who shall have power to veto any action of the Board, and with government guaranty of present dividends and six per cent on new capital, seems politically impossible.

It looks as though the issue lay between the present arrangement and government ownership. Believing that government ownership would be a costly error, we want the present arrangement to succeed; and that depends practically on the character of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The World's Trade

IF YOU should take the entire foreign commerce of every country in the world and add the totals together you would get a sum close to forty billion dollars; but that would involve many duplications, because the exports of all leading countries include goods that are not of their own production—goods that one nation buys from another nation and passes on practically unaltered to a third nation.

Excluding these reëxports, the total in 1912 -according to the Department of Commerce—was thirty-six billion dollars; but this again is a duplication, because every country's imports are the exports of some other country. We sell a cargo of flour to England. That counts as an export in our foreign trade and as an import in England's foreign trade; so, in the grand total, it is counted twice, though only one cargo has changed hands. Thus the value of all goods that crossed international boundaries in 1912 was, in fact, approximately only half of the total stated above.

The grand total for 1912 consists of seventeen billion dollars' worth of exports and nineteen billion dollars' worth of imports—an apparent discrepancy, because the imports and the exports are exactly the same goods; but freight, insurance and brokerage increase the value of goods in transit. That cargo of flour, for example, was worth more when it reached England than when it left the United States.

And, as all countries levy import duties while very few levy export duties, greater care is taken to determine the value of imports than that of exports.

A Great Force Perverted

GERMANY appears to have met the shock of the present war with rather less financial disturbance than the other belligerents. No general moratorium was declared there, though there is what amounts to a limited one. From the rather meager accounts at hand, the government seems to have taken fewer extraordinary measures to support trade than England did. More than a billion dollars was promptly subscribed to the first war loan. With pretty much the whole able-bodied male population under arms; with two huge armies in the field, facing the most formidable alliance of a century at least; and with all export business cut off—the limited extent of business demoralization appears remarkable. This, of course, is the result of perfect organization and thorough preparation.

Germany is certainly one of the most remarkable political and economic phenomena in history. Occupying a territory smaller than Texas, with rather poor natural resources, poverty-stricken less than a hundred years ago, and with ten centuries of political disorganization, its swift rise to the rich, united, powerful empire of to-day makes the progress of the United States—with an opulent continent at its disposal—look commonplace. There was never before, on so large a scale, such an example of thorough organization of all means to definite common ends.

Now this fine organization, which accomplished really wonderful things in constructive work during forty years, has all gone wrong—laying hold of every resource of the country and devoting it to purposes of destruction. Every example of German efficiency in the field is an indictment of the war—an example of a great force perverted.

A Name Wanted

WE OFTEN write "English Navy" or "English Government" when we mean the navy or the government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Now and then we are reproved for it by some subject of King George who is not English. Probably the adjective can be disposed of adequately enough by writing British; but there is no suitable noun by which to express the political unit composed of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

The clumsy official title adopted in 1801 is impossible. The briefer name, United Kingdom, is current enough in statistical circles; but, no doubt, many readers would have to think a minute before they knew what it meant. "Great Britain" clearly excludes Ireland, and there is little enough sanction for "Britain."

Germany, of course, stands ready to apply a simple remedy by officially changing the name to Kaiserland; but there are objections to that.

Meantime we take this method of making a general disclaimer of any intention to disparage Ireland, Scotland or Wales when we use the name of the senior partner to designate the whole firm.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

PRESIDENT WILSON said, when Congress adjourned, that the point of principle on which the Democratic party differed most sharply from its opponents was this: "We should have no dealings with monopoly, but reject it altogether; while our opponents are ready to adopt it into the realm of law and seek merely to regulate it and moderate it in its operations."

Recall the vigorous antitrust prosecutions under the last Republican Administration. The whole antitrust program is as much Republican as Democratic.

Turning from phrases to facts, there remains only the dear, threadbare old tariff as a concrete point of difference between the two parties—the familiar rag doll over which they have fought for fifty years, or pretended to fight, though the larger motive of their strife lay in a yearning to hold the jobs and wield the power.

Take a Democratic Administration and Congress, and a Republican Administration and Congress: One can say with assurance that the former will enact a lower tariff than the latter; but one cannot say with the least confidence that one will proceed differently from the other in any other particular.

November elections suggest that the country is still practically committed to the two-party system; and between these parties there are no broad differences of political principle. They are mainly mere geographical accidents. One section is predominantly Democratic and another predominantly Republican, because they have formed the habit.

How the Game Stands

FROM the November elections we draw the following deductions:

The country does not care to bother with a third party. A third political party complicates the game—like a baseball contest in which three teams participate. The most experienced dopemakers and scorekeepers are thrown out of their reckoning by it. A contest between two parties—both of which play the game in the same way by the same book of rules, and which hardly differ from each other except in their uniforms—is more amusing.

No change in the form of the game is wanted. Take the matter of woman suffrage: It is really one of the most harmless innovations ever proposed by a constitutional amendment. It would not disturb in the least anything that is fundamental in present social relations; but it is an innovation, and as such is rejected.

For the time being, the public temper is reactionary. The so-called radicals had a long inning and overplayed their popularity. The noisiest among them became a nuisance. On the whole the country prefers that, for a time, things should stand just about as they are. Public impatience with old conditions inspired the radical swing in politics; and if the public temper is now as the November balloting suggests it to be, that will quickly be reflected in a more subdued and cautious political tone.

No deep and vital interests are now involved in politics. As long as that condition lasts contests between the two parties will be little more than an exciting game.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL?"

WHAT THE BROKERS AND BANKERS ARE DOING

By Roger W. Babson

FOR weeks preceding the panic of 1907 the leading brokers of the country were expecting and planning for the event. That does not mean that no one was taken by surprise, for we all know the fate of some of the newer operators who, during the early nineties, had attempted to break into the holy of holies.

There is no doubt, however, that the Old Guard was fully prepared for the events of 1907. The bank accounts of these men were large; they were not speculating in foreign exchange; and their loans were well margined. As the skippers of Gloucester say, their hatches were battened down and their sails were reefed, prepared for the gale.

In 1907, however, the customers of the stock market were in bad shape. Loans were greatly overextended, prices were artificially high, brokers were carrying large amounts of stocks, and the tips were all bullish. Hence, when the crash came and prices crumbled the big operators were able to step in and perform that famous philanthropic act of saving the situation—that is to say, when the insiders thought they had taken in, through margins, all the money possible from the outsiders, they graciously took back their stocks from those outsiders. When this act was over the panic was over, and soon prices began to climb.

In the panic of 1914, however, conditions were entirely different. For instance, on Wednesday, July twenty-ninth, I called on the head of one of the greatest stock-exchange firms in America to ascertain the probabilities of war. This well-known man assured me that the war talk was a groundless scare and would not extend beyond the newspapers. Said he:

"Go back and continue your vacation. I have direct and authentic information that there will be no war."

On Thursday, July thirtieth, Europeans began to sell stocks by the ream, prices crumbled, and banks became panic-stricken. The great operators would not believe that there really could be a European war, and they started in to buy stocks. They bought and fought; they fought and bought. Finally the clock struck three, the gong sounded, and the New York Stock Exchange closed. Still, those big men, on whose whims our immediate future is so dependent, would not believe war was possible.

On Friday, July thirty-first, they again went to their Wall Street offices prepared to do business, but were astounded at the mass of selling orders that had come from Europe during the night. Those brokers knew they had not the money with which to buy the foreign securities and they did not believe the public would do so. Thereupon they decided not to open the Exchange.

Vanishing Gold

WAR or no war, they knew the gold reserve was rapidly vanishing. And when bankers and brokers see their reserves crumbling away they become frightened; in fact, they have a saying in Boston that when trouble comes there is only one person more easily frightened than a banker—and he is a broker.

However, you cannot blame either for being frightened. Banking is the most precarious business in the world. We accept deposits from one class of people, promising to pay them on demand; and then we turn round and lend this same money to another class for three, six or twelve months, and often "till death us do part." Do you blame us for easily becoming panic-stricken when we are the principals in such a deal? But let us get back to history.

On Saturday, August first, Germany declared war against Russia. At last the inevitable had happened. Finally big men and little men and all the rest of the men woke up, and from what I know I should guess they have been awake most of the time since.

I enter into these details in order to show the fundamental difference between the conditions existing to-day and those existing in 1907. In 1907 the public was overloaded and only the big operators had free money awaiting an opportunity for investment. To-day the big operators are overloaded and only the public has money awaiting investment. There is not much difference in the wording, but a great difference so far as you and I are concerned.

In 1907 the insiders started the wheels of industry going before we were ready; now they are blocking the wheels until they are ready. Unfair, you think—but what can you do about it? Instead of kicking, we should be thankful that these big operators have not closed the banks as well as the exchanges; in fact, it was suggested to me at Washington recently that if the banks were not under Government control they also might be closed.

Moreover, I was told that the continued closing of the Stock Exchange and the complete breaking down of the financial machinery will surely bring about Government or state control of those public markets; for every day that the exchanges remain closed is equivalent to one nail driven into their coffins. The public will stand just about so much, but will finally come to a limit; and that limit will soon be reached in stock exchanges.

Still, there is a bright side to the present conditions. The fact that the average man is strong financially reveals a state of affairs for which we should be very thankful. Though a few big operators can close the Stock Exchange and hold up all new undertakings when the great mass of people are in fair shape, the country, as a whole, is very much better off than as if the big operators had money and the people were in difficulties.

Fundamentally the situation is good so far as concerns you and your money. Though general business is poor, and may not be good until there are some definite signs of peace, there is no oversupply of goods; and such loans as exist are being rapidly liquidated as the opportunity offers. Such failures as occur are largely of the bigger concerns. The little fellows have been unable to borrow and get into debt. The retail merchants have been preparing for existing conditions. The money stringency of the past few years has been a blessing in disguise.

Making a Commercial Paper Market

THE same thing applies to the banks. Ever since 1907 they have been strengthening their reserves. For years the banks of the city of New York have not been in such good condition as they are at present. Though it would be necessary for them to write off heavy depreciation charges if they were to liquidate their securities now, if they keep them there should be no average loss.

Banks are now making huge profits. With less to do and higher interest rates, these profits should continue. Unlike any other known line of business, banks may increase the rates they demand from others without increasing the rates they pay to others. Moreover, interest rates work nights, Sundays and holidays whether banks are open or closed.

The president of the New York Clearing House, Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, was in Europe when war was declared, and was called back by a cablegram from the Chase National Bank, of which also he is the head. Pending Mr. Wiggin's arrival Mr. Hepburn controlled the situation in a most masterful way; in fact, I believe these bankers and their associates are entitled to the greatest credit for handling affairs so adroitly. These men at once closed the stock exchanges. Unable to handle both commercial and stock-exchange business, they closed the exchanges in order to give first-aid to the manufacturers and merchants.

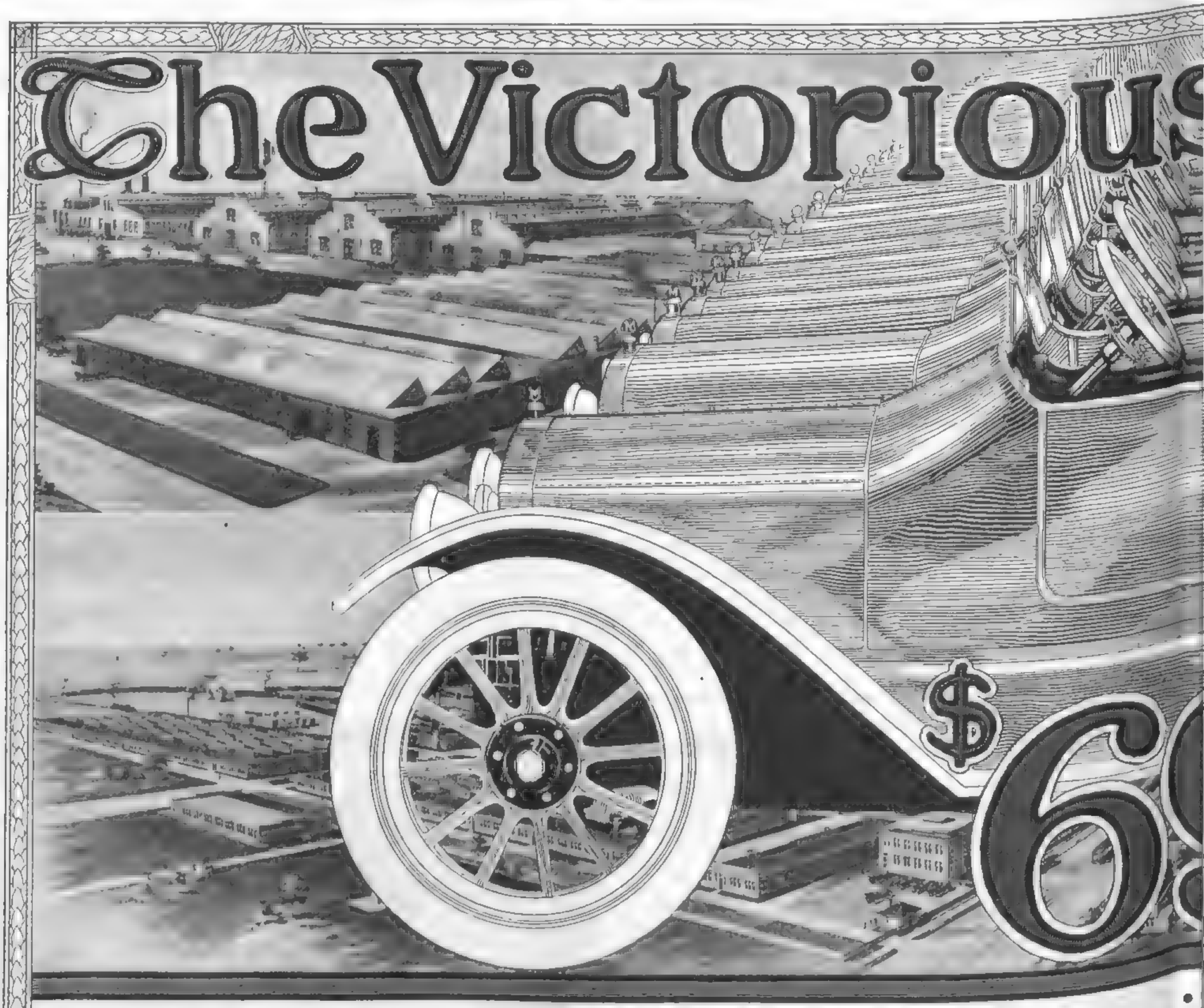
This was both wise and patriotic. Though the mercantile business of the nation can never become normal until the exchanges are opened, if there is not sufficient credit to keep both the factories and exchanges open the former should have the preference. These have been busy days for the banks since July thirtieth, but those institutions have been equal to the occasion. Mr. Wiggin and his associates first looked about to see what obligations were coming due for which provision should be made. The way he and his associates arranged for the big issue of New York City bonds showed great generalship.

After providing for these and other maturities, the Clearing-House Committee next turned to establishing a market for commercial paper. The great business interests of the nation are always absolutely dependent on the sale of their commercial paper. In order to avoid default on notes as they mature they must sell new notes.

Readers may think of this method as robbing Peter to pay Paul, but such is the basis of all short-time-paper transactions. As the renewing of notes keeps manufacturers going, and also

(Concluded on Page 48)

Roosting High



The Gigantic Maxwell Factories are Shippi

The 1915 Maxwell "Wonder Car" has actually set a new standard of automobile value.

A new standard of power.

A new standard of economy.

A new standard of beauty and easy riding.

A new standard of simplicity of operation.

Maxwell Motor Co., Inc.
DETROIT, MICH.

At this writing 1779 men are making splendid profits selling Maxwell Automobiles. Our agency proposition will be restricted to 3000 dealers for 1915. We still have room for 1221 more selling agencies. Here are some data which show how these 1779 men are "cashing in" on the unprecedented demand for this "Wonder Car."

Our Milledgeville, Ill., dealer, whose territory is eight townships, sold 4 cars in September. Population of Milledgeville 630.

Our York, Pa., dealer, with ½ county territory, sold 12 cars during September. Population 44,750.

Our Toledo, Ohio, dealers sold during September 93 Maxwell cars. Toledo has a population of 168,497.

Our Durand, Wis., dealer has territory of one small county, yet he sold 6 cars during September. Durand's population is 1503.

Our Rockville Center, Long Island, dealer sold 6 cars during September. Rockville Center has a population of 3667 and the dealer's territory covers only one county.

A Real Opportunity to Ma

Your chance is as good as—perhap

Our Jacksonville, Iowa, dealer sold seven cars during Sep finished. Jacksonville has a population of but 75 persons of the county. Then remember the seven cars were disp

Jefferson, S. Dak., has a population of 407. Our dealer five Maxwells in September. Maxwell cars are easy to s

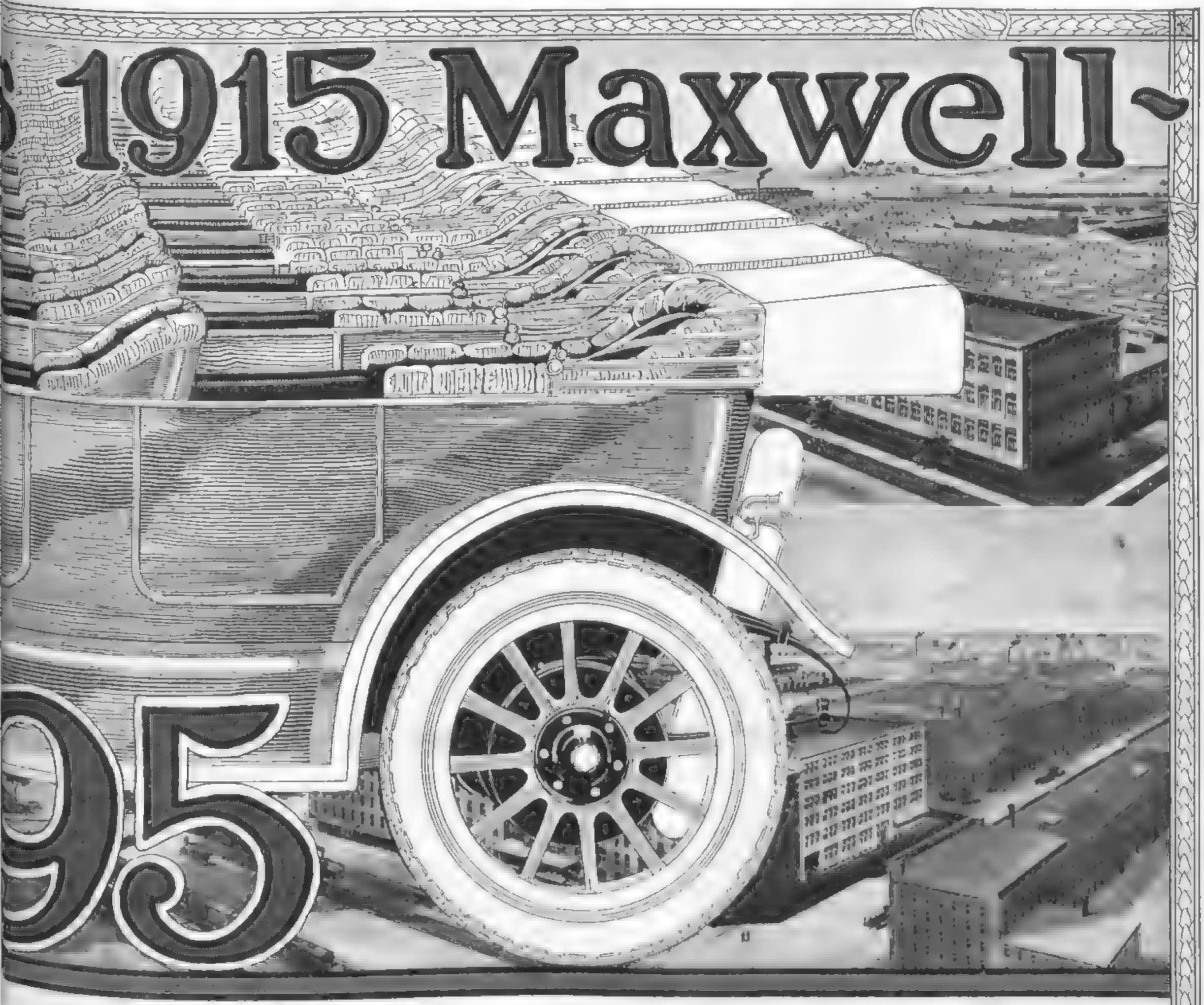
Here's a better record: Our dealer in Peru, N. Y., which h His territory is 1¼ counties. You see a man's chance to

Flemington, N. J., has a population of 2693 and our dealer there with territory of one county sold 8 cars in September.

San Jose, California, has 28,946 population. Maxwell dealer has 4 counties. He sold 21 cars during September

The Maxwell dealer in Chapman, Kan., sold 9 cars in Sep tember. Population of town 781. Territory [illegible] county

Proof surely of the demand for the 1915 Maxwel



g "Batteries" of Maxwells to Dealers Daily

Money Awaits 1221 Men!

etter than—that of your neighbor

ber. "Nothing to crow about!" you say. But we hadn't l the Maxwell dealer's territory embraces only one-half l of in one month. Looks better, doesn't it?

this point has three townships for territory and he sold because they're in demand.

population of 536, sold 11 Maxwells during September. e money is limited only by his own hustling qualities.

We could go on indefinitely citing our dealers' records. ll tell the same story—big sales and big profits. The w reports we have given show that the marvelous de- and for the Maxwell car is not confined to the big cities. me of our dealers even in the smallest villages and in wns of 2000 and 5000 population are earning from $500 $1000 a month; the same opportunity to make money men in 1221 territories where we have no dealers.

We want the livest man in each of these centers—whether he now be engaged in the automobile business or in a general merchandise business, or what. The demand for the 1915 Maxwell is so acute, and the aid which our selling organization gives is so complete, that previous experience in the line is of secondary importance to a man's ability to see an opportunity and seize it.

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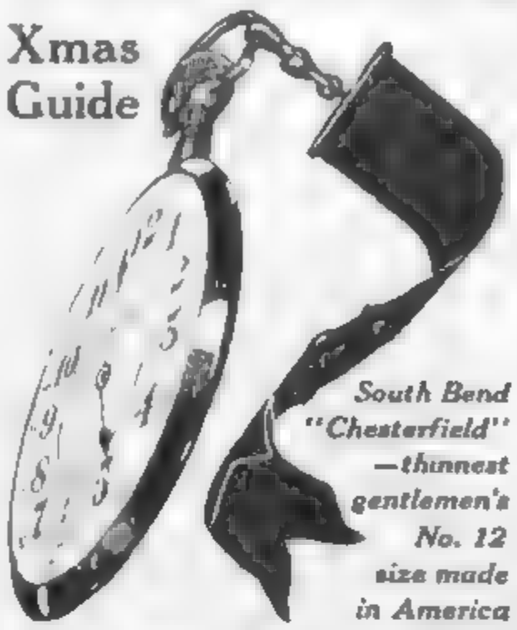

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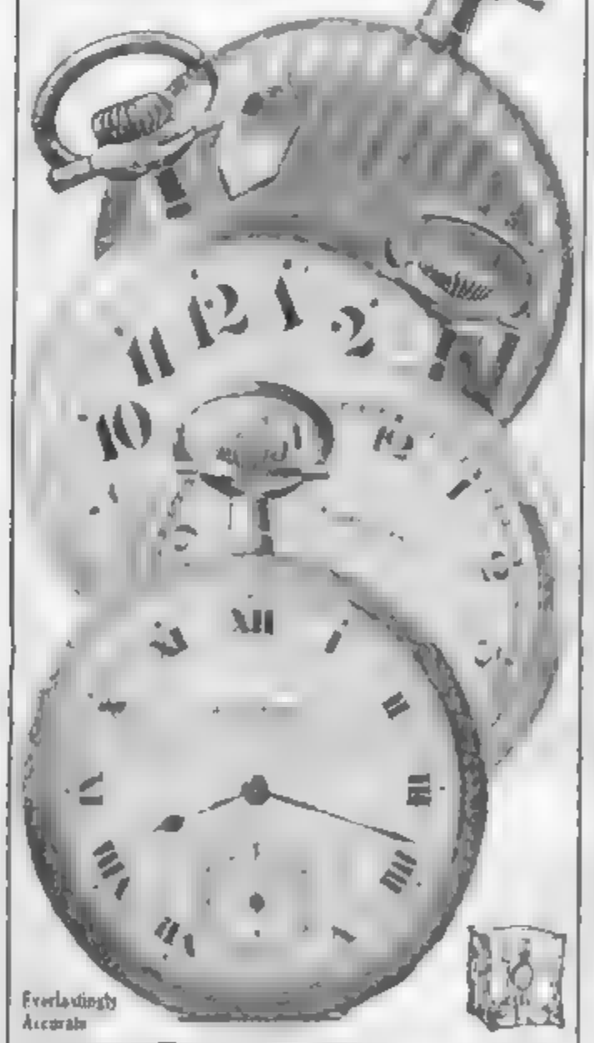

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THREE GENERALS AND A COOK

(Continued from Page 4)

weeks done scout work in an automobile in hostile territory; which meant that he rode in the darkness over the strange roads of an alien country, exposed every minute to the chances of ambuscade and barbed-wire mantraps and the like. I judge he earned his bauble.

I tried Von Theobald next—a lynx-faced, square-shouldered young man of the field guns. To him I put the question: "What have you done, now, to merit the bestowal of the Cross?"

"Well," he said—and his smile was born of embarrassment, I thought—"there was shooting once or twice, and I—well, I did not go away. I remained."

Pretty soon after that we told the staff good night, after the ritualistic Teutonic fashion, and took ourselves off to bed; for the next day was expected to be a full day, which it was indeed and verily! In the hotels of the town, such as they were, officers were billeted, four to the room and two to the bed; but the commandant at the Hôtel de Ville had looked after our comfort. He had sent a soldier to nail a notice on the gate of one of the handsomest houses in Laon—a house whence the tenants had fled at the coming of the Germans—which notice gave warning to all whom it might concern that Captain Mannesmann, who carried the Kaiser's own pass, and four American *Herren* were, until further orders, domiciled there. And the soldier tarried to clean our boots while we slept and bring us warm shaving water in the morning.

Being thus provided for we tramped away through the empty winding streets to Number Five, Rue St. Cyr, which was a big, fine three-story mansion with its own garden and courtyard. Arriving there we drew lots for bedrooms. It fell to me to occupy the one that evidently belonged to the master of the house. He must have run away in a hurry. His bathrobe still hung on a peg; his other pair of suspenders dangled over the footboard; and his shaving brush, with dried lather on it, was on the floor. I stepped on it as I got into bed and hurt my foot.

Goodness knows I was tired enough, but I lay awake a while thinking what changes in our journalistic fortunes forty days had brought us. Five weeks before, bearing dangerously dubious credentials, we had trailed afoot—a suspicious squad—at the tail of the German columns, liable to be halted and locked up any minute by any fingerling of a sublieutenant who might be so minded to so serve us.

In that stressful time a war correspondent was almost as popular, with the small-fry officialdom of the German army, as the Asiatic cholera would have been. The privates were our only friends then. Just one month, to the hour and the night, after we slept on straw as quasi-prisoners and under an armed guard in a schoolhouse belonging to the Prince de Caraman-Chimay, at Beaumont, we had dined with the commandant of a German garrison in the castle of another prince of the same name—the Prince de Chimay—at the town of Chimay, set among the timbered preserves of the ancient house of Chimay.

The Fortunes of War

In Belgium, at the end of August, we fended and foraged for ourselves aboard a train of wounded and prisoners. In Northern France, at the end of September, Prince Reuss, German minister to Persia, but serving temporarily in the Red Cross Corps, had bestirred himself to find lodgings for us.

And now, thanks to a newborn desire on the part of the Berlin War Office to let the press of America know something of the effects of their operations on the people of the invaded states, here we were, making free with a strange French gentleman's château and messing with an Over-General's Staff!

Lying there, in another man's bed, I felt like a burglar and I slept like an oyster—the oyster being, as naturalists know, a most sound sleeper.

In the morning there was breakfast at the great table—the flies of the night before being still present—with General von Herringen inquiring most earnestly as to how we had rested, and then going out to see to the day's killing.

Before doing so, however, he detailed the competent Captain von Theobald and the efficient Lieutenant Geibel to serve for the day as our guides while we studied briefly the workings of the German war machine in the actual theater of war.

It was under their conductorship that about noon we aimed our automobiles for the spot where, in accordance with provisions worked out in advance, but until that moment unknown to us, we were to lunch with another general—Von Zwehl, of the reserves. We left the hill where the town was some four miles behind us, and when we had passed through two wrecked and empty villages and through three of those strips of park timber which Continentals call forests, we presently drew up, halted and dismounted where a thick fringe of undergrowth, following the line of an old and straggly thorn hedge, met the road at right angles on the comb of a small ridge commanding a view of the tablelands to the southward.

The Hero of the German Center

As we climbed up the banks behind our guides we were aware of certain shelters which were like overgrown rabbit hutches cunningly contrived of wattled faggots and straw sheaves plaited together. They had tarpaulin interlinings and dug-out earthen floors covered over thickly with straw. These cozy small shacks hid themselves behind a screen of haws among the scattered trees which flanked an ancient fortification, abandoned many years before, I judged, by the grass-grown looks of it. Out in front, upon the open crest of the rise, staff officers were grouped about two telescopes mounted on tripods. An old man—you could tell by the hunch of his shoulders he was old—sat on a camp chair with his back to us and his face against the barrels of one of the telescopes. With his long dust-colored coat and the lacings of violent scarlet upon his cap and his upturned collar he made you think of one of those big gray African parrots that can talk so fluently and bite so viciously. But when, getting nimbly up, he turned to greet us and be introduced the resemblance vanished. There was nothing of the parrot about him now. Here was a man part watch dog and part hawk. His cheeks and the flanges of his nostrils were thickly hair-lined with those little red-and-blue veins that are to be found in the texture of good American paper currency and in the faces of elderly men who have lived much out-of-doors during their lives. His jowls were heavy and pendulous like a mastiff's. His frontal bone came down low and straight so that under the flat arch of the brow his small, very bright agate-blue eyes looked out as from beneath half-closed shutters. His hair was clipped close to his scalp and the shape of his skull showed, rounded and bulgy; not the skull of a thinker, nor the skull of a creator, just the skull of a natural-born fighting man. The big ridgy veins in the back of his neck stood out like window-cords from a close smocking of fine wrinkles. The neck itself was tanned to a brickdust red. A gnawed white mustache bristled on his upper lip. He was tall without seeming to be tall and broad without appearing broad, and he was old enough for a grandfather and spry enough for his own grandchild. You know the type. Our own Civil War produced it in number.

At his throat was the blue star, the very highest honor a German soldier can win, and below it on his breast the inevitable black-and-white striped ribbon. The one meant leadership and the other testified to individual valor in the teeth of danger. It was Excellency Von Zwehl, commander of the Seventh Reserve Corps of the Western Army, the man who took Maubeuge from the French and English, and the man who in the same week held the imperiled German center against the French and English.

We lunched with the General and his staff on soup and sausages, with a rare and precious Belgian melon cut in thin, salmon-tinted crescents to follow for dessert. But before the lunch he took us and showed us, pointing this way and that with his little riding whip, the theater wherein he had done a thing which he valued more than the taking of a walled city. Indeed there was a certain elemental boylike bearing of pride in him as he told us the story.

If I am right in my dates the defenses of Maubeuge caved in under the batterings of the German Jack Johnsons on September sixth and the citadel surrendered September seventh. On the following day, the eighth, Von Zwehl got word that a sudden forward thrust of the Allies threatened the German center at Laon. Without waiting for orders he started to the relief. He had available only nine thousand troops, all reserves. As many more shortly reënforced him. He marched this small army—small, that is, as armies go these Titan times—for four days and three nights. In the last twenty-four hours of marching the eighteen thousand covered more than forty English miles—in the rain. They came on this same plateau, which we now faced, at six o'clock of the morning of September thirteenth, and within an hour were engaged against double or triple their number. Von Zwehl held off the enemy until a strengthening force reached him, and then for three days, with his face to the river and his back to the hill, he fought. Out of a total force of forty thousand men he lost eight thousand and more in killed and wounded, but he saved the German Army from being split asunder between its shoulder-blades. The enemy in proportion lost even more than he did, he thought. The General had no English; he told us all this in German, Von Theobald standing handily by to translate for him when our own scanty acquaintance with the language left us puzzled.

"We punished them well and they punished us well," he added. "We captured a group of thirty-one Scotchmen—all who were left out of a battalion of six hundred and fifty, and there was no commissioned officer left of that battalion. A sergeant surrendered them to my men. They fight very well against us—the Scotch."

Since then the groundswell of battle had swept forward, then backward, until now, as chance would have it, General Von Zwehl once more had his headquarters on the identical spot where he had had them four weeks before during his struggle to keep the German center from being pierced. Then it had been mainly infantry fighting at close range; now it was the labored pounding of heavy guns, the pushing ahead of trench works preparatory to another pitched battle.

Beyond the Tableland

Considering what had taken place here less than a month before the plain immediately before us seemed peaceful enough. Nature certainly works mighty fast to cover up what man at war does. True, the yellow-green meadowlands ahead of us were scuffed and scored minutely as though a myriad swine had rooted there for mast. The gouges of wheels and feet were at the roadside. Under the broken hedge-rows you saw a littering of weather-beaten French knapsacks and mixed uniform coats, but that was all. New grass was springing up in the hoof tracks, and in a pecking, puny sort of way an effort was being made by certain French peasants within sight to get back to work in their wasted truck patches. Near at hand I counted three men and an old woman in the fields, bent over like worms. On the crest above them stood this gray veteran of two invasions of their land, aiming with his riding whip. The whip, I believe, signifies dominion, and sometimes brute force.

Beyond the tableland, and along the succession of gentle elevations which ringed it in to the South, the battering of the field pieces went steadily on, while Von Zwehl lectured to us upon the congenial subject of what he here had done. Out yonder a matter of three or four English miles from us the big ones were busy for a fact. We could see the smoke clouds of the descending shells and the dust clouds of the explosion, and of course we could hear it. It never stopped for an instant, never abated for so much as a minute. It had been going on this way for weeks; it would surely go on this way for weeks yet to come. But so far as we could discern the General paid it no heed—he nor any of his staff. It was his business, but seemingly the business went well.

It was late that afternoon when we met our third general, and this meeting was quite by chance. Coming back from a spin down the left flank we stopped in a small village called Omifontaine, between Reims and Laon, to let our chauffeur, known affectionately as The Rabbit, tinker with

a leaky tire valve or something. A young officer came up through the dusk to find out who we were, and, having found out, he invited us into the chief house of the place, and there in a stuffy little French parlor we were introduced in due form to General d'Elsa, the head of the Twelfth Reserve Corps, it turned out.

He was younger by ten years, I should say, than either Von Heeringen or Von Zwehl; too young, I judged, to have got his training in the blood-and-iron school of Bismarck and Von Moltke in which the other two must have been brag-scholars. Both of them, I think, were Prussians, but this general was a Saxon from the South. Indeed, as I now recall, he said his home in peace times was in Dresden. He seemed less simple of manner than they; they in turn lacked a certain flexibility and grace of bearing which were his. But two things in common they all three had and radiated from them—a superb efficiency in the trade at which they worked and a superb confidence in the tools with which they did the work.

He was rather a small man, quick and supple in his movements. He had a small, limited command of English, and he appeared deeply desirous that we Americans should have a good opinion of the behavior of his troops and that we should say as much in what we wrote for our papers.

Coming out of the house to reënter our automobile I saw, across the small square of the town, which by now was quite in darkness, the flare of a camp kitchen. I wanted very much to examine one of these wheeled cook wagons at close range. An officer—the same who had first approached us to examine our credentials—accompanied me to explain its workings and to point out the various compartments where the coal was kept and the fuel, and the two big sunken pots where the stew was cooked and the coffee was brewed. The thing proved to be cumbersome, which was German, but it was most complete in detail, and that, believe me, was German too. While the officer rattled the steel lids the cook himself stood rigidly alongside, with his fingers touching the seams of his trousers. Seen by the glare of his own fire he seemed a clod, fit only to make soups and feed a fire box. But by that same flickery light I saw something. On the breast of his grease-spattered gray blouse dangled a black-and-white ribbon with a black-and-white Maltese cross fastened to it. I marveled that a company cook should wear the Iron Cross of the second class and I asked the captain about it. He laughed at the wonder that was evident in my tones.

"If you will look more closely," he said, "you will see that a good many of our cooks already have won the Iron Cross since this war began, and a good many others will yet win it—if they live. We have no braver men in our army than these fellows. They go into the trenches at least twice a day, under the hottest fire sometimes, to carry hot coffee and hot food to the soldiers who fight. A good many of them have already been killed

"Only the other day—at La Fère I think it was—two of our cooks at daybreak went so far forward with their wagon that they were almost inside the enemy's lines. Sixteen bewildered Frenchmen who had got separated from their company came straggling through a little forest and walked right into them. The Frenchmen thought the cook wagon with its short smoke funnel and its steel fire box was a new kind of machine gun, and they threw down their guns and surrendered. The two cooks brought their sixteen prisoners back to our lines too, but first one of them stood guard over the Frenchmen while the other carried the breakfast coffee to the men who had been all night in the trenches. They are good men, those cooks!"

So at last I found out at second hand what one German soldier had done to merit the bestowal of the Iron Cross. But as we came away I was in doubt on a certain point, and, for that matter, am still in doubt on it: I am in doubt as to which of two men most fitly typifies the spirit of the German Army in this war—the general feeding his men by thousands into the maw of destruction because it is an order, or the pot-wrestling private soldier, the camp cook, going to death with a coffee boiler in his hands—because it is an order.

THE PRIVATE WAR

(Continued from Page 9)

get without being arrested, which is not very near. He does not try to prevent the recital of the individual tales of stragglers and camp followers, and of the little bits—all censored, of course—of experiences of soldiers in the trenches sent back in letters. He allows correspondents to send in and newspapers to print descriptive stuff and that sort of embroidery. The sob sister and the war expert can go as far as they like along those lines.

What Kitchener attends to are the facts. He deals in those. Each day he sorts the facts. Such as he wants printed are printed. Such as he does not want printed are not printed until such time as he sees fit to have them printed. No person can write a fact about a battle, a military movement, a plan of campaign, a change of position, an advance, a retreat, a victory, a defeat, or any other vital thing concerning the British participation in this war, unless Kitchener wants that fact printed, and escape the consequences. If any paper did print such a fact, taking the risk, Kitchener would not hesitate to suppress that paper, under his supreme military authority; nor hesitate to inflict such punishment on the offenders as he saw fit to administer.

This is well understood in London, for example, and in the whole British Empire. There is no disposition on the part of any person writing about this war, or any person publishing what is written about it, so far as I have observed, to combat this Kitchener idea.

To be sure, any writer might get some facts that would, in Kitchener's view, work injury to the military policy of the Empire—and any paper might print those facts; for Kitchener proceeds on the assumption that his orders will be obeyed and does not extend his censorship to the inside of the offices of the publications. He requires them to send their proofs to him, and not to print anything that has not been approved. It might be done. Any paper might print a real story about real results or real intentions—once. It would not happen the second time.

Likewise he has impressed his view on the French. Perhaps that is not the way to put it. He has fostered that view with the French. The situation in France is different. That country is a country where militarism has been dominant for years instead of incidental as in England. French newspapers are in no sense so powerful, either with the public or with the government, as English papers. It did not take a quarter of the nerve, on the part of Joffre and his War Ministry, to hold the French newspapers within rigid bounds as it did to enforce a similar policy in London, say. It is quite true there never has been a moment when the French authorities have had the slightest intention of allowing correspondents with their armies—only they were polite about it.

A man went to France, or was in France, eager to get to the front and write about the great events happening there. He was received with the utmost courtesy, though he was a foreigner; but it was pointed out to him that the French Army regulations forbid the presence of any correspondents at the front save those of French birth or belonging to an allied country. Also, all dispatches must be written in French and sent by mail and censored three or four times, and so on. Still, it might be done.

"We regret," said the French, "that it is necessary to impose these seemingly harsh regulations; but the need is imperative. Of course monsieur writes French with facility?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, then, if monsieur will be so kind as to come to the War Office in the morning we shall do ourselves the very great honor of making some slight inquiry into his facility—a mere formality, as monsieur will understand—a mere formality. We are unhappy that it must be so, but the times are of extreme rigor."

Whereupon monsieur went to take his little formal examination in writing French, and discovered that he was required to pass a test that could not be passed by the man who invented the language. And he faded sadly into the street. The French were very regretful; but what could they do? It was imperative that the dispatches should be in French, and in this particular sort of French. *Bonjour, monsieur!*

Having determined that the war, so far as France was concerned, was to be conducted as the military authorities saw fit, and without the aid of correspondents or their comments thereon, the French went Kitchener a long way better. They did not allow anybody at the front. Moreover, they issued orders that the newspapers should print nothing but the official communications.

So far as publicity is concerned the two or three *communiqués* issued by the French each day comprise all the French news there is. And, as will be noticed, the entire Gallic viewpoint and method of expression has been changed. Not only does the French Government, as insisted on by Joffre, issue nothing but these official *communiqués*, but there is an entire absence of personality in them. The individual, the regiment, the battalion, the corps, the division, the army and the whole French nation come under the broad national head of "we."

You find nothing about any particular general. You find nothing of the exploit of any regiment, or any commander, or any chief, or any individual or collection of individuals. "We" have pressed forward or "we" have fallen back. That is all there is to it.

The tall, cold Kitchener and the fat, phlegmatic Joffre control all the first-hand sources. So far as real news is concerned, at the time that news is red-hot and in the making, this war, on the side of the Allies in the West, is the private war of Kitchener and Joffre. They first know what has happened, and they do not let anybody into their confidence until the publication of what has happened can have no possible effect on what may happen. It is right, probably; but it is odd too.

One military mandate established this order in France. "Quit it!" said the authorities in that Republic; and the newspapers and the correspondents and everybody else quit it immediately and definitely. Most of the men who make the newspapers in France went to war, but those who stayed at home found themselves without anything to print save the little bulletins issued each day. The Paris newspapers, for example, as soon as this war began, became the saddest mediums of publicity this world has ever known. They went down to half pages, and after a time they were restricted to one edition in the morning and one in the afternoon.

When I was last in Paris they were resorting to little subterfuges to cover this lack of matter to print. Several times various papers came out with long stretches of blank space. There would be a headline of a sufficiently patriotic nature at the top of one column, then a long blank space for a column or two, and then a signature. The assumption was that the censor had deleted all the rest; but the real facts were that nothing had been written, and that it was easy to fill space by not filling it.

There is no doubt if a French editor or a French writer offended flagrantly, that there would be no hesitation on the part of the French military authorities over his case. If they felt it would be the proper punishment to shoot him they would shoot him and think no more about it. Nor would there be much of a protest—probably none.

Kitchener had these ideas, and has them yet and the power to enforce them; but he could not enforce them in the direct fashion they were enforced in France. The British would not stand for it. There was a certain amount of leading, not driving, to be done, notwithstanding Kitchener's justly celebrated reputation as a driver. At that, the disposition to allow themselves to be driven was remarkably prevalent.

Still, there were difficulties. Kitchener, if he were working absolutely true to form, would suppress every newspaper and every other medium of publicity during this war, and put out an occasional official dispatch a week or a fortnight after the events told about occurred, and think the public should be well pleased with his efforts to keep them informed.

They told him that was not possible. What Kitchener wanted to do by direct methods, it was pointed out to him, must be done by indirect methods. There must be no slapping of the face of the public. Of course it was essential that nothing should

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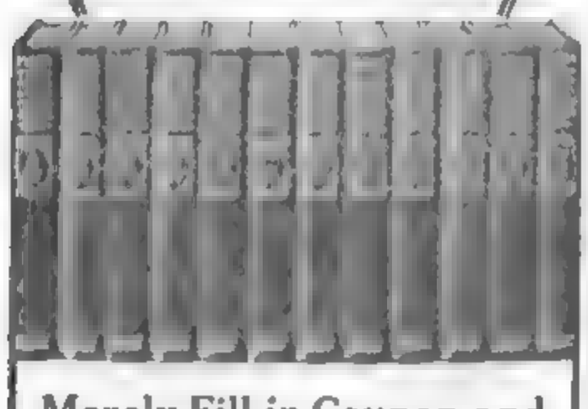

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Holds Like an Anchor

be printed which the government—meaning Kitchener—did not want printed; but the government—meaning Kitchener—could not say "Quit it!" like the French, and get away with that. An organization must be perfected that would seem to supply essential information, but would also hold back information which might be prejudicial to military necessities.

Censorships are as old as wars. Always there have been censorships of one kind or another. Usually the censorships have not been efficient. They have censored, but not prevented. Kitchener and his colleagues knew this. So it was decided that this censorship must be efficient; and to make it efficient it was made rigid.

The government in England controls the telegraphs and the telephones. The cables were seized. Of course the post offices are governmental. Then, with the issuing of an order that no matter was to be put in print which might have any possible bearing on any military project, plan, movement, necessity or conclusion; that might conflict with any projected operation or in any remote way inform the enemy of any plan or purpose—the censors were set at work.

Kitchener and his War Office organization had the say about the censors. Their situation was different from that of the Admiralty. The ships of the fleet had gone to sea. Naturally no correspondents had gone with them, owing to the fact that it is quite difficult for any person to go on or with a battleship if the uniformed citizen who has the direction of that battleship is averse to such a proceeding. On land it is different. Even with his great power, Kitchener could not keep writing persons out of France and Belgium, or stop their activities in England. What he could do and what he told his censors to do was to see to it that nothing—absolutely nothing, not a word—should be printed that would in any way interfere, and so on.

Being a military man, and having to do with a military situation, Kitchener and his associates selected military men as censors. That was a strictly military proceeding. It followed from the military viewpoint that, inasmuch as this war was a military war, military men should censor everything that was written about it. The whole thing was military. Apparently it never occurred to Kitchener or any other military man that, as the writing and printing of news is a highly specialized business, as highly specialized as the military business, for example, and requiring considerably more initiative and intelligence, it might be a good idea to sprinkle a few newspaper men in among the censors and thus facilitate matters.

The Military Censorship

Not so. Kitchener went over his list. He looked over the names of the retired officers, a fine array of crusted and crusty old colonels and such, and, as the English Army expression goes, "dug them out." If there was no other possible use for a dug-out they made a censor of him. All told here were between one hundred and fifty and two hundred of these censors, at first all military men; but finally a few journalists were injected, and they began to censor.

Those early days of censoring were devoid of intelligence; were devoid of appreciation of what was happening; were devoid of the necessities of the situation from any angle; were obtuse as to the needs of the people, oblivious to the protests of the men whose business it is to inform the people, unconcerned with any single phase of the case save that there was censoring to be done and that they were censors.

Order number one for the censors was that under no possible circumstances was anything to creep into print that in any way might be of use to the enemy, either in disclosing to them any contemplated movement of troops, any placement of troops or ships, any plan of campaign—anything, in short, that might work to the disadvantage of the Allies. So far so good.

No person—not one—who was trying to get matter into print, either in this country or in England, wanted to get anything into print that would be of service to any enemy. What was wanted was to get into print such harmless information as might be of interest and importance to the public, which not only was fighting this war but, even when not fighting it, as in the case of the United States, was paying its share just the same.

The censors adopted the opposite view. They contended, as was evident from their practice, that every person who was trying to get anything into print, trying to send anything over the telegraph wires or over the cables or through the mails, was desperately endeavoring to give aid and comfort to the Germans had no other idea in mind; and that no person was of sufficient standing or responsibility or reputation as not to be under the suspicion of these dug-outs who sat in judgment over what came to their hands.

Let me give one illustration—I could give a hundred—of the way that body of dug-outs worked. Soon after war was declared a certain Englishman, who is by way of being one of the most important men in the shipping business of London, was called in by the Admiralty—the Navy Department—to give advice on marine matters, especially as to merchant-marine matters, because of his great knowledge and his wide connections. He worked many hours each day in the Admiralty, neglecting his own business and doing it all for the cause.

Admiralty Business Held Up

One day the Admiralty asked him whether he had a ship at a certain port.

"Yes," he said, "one of my ships is there. I am about to lay her up."

"Don't do that," said the Admiralty. "We need her. Telegraph to your captain to hold the crew and proceed to this port, where the Admiralty will give him instructions as to his future course."

The shipping man went out and sent the telegram. Next morning he was wakened by his telephone.

"Why in thunder"—only the voice did not say "thunder"—"didn't you do what we told you to do about that ship?" came harshly at him over the wire.

"I did!" he said.

"You didn't! That ship is not where we wanted her to be. Instead, she has not stirred out of her berth and our plans are seriously disarranged."

"But I did, I tell you!" shouted the angry shipping man through the telephone. "I sent that telegram within ten minutes after you asked me to send it."

Whereupon there was an investigation; and it was discovered that one of the retired colonels on the Board of Censors, thinking this ship might be moved for some ulterior purpose, did not take the trouble to make any inquiries, but threw the telegram on the floor.

Well, that sort of thing went on for weeks and weeks. The woes of the correspondents and the newspapers have been told and retold. The rules of the Board forbid the sending of any messages save in plain language and with full addresses and signatures. Code addresses and signatures were barred. This made the British merchants get up and howl. Not only were their cablegrams, necessary to their business, held up, but the expense of them was quadrupled.

One man, with business connections in Cuba, tried to send a cablegram quoting napoleons. It could not be done. The censor held there was something sinister in that word napoleons, not knowing that it is a coin value in Cuba. They held up the score of an international tennis match because the figures seemed to them to be a code message for the Germans.

The War Office kept the censors informed. In the main room where they worked there was a big blackboard, and on that blackboard was written a constantly changing list of Don'ts!—that is, if any place came into the news, owing to movements of troops or the location of fighting, or in any similar manner, which the authorities did not want mentioned for reasons of their own, that place was put in the list of Don'ts! on the blackboard; and every reference to it was excluded.

At first the censors dealt only with the matter submitted by the correspondents for cabling to America and elsewhere, and with the run of telegraph business; but eventually orders came that all matter prepared in the offices of the newspapers in London for publication must be submitted, and all photographs. Then came a rule that no correspondent should go within twenty miles of the battle line anywhere; nor must any comment be made concerning events that had happened for seven days or might happen for five days.

This put the military experts out of business, and confined their illuminating remarks to speculations as to what Alexander the Great might have done if he had not done something else. War maps in the newspapers were frequent in the early days of the war. These were guesses at the locations of the troops, indicated by heavy lines. One day one paper guessed nearly right, and after that war maps became mere indications, usually with no lines on them showing the positions of the Allies. However, there were always big black lines showing where the Germans were.

Correspondents for American papers often found, to their intense amazement, that matter printed in the London newspapers, and passed by censors, was held up by other censors as not proper to send to the United States. Official statements were thrown away. The censors would not believe anybody. They refused to let a speech by Premier Asquith go through and actually held it for four days; and this was the Guildhall speech, which was intended to be the definitive statement of the case of Great Britain by the head of the British Government!

Dozens of such things happened. Dozens of conferences were held; but the men in authority could make no progress. Always some new stupidity would break out in some unexpected place. The censors had been told to censor—and they were censoring.

Probably there was a realization of what this policy of repression meant; for, not long after the war began, it was announced—with an air of "Just see what we're doing for the dear people!"—that a Press Bureau should be established and that this Press Bureau would see to it that the public was fully informed concerning all events about which it was deemed wise to tell the people.

The wise citizens who make up the present government knew this Press Bureau would be an impossible solution of an impossible problem. So, in order to show there are no political factions in the face of great national emergency, and to prove that all differences were on the dust heap, they selected a member of the Opposition to be the head of the Bureau. Inasmuch as this was bound to be the trouble spot, they benignantly allowed an Opposition George to take charge.

The Press Bureau could not deliver the goods, of course. Under the rules and regulations no Press Bureau could. Kitchener sniffed at it. He wanted no Press Bureau. He wanted no press. But Mr. Smith took hold, and before he had been there a week he saw it was useless. He could not satisfy anybody—not because he had no news, but because he could not give out any, save of the most ancient variety.

Official Local Color

Then it was announced that he was going to war—and he went. The right Honorable Buckmaster was named in his place. Smith passed the buck to Buckmaster. I left London in October and I do not know whether Buckmaster has passed or not.

The censors continued on their censorious way. The Press Bureau was not getting anywhere. There had been a couple of dispatches from General French; and then suddenly there began to appear dispatches from An Eyewitness at the Front. It had dawned on the officials that they could not keep up this thing forever, and they must furnish some sort of news.

The Eyewitness was not a clever writer. He eyewitnessed a large number of unimportant things. Probably somebody told him to inject a little local color into his stories, for one morning he came to bat with a fine descriptive bit of how an innkeeper who came under his observation, ate his dinner—telling in detail just what he ate and how he ate it; and how Mrs. Innkeeper enjoyed her meal.

It was a pleasing picture of a domestic scene. Also, the same dispatch contained a most illuminating discourse on how a chauffeur shaved himself. This came when there was a crisis in the first big struggle and, it is understood, met with the entire approval of Lord Kitchener, who has no objection to such military details obtaining publicity if sent out through proper channels.

And so it goes. The Press Bureau is press-bureauing; the censors are censoring; and Kitchener, on the British side, and Joffre, on the French side, are seeing to it that not a word is printed about this war which they do not desire to have printed. The papers are jammed with rumors and denials of rumors, with descriptions of things the describer never saw, and with the swashbuckling yarns of stragglers. Shining out among all this stuff are the little official bulletins from the French and an occasional British fact that has been released from the Kitchener mesh.

THE PHŒNIX

(Continued from Page 7)

"'Many a true word's said in a jest,' says Windfall. 'As luck would have it, I had hardly made the contract when the girl seemed to begin to wonder how I looked at short range. Last Saturday I had to climb into the hayloft av the stable to avoid bein' caught like a rat in a trap. Day before yesterday she found a pile of apples in the orchard and sat down beside 'em; so I had to stay away for two hours an' a half.

"'A dozen times, when the old man an' I have been down in his smokin' den, fixin' up the world's future, she has joined the party an' left the two nice New York boys an' the count upstairs in the salon. Once she came up with me when she was drivin' her six-cylinder, an' asked me to ride with her; an' she forced me to say that I couldn't because I was countin' the number of machines that entered or left the city in half a day. It's fierce!'

"'But you'll keep your promise?' I asks.

"'If I hadn't thought it was so funny I'd niver made it,' he says; 'but I've made it—an' you know me, Mr. Lynch.'

"That is what he said; an' maybe it was two weeks after when Jim Toomey comes in one mornin', bright an' early, wipin' the egg from the corners of his mouth.

"'Have ye heard?' says he.

"'No,' says I; 'I haven't heard anythin' this mornin' but robins singin' in the mock-orange hedges, an' the whistle on the Iron Works, an' the windin' av my own watch.'

"'Mind ye, I know a lad who works for Sturges at his cow barn,' says Toomey. 'He made me promise to say nothin' about this; so I trust 'twill go no farther.'

"'I'll keep it as confidential as you have,' says I.

"'Do ye know the Count de Bric-à-Brac or whativer his name is—that's visiting at Dryaden as a son-in-law apparent?'

"'I do not,' I says; 'but I know the wan you mean. He has a lady's eyebrow on his lip,' I says, 'an' looks, talks, sings an' dances so you couldn't tell him from royalty,' I says.

"'The same,' says Jim, fightin' the flies with his two hands. 'Well, last night Windfall Page goes out to the stable to get the horse an' runabout he'd drove out from Burleson's Livery. An' it seems the daughter, Doris, ran out after him for some reason, an' the friend of mine hears 'em talkin'. She was after askin' him whether he wouldn't be more sociable with the young folks, an' inquirin' why he niver'd be as interistin' to her as he was to her father. An' he tells her he niver shone very bright where there was ladies, an' made other lies an' some excuse, or the like of that.

"'An' thin the count comes in. Very angry he was. An' he passes a remark. It was somethin' about Doris. Windfall tells the daughter to go into the house. He most begs her on his knees to go into the house. An' finally she consints an' goes.'

"'Continue,' says I. 'I'm an old man; but this sounds like good readin',' I says.

"'Yes,' says Toomey. 'There was a lapse av three minutes; an' thin the count went out av the stable, leavin' a trail av water, like a wet cat. His hair was drippin' an' full av bran; an' he'd left wan av his dancin' pumps behind, so, as he ran, he was limpin' like a duck on hot asphalt. Av course there was no evidence that was direct; but two pieces of circumstantial ividence that would attract the attintion av any great detective:

"'First, they found a concrete waterin' trough at the stable door. It was av an improved Doric an' Corinthian design, an' gave an idea to the casual obeerver that it had been recently occupied by somethin' other than liquid. Second, they found floatin' round on the surface av what water was left an apple; an' out av one side av it some one had taken a bite—indicatin' that a lover av Gravensteins had hovered near.'

"'Where's the count now?' says I.

"'He took the eight-thirty for his ancestral estates via Ashtabula,' says Jim. 'His blue blood has all settled in wan av his eyes. Life in the Wild West among the glucose factories an' Chautauqua Parks is too rough for him.'

"'Too bad!' says I. 'It will prevint Windfall from goin' out there any more.'

"'Too bad for him?' says Toomey.

"'No; too bad for them,' I says.

"But I found it was too bad for the lad as well. He came in the nixt day, an' if apples had become an extinct species he could not have looked more gloomy. With his own lips he told me av the trouble he had.

"'Sturges put his hand on my shoulder,' says he, 'an' told me I must come out just the same—that he understood an' approved; an' so on, an' so on. But, Mr. Lynch,' says Page, 'it was a bad promise I made him. My sense av humor was too high an' my self-respect too low when I gave it. It's what comes av runnin' wild with millionaires, tryin' to show the rich man how to get through the eye of a needle.'

"'Well,' says I, closin' my eyes, 'the girl has a voice like a sunrise after a night in spring. She has the playfulness av a young brook trout, an' none av her disadvantages seems to have tainted her. Because a girl wears a necklace that would buy a suburban subdivision is no sign she couldn't make doughnuts,' I says. 'I'm wonderin' whether she don't figure among your regrets,' says I.

"He niver laughed. I thought he would, for he was always jokin'.

"'There's no accounting for these things, Mr. Lynch,' he says. 'I'm a fool,' he says. 'I never spoke half a dozen sentences to her at a time,' he says. 'An' yet ——'

"He stopped with those words an' wint away.

"On Thursday my niece, Annie Fogarty, came down from the tiniment she occupies over my office.

"'There's a lady to see you out front,' says she. 'She's either a society lady an' one av our best American people, or an adventuress an' one av our worst. They dress alike these days,' she says. 'She's in a station cart, with a little chestnut mare that, as you say, Uncle Mike, "would put yer eye out."'

"Out I go; an' there, sittin' in a rig as neat as a pin, and smilin' from under a hat designed by some milliner to distort the judgment av the genus Homo, was Malachi's daughter.

"'Good mornin', Mr. Lynch,' she says. 'I'm Doris Sturges. I know you're a friend av my father's. 'Tis said everywhere that you are the best judge av horses in Bodbank. This little mare has just come from a breeding farm in Iowa. I went down myself to see her out av her box car; an' I want you to pass on her after takin' a little spin with me.'

"'Wait till I get my hat an' my glasses,' I says, reelin' in the head with the blarney she gave me.

"Thin off we wint behind the little roadster, with the mornin' air flyin' by us, an' sometimes wan of the strands av the girl's golden hair flappin' against my old face. She could drive, I tell you! An' I was thinkin av horses an' harnesses an' rigs, an' stables, an' the brood mares I'd owned, an' the fast an' slow animals I had raced, an' the days whin I liked nothin' better than the trial spins I'd be takin' in a gig round a fair ground's track whin the grass was wet with dew.

"I was thinkin' av horses, horses, horses—whin, all av a sudden, Malachi's daughter turned to me an' says, very innocent:

"'Oh, by the way, Mr. Lynch, I hear you are a good friend av Mr. Evart Page, whom some av his friends call Windfall,' she says. 'He publishes the Bodbank Pilot.'

"The cat was out av the bag; but I was not in the mood to be the game av a young thing with two eyes as blue as the sky an' deeper than a pair av artesian wells.

"'Oh, yes,' I says; 'a very good-natured young man. I know nothin' against him,' I says, 'except that he has been known to write poetry, an', in the past, has been far too proficient in baseball to promise much serious ambition an' success,' I says.

"She pulled the mare into a walk an' I saw her pink lips close tight.

"'I can't agree with that at all,' she says, reachin' with the whiplash for a horsefly. 'From all I can learn, he seems to be a success already. I think it is a fine thing to run a good an' honest newspaper. An' baseball is better than playin' bridge,' she says. 'The only peculiar thing I have noticed is that he has no wish to talk to me,' she says. 'I wonder whether he is always like that.'

"'Just as well as it is,' I says. 'You wouldn't be interested in what he had to say. He is from a very plain family who have six days in their week and fifty-two Sundays a year, and spind their nights in sleep. He would be very out av place in a club window,' I says. 'He niver carried a cane in his life,' I says; 'an' the only Fifth Avenue atmosphere he has comes from smokin' cigaroots,' I says.

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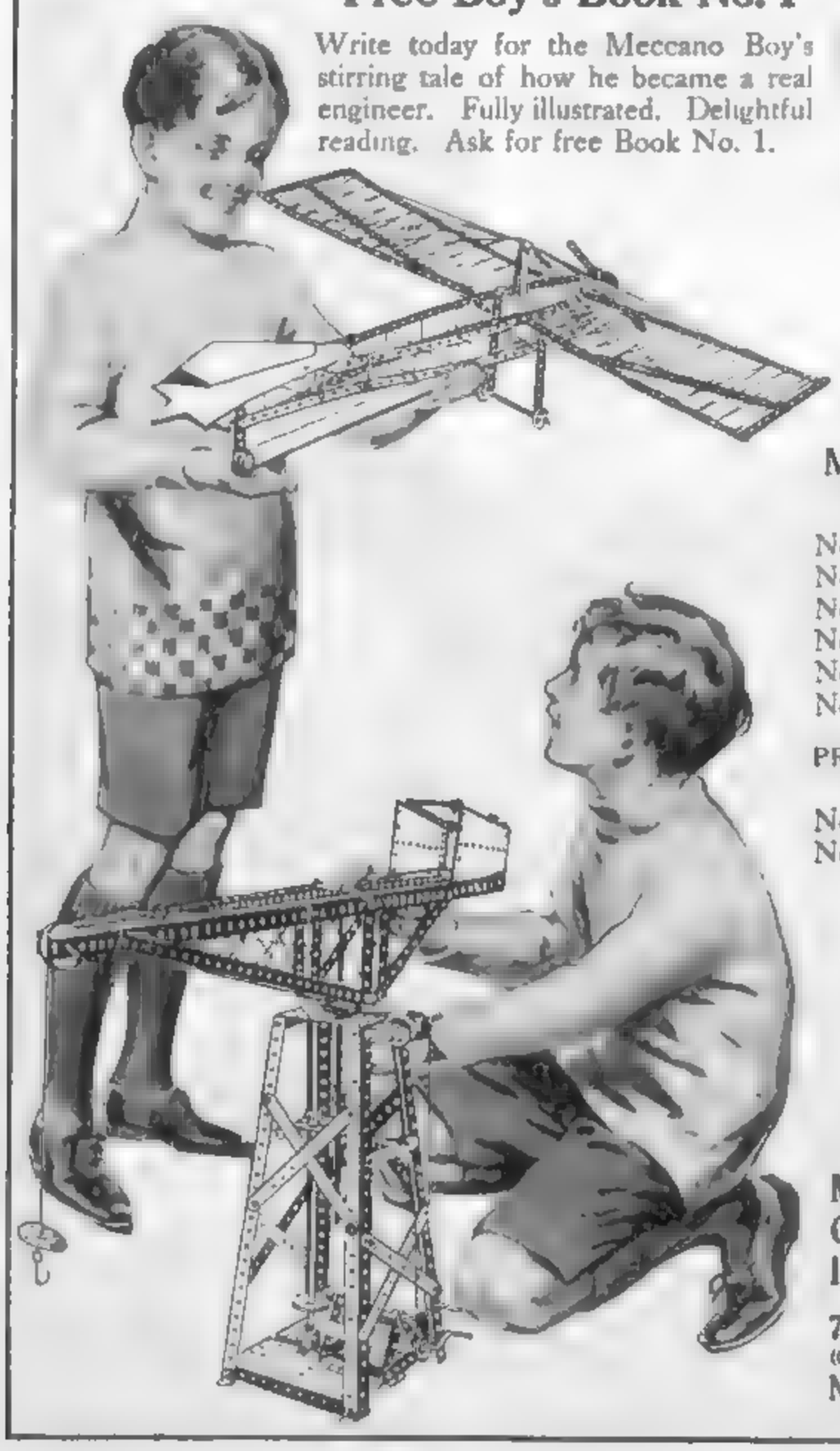

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"She stopped the mare altogether then, an' turned round in her seat; an' there was ice in her eyes.

"'Mr. Lynch,' she says, 'you are makin' this hard for me. You are treatin' me as though I was very young and very foolish.'

"'Miss Doris,' says I, 'you are treatin' me as though I was very old an' very blind.'

"She laughed, an' maybe I laughed.

"'You know about the waterin' trough incident,' she says. 'You know a lot more that I want to know.'

"'I do,' says I; 'an' it is very confidential. If I was true to old age I'd not tell you anythin'; but I'm not,' I says. 'I will double-cross old age any chance I get. I'm against old age, an' the confidences an' trusts an' opinions av maturity and the declinin' years. I am for youth,' says I. 'An' I'll throw the game to youth any day. I'm goin' to be a traitor to my gray hairs an' your father's gray hairs. I'm goin' to scuttle the Ship av Confidence in the name av my first childhood; an' here's hopin' I have no second,' I says.

"'The reason Mr. Evart Page would pay you no attintion was because he had promised your careful parents that he would not. There was a feelin' in the family that he was av the vulgar herd—wan av thim who earns their own livin' an' niver drinks champagne at weddin's, or gets married in anticipation av a divorce. He was anythin' but a brilliant match; an', therefore, he was a menace. Your Daddy liked him because he is companionable an' human, an' wouldn't hold it against a man that he had money,' I says.

"'In short, Evart, in a thoughtless moment, an' wishin' to continue the charitable work he was doin' in teachin' your Daddy the gentle art of life, promised that he'd niver display his fireworks av useless but fascinatin' conversation before you, or look into your eyes, or sing under your window, or go about cuttin' your name on the trunks av the ornamental shade trees.'

"'You're jestin'; but is this story true?' she asks with a catch in her voice.

"'It is,' says I.

"'I'm glad we came back to live among Americans,' she says after a bit; an' thin she looks me square in the eyes till I had to blink for the shine in 'em.

"'What does Mr. Page think about me?' says Doris.

"'I don't believe he thinks any more,' says I; an' her face fell. 'I believe that all those moments av sanity have passed,' I says, 'an' now he only feels!'

"She never said a word; but she put her warm, soft hand in mine, makin' me wish I had been a father with a dozen daughters patterned after her. Thin she shook out the reins an' we wint off for town again.

"'Ye haven't asked me what I thought av the mare,' I says as we came up toward town from the river road.

"'Some other day will do,' says she, an' laughed.

"Whin we stopped in front av my office I got out; but I put my hand on the tire an' waited.

"'Well?' says she.

"'Whisper!' says I, leanin' up toward the ear that half showed in the sweep of her hair.

"'What is it, Mr. Lynch?' she asks, blushin'.

"'Do you love the boy?' I says.

"'Twas worth a thousand dollars to see the corners av her mouth twitchin' with divilment.

"'Well, I agree with mamma that he's something of a menace,' says she.

"I watched her rig go down the hill toward Oak Street an' turn at Hale's Hay and Grain Sheds, an' so out av sight in the glare av the summer mornin', whin the locusts in the old trees by the blacksmith's was screamin' with the heat, an' flies was risin' from the pavement every time anybody slammed the screen door of Androupolouse's Greek Ice Cream and Gasoline Shop, across the way.

"About a week later my new car came.

"Whin a man gets to be past sixty he has no business with new devices; I paid a thousand dollars f. o. b. Detroit for the thing, with a self-starter, electric lights an' other causes for garage bills. A dare-divil risked his life teachin' me to run it; an' thin I put a couple more codicils in my will, an' a horse-chestnut in my pocket to keep away the rheumatism, jumped into the seat, shut my eyes, pushed a lever, pulled a few stops like an organ player, an' started out av town one evenin' about dusk, regrettin' that I had not lived long enough to see Home Rule, an' repentin' av me sins.

"The truth was, I knew more about the car than I believed. I knew there are exactly forty-siven different things can happen to a car, an' that whin you have learned all av thim there will be forty-eight. I knew how to tell the price av a car by the sound av the slam av its door, an' how to tell skid chills from true malaria.

"Anyhow, I was able to get as far as Dryaden, where I hoped to go by with a proud, uplifted head an' a fur-lined atmosphere av aristocracy. An' right in front of Malachi's place, as luck would have it, the machine saw a vicious-lookin' horse hitched to a buggy, and shied, an' balked, an' gave a sigh, an' stopped right in front av the big stone gate—a thoroughly frightened motor.

"It was Malachi himself who came runnin' down the path.

"'Did your machine stall?' he asks.

"'Stall?' says I. 'Stall! I stopped to make a call on you, Malachi,' I says.

"'Come in, anyway,' he says with a laugh. 'We'll retire to my smokin' den for a good old talk,' he says; an' thin' whin his wife came along the porch, like a queen dowager walkin' the wide deck av a battleship, he says: 'Millie—you remimber Mr. Lynch, don't you?'

"She smiled.

"'Indeed I do—he ran against my father for mayor av Bodbank many years ago,' she says.

"'An' I received his angry but polite congratulations the nixt mornin',' says I. 'But your mother was a fine lady,' I says. 'She made the best doughnuts in four counties,' I says.

"I was tryin' to figure out why she was so agreeable. She laughed. She even begged to come down to the smokin' room; an' she sat down in one av the big loungin' chairs an' wanted to hear about Bodbank; an' at last the three av us was roarin' about old times. Somethin' had come over her, I thought. I didn't find out what till I was startin' to leave.

"Thin Malachi an' his wife, Millie, came down the path an' round the artificial pond an' statuary, an' alabaster urns, an' other necessary obstacles to farm life, an' all the way to the gate with me.

"'Oh, by the way,' says Malachi, lookin' up careless at the moon an' the stars, 'I have discovered by recent experience that you are a man to be trusted with confidential matters; so I'll tell you a secret,' says he, very sarcastic.

"'What?' says I.

"'There's soon to be a marriage in our family,' says he.

"'Silver weddin'?' says I.

"'No; nothin' *ex post facto*,' says he. 'My daughter Doris is to marry our popular young printer, Mr. Evart Page.'

"'You surprise me,' says I; 'fer I've been watchin' the two av thim sittin' under the Gravenstein tree out there in the moonlit orchard, carryin' on a conversation so important that not a word is spoken,' I says; 'an' the only communication is that old-fashioned eloquince av silence,' I says.

"'Well, Mike Lynch,' says Sturges, puttin' his arm round his wife's shoulders, 'two or three months ago you thought I'd lost the art av knowin' human nature. Now I've niver said anythin' to my wife about this before. I picked out Page as the one man I'd seen I'd be glad to have for a son-in-law. Time was pressin', for there was plinty av dudes an' near-royalty round.

"'Doris had had so much attintion that I knew when a fine-lookin' an' complete young feller paid no attintion to her at all she'd sit up an' take notice. How did it work? Slicker than a Blizzard King!'

"He kicked up one of his heels, happy as a farm hand.

"'So I put one over on my wife,' he says. 'Ain't she a dear old girl? An' I put one over on Page,' says he; 'an' I put one over on Doris.'

"'Stop!' says his wife. 'Don't cut up so! Do you think your silly maneuvers had anythin' to do with Doris' choosin' the right man?' says she. 'Very little credit she owes her father for it,' says she. 'It was good sense an' the high ideals she inherited from her mother!' she says.

"Malachi gasps.

"'How's that?' he says, gropin' blind.

"'Didn't I choose you?' says she.

"An' I, standin' right there, heard her deliver that knock-out. Under the old elm trees I stood with the two av thim, lookin' over the wall an' across the open prairie, all wavin' with corn, shimmerin' in the moonlight. An'—— Well, I knew that the Sturges family—all of it—had really come back to Bodbank."

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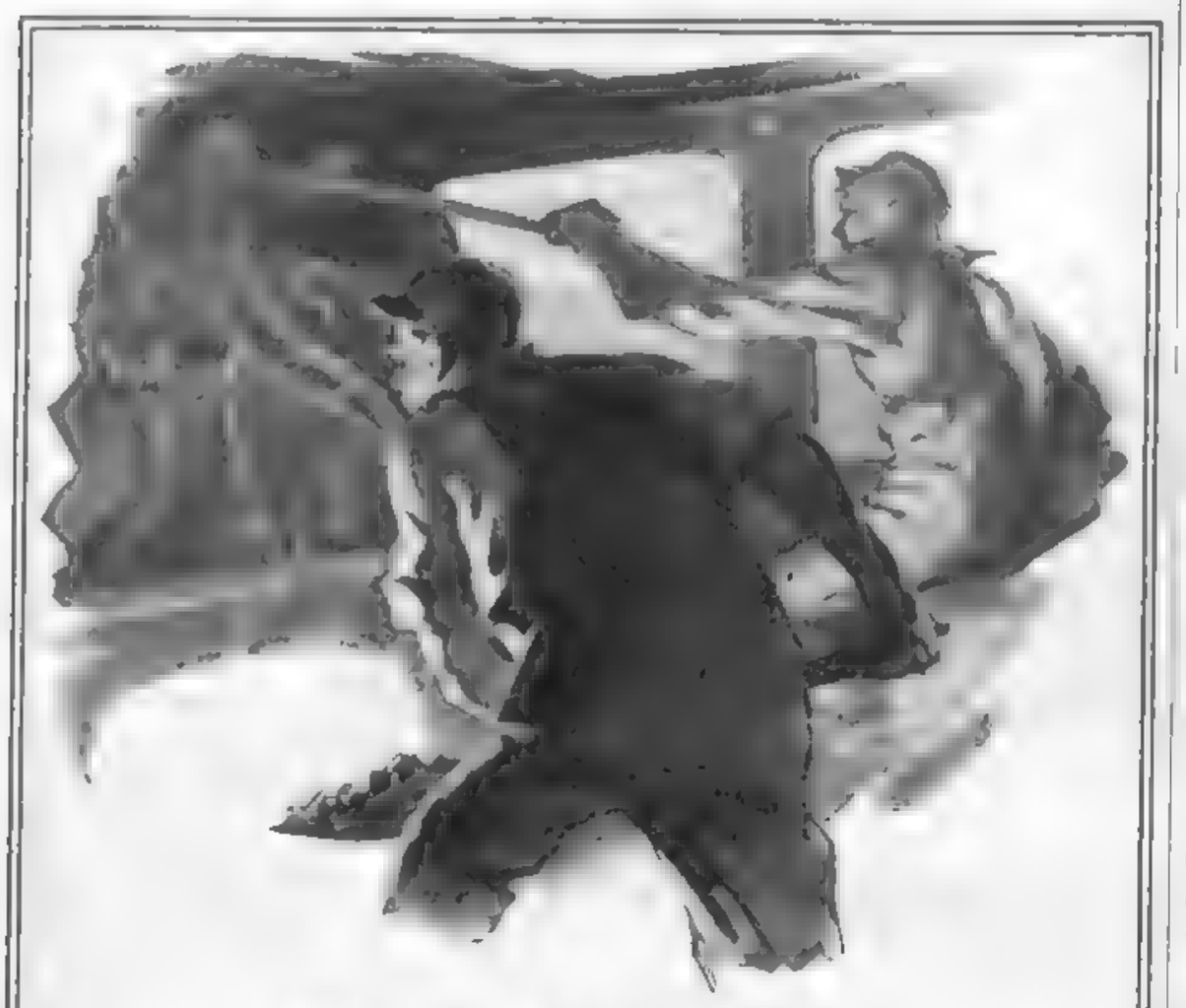

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10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South

THE MAN WHO ROCKED THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 21)

clearing upon either side. At intervals it was elevated to a height of eight or ten inches upon insulated iron braces. Both Marc and Edouard stared at it in wonder, while Bennie made them a little speech.

It was, he said, a thing called a monorail, made by a man who possessed strange secrets concerning the earth and the properties of matter. That man lived over the Height of Land toward Ungava. He was a good man and would not harm other good men. But he was a great magician—if you believed in magic. On the rail undoubtedly he ran an engine called a gyroscopic engine, and carried his stores and machinery into the wilderness. The Nascopees were not such fools after all, for here was the something they feared to cross—the iron serpent that bit and killed. Let them watch while he made it bite. He allowed his rifle to fall against the rail, and instantly a shower of blue sparks flashed from it as the current leaped into the earth.

Bennie counted out twenty-five golden eagles and handed them to Edouard. If they followed the rail to its source he would, he promised, on their return to civilization give them as much again. Without more ado the Indians lifted their packs and swung off to the northwest along the line of the rail. The stock of Prof. Bennie Hooker had risen in their estimation. On they plowed across the barrens, through swamps, over the quaking muskeg, into the patches of scrub growth where the short branches slapped their faces, but always they kept in sight of the rail.

On the morning of August eleventh the newspapers of the United States published the extraordinary announcement, transmitted from various European news agencies, that an attempt had been made by the general commanding the First Artillery Division of the German Army of the Meuse to violate the armistice which, it had been agreed, should go into effect on the preceding midnight, by discharging at a distance of a hundred kilometers eight projectiles toward Paris from some huge gun of marvelous construction. The attempt to destroy the city had been prevented by the sudden appearance of the same mysterious Flying Ring that had shortly before caused the destruction of the Atlas Mountains and the flooding of the Sahara Desert by the Mediterranean Sea. The appearance of the Flying Ring on this second occasion had been noted by several hundred thousand persons, both soldiers and noncombatants. At about the hour of midnight on August tenth, as if to observe whether the warring nations intended sincerely to live up to their agreement and bring about an actual cessation of hostilities, the Flying Ring had appeared out of the north and, floating through the sky, had followed the lines of the belligerents from Brussels to Verdun and southward. The blinding yellow light that it had projected toward the earth had roused the soldiers sleeping in their intrenchments and caused great consternation all along the line of fortifications, as it was universally supposed that the director of its flight intended to annihilate the combined armies of France, England, Germany and Belgium. But the Ring had sailed peacefully along, three thousand feet aloft, deluging the countryside with its dazzling light, sending its searching beams into the casemates of the huge fortresses of the Rhine and the outer line of the French fortifications, searching the redoubts and trenches, but doing no harm to the sleeping armies that lay beneath it; until at last the silence of the night had been broken by the thunder of Thanatos, and in the twinkling of an eye the Lavender Ray had descended, to turn the village of Champaubert into the smoking crater of a dying volcano. The entire division of artillery had been annihilated, with the exception of a few stragglers, and of the relay gun naught remained but a distorted puddle of steel and iron.

Long before the news of the horrible retribution visited by the master of the Ring upon Treitschke, the major-general of artillery, and the inventor, Von Heckmann, had reached the United States, Bill Hood, sitting in the wireless receiving station of the Naval Observatory at Arlington, had received through the ether a message from his mysterious correspondent in the north that sent him hurrying to the White House. Pax had called the Naval Observatory and had transmitted the following ultimatum, repeating it, as was his custom, three times:

"*To the President of the United States and to All Mankind:*

"I have put the nations to the test and found them wanting. The solemn treaty entered into by the ambassadors of the belligerent nations at Washington has been violated. My attempt by harmless means to compel the cessation of hostilities and the abolition of war has failed. I cannot trust the nations of the earth. Their selfishness, their bloodthirstiness and greed, will inevitably prevent their fulfilling their agreements with me or keeping the terms of their treaties with one another, which they regard, as they themselves declare, merely as 'scraps of paper.' The time has come for me to compel peace. I am the dictator of human destiny and my will is law. War shall cease. On the tenth day of September I shall shift the axis of the earth until the North Pole shall be in the region of Strassburg and the South Pole in New Zealand. The habitable zone of the earth will hereafter be in South Africa, South and Central America, and regions now unfrequented by man. The nations must migrate and a new life in which war is unknown must begin upon the globe. This is my last message to the human race. PAX."

The conference of ambassadors summoned by the President to the White House that afternoon exhibited a character in striking contrast with the first, at which Von Koenitz and the ambassadors from France, Russia and England had had their memorable disagreement. It was a serious, apprehensive and subdued group of gentlemen that gathered round the great mahogany table in the Cabinet Chamber to debate what course of action the nations should pursue to avert the impending calamity to mankind. For that Pax could shift the axis of the earth, or blow the globe clean out of its orbit into space, if he chose to do so, no one doubted any longer.

And first it fell as the task of the ambassador representing the Imperial German Commissioners to assure his distinguished colleagues that his nation disavowed and denied all responsibility for the conduct of General Treitschke in bombarding Paris after the hour set for the armistice. It was unjust and contrary to the dictates of reason, he argued, to hold the government of a nation comprising sixty-five millions of human beings and five millions of armed men accountable for the actions of a single individual. He spoke passionately, eloquently, persuasively, and at the conclusion of his speech the ambassadors present were forced to acknowledge that what he said was true, and to accept without reservation his plausible assurances that the Imperial German Commissioners had no thought but to coöperate with the other governments in bringing about a lasting peace such as Pax demanded.

But the immediate question was, had not the time for this gone by? Was it not too late to convince the master of the Flying Ring that his orders would be obeyed? Could anything be done to avert the calamity he threatened to bring upon the earth—to prevent the conversion of Europe into a barren waste of ice fields? For Pax had announced that he had spoken for the last time and that the fate of Europe was sealed. All the ambassadors agreed that a general European immigration was practically impossible. And as a last resort it was finally decided to transmit to Pax, through the Arlington station, a wireless message signed by all the ambassadors of the belligerent nations, solemnly agreeing within one week to disband their armies and to destroy all their munitions and implements of war. This message was delivered to Hood, with instructions for its immediate delivery. All that afternoon and evening the operator sat in the observatory, calling over and over again the three letters that marked mankind's only communication with the controller of its destiny:

"PAX—PAX—PAX!"

But no answer came. For long, weary hours Hood waited, his ears glued to the

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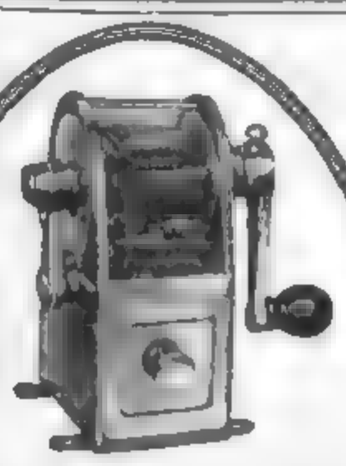

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receivers. An impenetrable silence surrounded the master of the Ring. Pax had spoken. He would say no more. Late that night Hood reluctantly returned to the White House and informed the President that he was unable to deliver the message of the nations.

And meantime Prof. Bennie Hooker, with Marc and Edouard, struggled across the wilderness of Labrador, following the Iron Rail that led to the hiding place of the master of the world.

The terrible fate of the German expeditionary force is too well known to require comment. As has been already told, the Sea Fox had sailed from Amsterdam three days after the conference in the War Office at Mainz between General von Helmuth and Professor von Schwenitz. Once north of the Orkneys it had encountered fair weather, and it had reached Hamilton Inlet in ten days without mishap, and with the men and animals in the best of condition. At Rigolet the men had disembarked and loaded their howitzers, mules and supplies upon the flat-bottomed barges brought with them for that purpose. Thirty French and Indian guides had been engaged, and five days later the expedition, towed by the powerful motor launches, had started up the river toward the chain of lakes lying northwest toward Ungava. Everyone was in the best of spirits and everything moved with customary German precision like clockwork. Nothing had been forgotten, not even the pungent invention of a Berlin chemist to discourage mosquitoes. Without labor, without anxiety, the fourteen barges bored through the swift currents and at last reached a great lake that lay like a silver mirror for miles about them. The moon rose and turned the boats into weird shapes as they plowed through the gray mists—a strange and terrible sight for the Nascopees lurking in the underbrush along the shore. And while the men smoked and sang Die Wacht am Rhein, listening to the trill of the ripples against the bows, the foremost motorboat grounded.

The momentum of the barge immediately following could not be checked, and she in turn drove into what seemed to be a mud bank. At about the same instant the other barges struck bottom. Intense excitement and confusion prevailed among the members of the expedition, since they were almost out of sight of land and the draft of the motorboats was only nineteen inches. But no efforts could move the barges from where they were. All night long the propellers churned the gleaming water of the lake to foam, but without result. Each and every barge and boat was hard and fast aground. And when the gray daylight came stealing across the lake there was no lake to be seen, only a reeking marsh, covered for miles with a welter of green slime and decaying vegetable matter across which it would seem no human being or animal could flounder. As far as the eye could reach lay only a blackish ooze. And with the sun came millions of mosquitoes and flies and drove the men and mules frantic with their stings.

Only one man, Ludwig Helmer, a gun driver from Potsdam, survived. Half mad with the flies, and nearly naked, he found his way somehow across the quaking bog, after all his comrades had died of thirst, and reached a tribe of Nascopees, who took him to the coast. A great explosion, they told him, had torn the River Nascopee from its bed and diverted its course. The lakes that it fed had all dried up.

Blinded by perspiration, sweltering under the heavy burden of their outfit, goaded almost to frenzy by the black flies and mosquitoes, Hooker and Marc and Edouard staggered through the brush, following the monorail. They had already reached the summit of the Height of Land and were now working down the northern slope in the direction of Ungava. The land was barren beyond the imagination of the unimaginative Bennie. Small dwarfed trees struggled for a footing amid the lichen-covered outcroppings and sun-dried moss of the hollows. The slightest rise showed mile upon mile of great waste undulating interminably in every direction. The heat shimmering off the rocks was almost suffocating. At noon on September first they threw themselves into the shade of a narrow ledge, boiled some tea and smoked their pipes, frenziedly fanning the air to drive away the swarms of insects that attacked them.

Hooker was half drunk from lack of sleep and of water. Already once or twice he had

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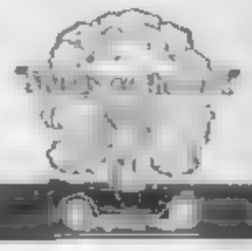

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caught himself wandering when talking to Marc and Edouard. The whole thing was like a horrible, disgusting nightmare. And then he suddenly became aware that the two Indians were staring intently through the clouds of mosquitoes over the tree tops to the eastward. Through the sweat that trickled into his eyes he tried to make out what they could see. But he could discern nothing except mosquitoes. And then he thought he saw a mosquito larger than all the others. He waved at it, but it remained where it was. A slight breeze momentarily wafted the swarm away and he still saw the big mosquito hovering over the horizon. Then he heard Marc cry out:

"Something sails in the air!"

He rubbed the moisture out of his eyes and stared at the mosquito, which was growing bigger every minute. With the velocity of a projectile this monstrous insect, or whatever it was, came sweeping up behind them from the Height of Land, soaring into the zenith in a great parabola, until with a shiver of excitement Bennie recognized that it was the Flying Ring.

"It's him," he chattered emphatically, if ungrammatically.

Marc and Edouard nodded.

"Yes! Yes!" they cried in unison. "It is the one you seek!"

"He goes home," said Marc.

And then Bennie, without offering any explanation, found himself dancing up and down upon the rocks in the dizzying sun, waving his hat and shouting to the Father of the Marionettes. What he shouted he never knew. And Marc and Edouard both shouted too. But the master of the Ring heard them not, or if he heard he paid them no attention. Nearer and nearer came the Ring, until Bennie could see the gleaming cylinder of its great steel circle. At a distance of about two miles it swept through the air over a low ridge, and settled toward the earth in the direction of Ungava.

"He only goes ten mile maybe," announced Marc confidently. "A little way. We get there to-night."

On they struggled beside the Rail, but now hope ran high. Bennie sang and whistled, unmindful of the mosquitoes and black flies, that renewed their attacks with unremitting ferocity. The sun lowered itself into the pine trees, shooting dazzling shafts through the low branches, and then sank in a welter of crimson-yellow light. The sky turned gray in the east; faint stars twinkled through the quivering waves that still shook from the overheated rocks. It turned cold and the mosquitoes departed. Hugging the Rail they staggered on, now over shaking muskeg, now through thickets of tangled brush, now on great ledges of barren rock, and then across caribou barrens knee-deep in dry and crackling moss. Darkness fell and prudence dictated that they should make camp. But in their excitement they trudged on, until presently a pale glow behind the dwarfed trees showed that the moon was rising. They boiled the water, made tea and cooked some biscuits. Soon they could see to pursue their way.

"'Most there now," encouraged Marc.

Presently, instead of descending they found the land was rising again, and forcing their way through the undergrowth they struggled up a rocky hillside, perhaps five hundred feet in height. Marc was in the lead, with Bennie a few feet behind him. As they reached the crest the Indian turned and pointed to something in front of him that Bennie was unable to distinguish.

"We are arrived," he said.

With his heart thumping from the exertion of the climb Bennie crawled up beside his guide and found himself confronted by a strong barbed-wire entanglement affixed to iron stanchions firmly imbedded in the rocks. They were on the top of a ridge that dropped away abruptly at their feet into a valley, perhaps a mile in width, terminating on the other side in perpendicular cliffs, estimated by Bennie to be about eight hundred or a thousand feet in height. Although the entanglement was by no means impassable, it was a distinct obstacle and one they preferred to tackle by daylight. Moreover, it indicated that their company was undesired. They were in the presence of an unknown quantity, the master of the Flying Ring. Whether he was a malign or a benevolent influence, this Father of the Marionettes, they could not tell.

With his back propped against a small spruce Bennie focused his glasses upon dim shapes barely discernible in the midst of the valley. He was thrilled by a deep excitement, a strange fear. What would he see? What mysteries would those vague forms disclose? The shadows cast by the cliffs and a light mist gathering in the low ground made it difficult to see; and then, even as he looked, the moon rose higher and shone through something in the middle of the valley that looked like a tall, grisly skeleton. It seemed to have legs and arms, an odd mushroom-shaped head and endless ribs. Below and at its feet were other and vaguer shapes—flat domes or cupolas, bombproofs perhaps, buildings of some sort—Pax's home beyond peradventure.

As he looked through the glasses at the skeletonlike tower Bennie had an extraordinary feeling of having seen it all before somewhere. As in a long-forgotten dream he remembered Tesla's tower near Smithtown, on Long Island. And this was Tesla's tower, naught else! It is a strange thing, how at great crises of our lives come feelings of anticipatory knowledge. There is, indeed, nothing new under the sun. Else had Bennie been more afraid. As it was, he saw only Tesla's Smithtown tower with its head like a young mushroom. And at the same time there flashed into his memory: Childe Harold to the Dark Tower Came. Over and over he repeated it mechanically, feeling that he might be one of those of whom the poet had sung. Yet he had not read the lines for years:

Burningly it came on me all at once,
This was the place! . . .
What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round, squat turret, blind as the fool's heart, . . .
Not hear? When noise was everywhere! It tolled,
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears,
Of all the lost adventurers my peers,—
How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! One moment knelled the woe of years.

His eyes searched the shadows round the base of the tower, for his ears had already caught a faint, almost inaudible throbbing that seemed to grow from moment to moment. There certainly was a dull vibration in the air, a vibration like the distant hum of machinery. Suddenly old Edouard touched Bennie upon the shoulder.

"Look!" he whispered.

Some transformation was happening in the hood of the tower. From a black opaque object it began to turn a dull red and to diffuse a subdued glow, while the hum turned into a distinct whir.

Bennie became almost hysterical with excitement.

Soon the hood of the tower had turned white and the glow had increased until the whole valley was lit up with a suffused and gentle light. The Ring could be distinctly seen about half a mile away, resting upon a huge circular support.

"It's fire," grunted Marc. "It's how he makes the marionettes dance."

There was no doubt that the hood of the tower was in fact white hot, for the perpendicular cliffs of the mountain across the valley sharply reflected the light that it disseminated. The humming whir of the great alternator rose gradually into a scream like the outcry of some angry thing. And then unexpectedly a shaft of pale lavender light shot out from the glowing hood and lost itself in the blackness of the midnight sky. Now appeared a wonderful and beautiful spectacle: immediately above the point where the rays disappeared into the ether hundreds of points of yellow fire suddenly sprang into being in the sky, darting hither and thither like fireflies, some moving slowly and others with such speed they appeared as even, luminous lines.

"The marionettes! The marionettes!" Marc cried, trembling.

"Not at all! Not at all! They are meteorites!" answered Bennie, entirely engrossed in the scientific phase of the matter and forgetting that he did not speak the other's language. "Space is jammed full of meteoric dust. The larger particles, which strike our atmosphere and which ignite by friction, form shooting stars. The Ray—the Lavender Ray—reaching out into the most distant regions of space meets them in countless numbers and disintegrates them, surrounding them with glowing atmospheres. By George, though, if he starts in playing the Ray upon that cliff we've got to stand from under! Look here, boys," he shouted, "stuff something in your ears." He seized his handkerchief, tore it apart, and, making two plugs, thrust them into the openings of his ears as far as the drums. The others in wonderment followed his example.

(Continued on Page 35)

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By the old way, these 10 operations were necessary

1. [illegible]
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible]
4. [illegible]
5. [illegible]
6. [illegible]
7. Rub[illegible] lather
8. Shave unshaved side of face.
9. Wash off lather
10. Apply lotion to prevent soreness and allay burning.

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John Eisg, Sales Manager

(Continued from Page 34)

"He's going to rock the earth!" cried Bennie Hooker. "He's going to rock the earth again!"

Slowly the Lavender Ray swung through the ether, followed by its millions of meteorites, dipping downward toward the northern side of the valley and sinking ever lower and lower toward the cliff. Bennie threw himself flat on his stomach upon the ridge, pressing his hands to his ears, and the others, feeling that something terrible was going to happen, followed his example. Nearer and nearer toward the ridge dropped the Ray. Bennie held his breath. Another instant and there came a blinding splash of yellow light, a crash like thunder, and a roar that seemed to tear the mountain from its base. The earth shook. Into the zenith sprang a flame of incandescent vapor a mile in height.

For a moment they all lay stunned and sightless. The face of the cliff glowed like the interior of a blast furnace. Then the discharge appeared to diminish both in volume and in intensity. The scream of the alternator dropped slightly in pitch. The burst of flame slowly subsided, like a fountain that is being gradually turned off. Either the Ring Man wasn't going to rock the earth or he had lost control of his machinery.

Something was clearly going wrong. Showers of sparks fell from the hood and occasionally huge glowing masses of molten metal dropped from it. And now the Lavender Ray began slowly to sweep down the face of the cliff, and as it descended its intensity seemed to die and the yellow blast of helium gradually faded away until it was scarcely visible. The roar of the alternator died down, first to a hum and then to a purr.

"Something's busted," thought Bennie, "and he's shut it off."

The Ray had now reached the bottom of the cliff and was sweeping across the ground to the face of the tower, its path being marked by a small traveling volcano that hurled its smoke and steam high into the air. It was evident to Bennie that the hood of the tower was slowly turning over and that the now fast-fading Ray would presently play upon its base and the adjacent cupola in which the master of the Ring was probably attempting to control his recalcitrant machinery.

And then Bennie lost consciousness.

A splash of rain. He awoke and found himself lying by the barbed-wire fence in the graying light of dawn. His muscles were stiff and sore, but he felt a strange sense of exhilaration. A mist was driving across the valley and enshrouding the scene of the night's debacle. Through the rain gusts he could see, still standing, the wreck of the tower, with a fragment of melted inductor drooping from its apex—and a long way off the Ring. The base of the tower and its surroundings were lost in mist. He crawled to his knees and looked about him for Marc and Edouard, but they had disappeared. His field glasses lay beside him, and he picked them up and raised himself to his feet. Like stout Cortés, silent upon his peak in Darien, he surveyed the Pacific of his dreams. For the Ring was still there! Pax might be annihilated, his machinery destroyed, but the secret remained—and it was his, Bennie Hooker's, of Appian Way, Cambridge, Massachusetts! In his excitement, in getting over the fence he tore a jagged hole in what was left of his sporting suit, but in a moment more he was scrambling down the face of the ridge into the valley. . . .

The secretary of the National Academy of Sciences, meeting at Washington in December, 1915, had finished reading the minutes of the last assembly, and after the few tardy members who had continued their conversation in the corridor until the last possible moment had settled themselves in their chairs, the president arose.

"The first paper on our program," he said, "is a communication by Prof. Benjamin Hooker—introduced by Professor Abbey—entitled——" Here he looked attentively at the paper in his hand. "The title, gentlemen, appears to be a little out of the ordinary—quite out of the ordinary in fact—The Man Who Rocked the Earth." He made a slight deprecatory gesture, indicating that he was obliged to read titles as they were presented, even if they were unusual, and turning to Professor Hooker he added: "I suppose he is some relative of the man who rocked the boat." The president seldom missed an opportunity of presenting the subject from a humorous standpoint if it were possible.

Professor Hooker fumbled with some papers, dropped them on the floor, recovered them from under his chair and walked rapidly to the platform. He appeared nervous, and showed the effects of the ordeal through which he had been, for the Robson treatment for eliminating the effects of radium burns leaves the patient a physical wreck.

"In the following report," he said, "I shall bring to your attention the results of my investigations of the remarkable experiments carried on in Labrador, which but for their abrupt termination might have resulted in such a complete upsetting of the conditions upon the surface of the earth as to make its habitation by the human race impossible. As you all well know, our day is now five minutes longer than the day of yesterday. The poles of Peary and Amundsen are gone, and the earth is spinning on an axis inclined at an angle of nearly three degrees with its former one."

At this point two professors of botany who had been discussing the action of some new staining agent upon the cell nucleus entered and took adjoining seats, continuing their conversation in whispers. "Through the discovery of a practical method of generating on an engineering scale," Professor Hooker continued, "a beam of disintegrating rays, similar in their general properties to the rays given off from the sun which cause radioactivity, but of vastly greater power, an unknown genius was able to awaken and bring into action on such a prodigious scale the forces that lie dormant in every atom of matter that the earth swayed in its orbit. I say an unknown genius, since all evidences of his identity were destroyed in the eruption brought about by the accident that terminated his remarkable experiments."

The botanists were still absorbed in their discussion, and some of the members of the astronomical section turned round and looked at them, showing evident annoyance. "Shortly after the disappearance of the Münster expedition," went on the professor, "I determined to locate and make an investigation of the forces that were operating against the well-established laws governing the movements of the globe upon which we dwell. Though I was well aware that I ran some personal risk in meddling with affairs that did not concern me, it appeared to me that a single individual, proceeding alone, would be better able to escape detection than a large expedition invading the hostile territory in a ship. As you see, I assumed from the start that some human agency was at work. I saw no reason why machinery could not be built capable of liberating the enormous amount of energy necessary to accomplish the changes that had been brought about, and I think that I may add, without however wishing to claim too much, that if I had carried on my own experiments for a nother year, and had been given sufficient financial assistance, I could have done the thing myself." Here Professor Hooker turned to the recording secretary of the Academy, smiled, and removed his glasses.

"I will now recount to you without further delay what I found at 75 degrees west and 55 degrees north Labrador, omitting all details of my trip, which was somewhat arduous, as they have no direct bearing on the subject. Pax, as he chose to call himself in the wireless messages that foretold what he proposed to accomplish, had selected for the scene of his operations a level valley bounded on the west by a plateau, the nearly perpendicular walls of which rose abruptly to a height of some seven hundred feet from the floor of the valley. This wall of rock formed what an engineer would term his thrust-block, for it was against the face of this cliff that the enormous forces of atomic disintegration acted. When we remember what the much less powerful ray which was projected from the dynamic flying machine did to the Atlas Mountains, it seems surprising that so little damage was done to the plateau in Labrador. I believe that the marked difference in the action of the ray in the two cases resulted from the composition of the rock of which the plateau is formed. The face of the cliff appears to be made up of a solid deposit of pitchblende, or black oxide of uranium. Veins and thin strata of other rocks which run through it have been mined out by the action of the ray, much as veins of clay would be washed out by a jet of water. Experiments which I made in my laboratory last year showed that uranium and its compounds are practically opaque to the disintegrating rays, and their action is confined

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to the surface layer of the material. In the case of ordinary rocks, which contain less material capable of disintegration, the rays penetrate to a great depth, and the decomposition takes place throughout the entire mass, giving rise to an explosive action. In the case of the pitchblende the force manifested itself at the surface in the form of an enormous pressure.

"The face of the cliff was polished and pitted by the action of the rays and bore a close resemblance to the surface of a meteorite. I was able to trace the action of the pressure on the rock formation to a distance of over two miles, the surface of the plateau showing faults and rifts that were evidently of very recent origin.

"My investigation of the apparatus and various engines employed for generating the ray was made very difficult by the general upheaval that had resulted from the accident to which I shall allude more fully presently. The most conspicuous object was a high skeleton tower that carried at its summit a thermic inductor of gigantic size. Fortunately this was not damaged, except in a very minor manner, which was the cause and not the result of the accident. This tower also served as one support for the antennæ system of Pax's wireless apparatus. His electric generators, which supplied the energy to the thermic inductor, were housed in a cupola or dome, built up of sheet lead. On the side facing the cliff the wall and roof were nearly eight inches in thickness, forty-five layers of the metal being employed in the construction. This heavy metal screen shielded the operator, or operators, from the deadly discharge of electrons which were thrown off from the cliff wall under the influence of the rays. There were no windows in the cupola on the side toward the cliff, but a heavy circular plate of glass had been built in the roof at the apex of the dome, through which the action of the ray could be watched by means of a large reflecting prism, portions of which I found at some distance from the wreck of the cupola. The glass was of a deep violet color, similar in tint to that of glass tubes which have contained radium for several years.

"From the appearance of the wreck of the cupola I believe that it was hermetically sealed while the ray was operating on the cliff, thus protecting those within from the fluctuations in the atmospheric pressure, which must have been enormous in the vicinity of the apparatus. Even at the distance from which my observations of the last experiment were made these were so great that both of my ear drums were ruptured and I was rendered temporarily unconscious.

"The generator which I have already mentioned was mounted on the summit of the tower, and so arranged that it could be pointed in any direction by means of two electric motors controlled from the cupola. It appears to be made of the ideal substance for which I have been searching for years, similar to zircorundum in its nonconductive properties, and not disintegrated by the radiation generated in its interior. My own small generators invariably exploded, as those of you who attended the last meeting of the Academy at which I was present may recall. The efficiency, moreover, of Pax's inductor is enormously greater than my own, for he has solved the problem of preparing a surface that will transmit radiant heat in one direction and not in the other. The end of his thermic retort is closed with a plate composed of a material that is transparent only to the disintegrating rays generated by the high temperature. The rays that pass out of the retort render the air in their path phosphorescent, the color of the light being a pale lavender. On striking the face of the cliff the uranium is immediately broken down into radium, which in its turn breaks down into the various disintegration products, the final or end-product being lead. I searched along the base of the cliff, hoping to find traces of lead, but found nothing. It then occurred to me that this material would be in the form of a fine powder which would be carried off by the atomic blast, which consisted chiefly of luminous helium.

"I noticed, however, that the surface of a light snowfall in the valley had been somewhat darkened, as if by smoke, and on collecting a considerable quantity and melting it I found a black sediment which chemical analysis proved to be lead. The machinery by which was generated the powerful electric current for exciting the thermic inductor was badly damaged by the accident. It appeared from examination

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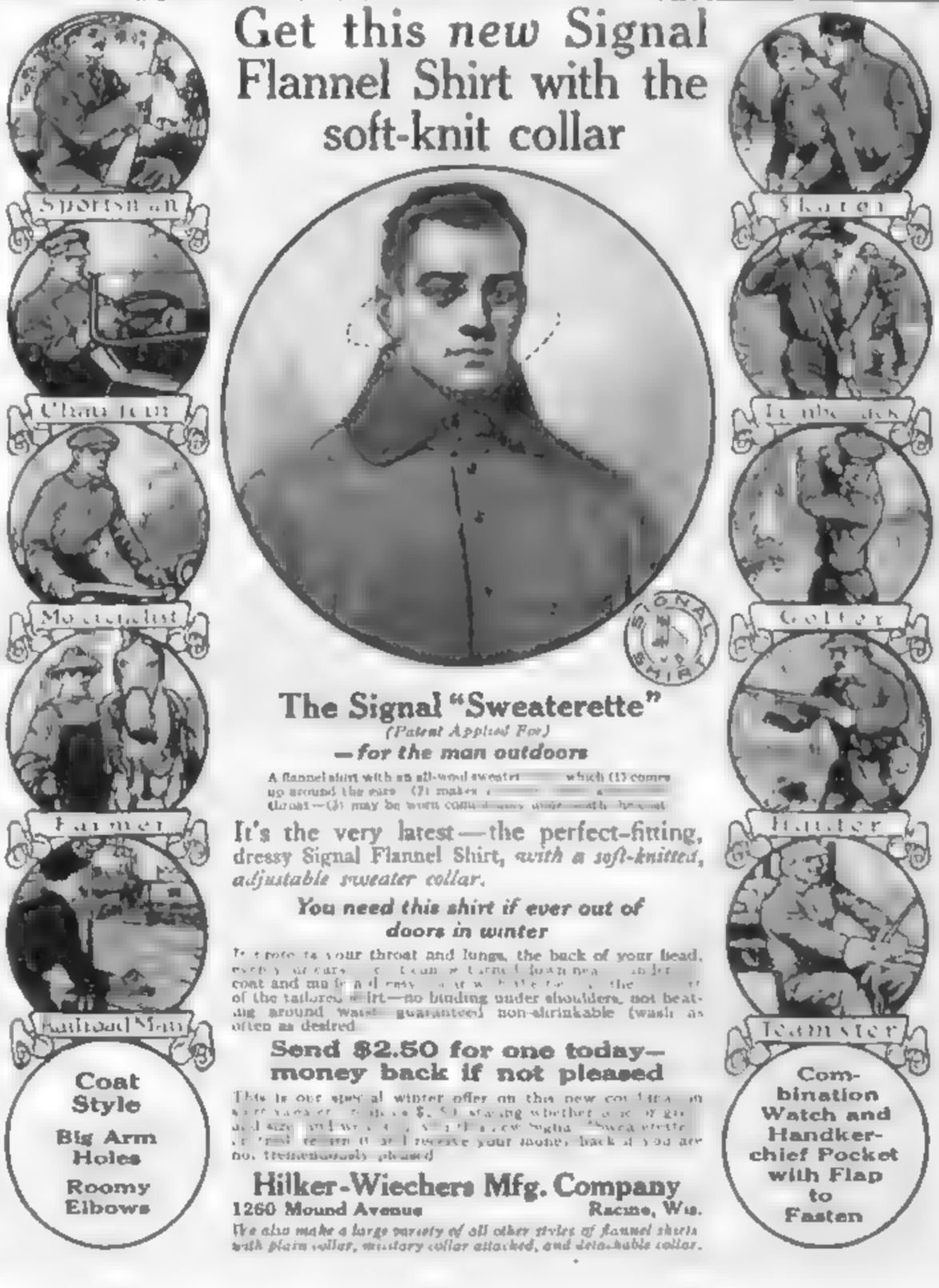

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that a short circuit had occurred in some manner at the top of the tower, melting one of the steel rods which controlled the movement of the ray generator, and that the tower had overturned slowly, directing the rays along the ground until they reached the cupola. The current was shut off in my opinion just before the accident occurred, for otherwise the whole valley would have been turned inside out by the explosion resulting from the penetration of the rays into the earth. The capacity of the tower inductor was nearly one hundred times as great as that of the small one carried on the Flying Ring, with which the flooding of the Sahara was accomplished. Fortunately this remarkable dynamic flying machine was not damaged.

"I may say here that I do not believe that the object which Pax had in view when he built this enormous plant in Labrador was accomplished. It must have been commenced long before there was any thought of war, for the outbuildings, machine shops and engine houses cover nearly an acre. I think that I have an idea of what he was trying to do, but am not yet ready to make it public. His utilization of the forces under his control to compel international obedience was purely secondary and the result of circumstances—a by-product, as one might say, of his great idea.

"No less remarkable than the great generator in the tower was the wonderful flying car, which utilized the same force for its support and propulsion as that which slowed down the rotation of the globe. The body of this machine was in the form of a ring built of aluminum plates, extremely light for its size, for the outer diameter was over seventy-five feet. Supported above the ring on a metal tripod was the tractor, which raised the affair into the air by the recoil of the radiant discharge from the lower surface of a cylinder of metallic uranium upon which played the rays from a small thermic inductor. A remarkable feature of the machine was that it depended in nowise upon the air for its support, and could in consequence be driven beyond the atmosphere of the earth if desired. I had too little time to make a thorough study of the machinery within the car, but the electric energy appears to have been supplied by a storage battery of extreme lightness, working upon a wholly new principle. The discharge from the tractor—a jet of glowing helium—shot down through the center of the ring, and when the back pressure became greater than the weight of the car it rose in the air like a rocket. By inclining the tractor to one side, a horizontal component of force was at once developed, and the machine drifted off at a high velocity which has been estimated at between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred miles an hour."

Meantime unbelievable things had happened in *Weltpolitik*. In spite of the fact that Pax, having decreed the shifting of the poles and the transformation of Central Europe into the Arctic Zone, refused further communication with mankind, all the nations—and none more zealously than the German Federated States—proceeded immediately to withdraw their armies within their own borders and under the personal supervision of a General Commission to destroy all their armaments and munitions of war. The lyddite bombs, manufactured in vast quantities by the Krupps for the relay gun, and all other high explosives were used to demolish the fortresses upon every frontier of Europe.

The contents of every arsenal was loaded upon barges and sunk in mid-Atlantic. And every form of military organization, rank, service, and even uniform, was abolished throughout the world.

A coalition of nations was formed under a single general government, known as the United States of Europe, which in coöperation with the United States of North and South America, of Asia and of Africa arranged for an annual world congress at The Hague which enforced its decrees by means of an international police. In effect all the inhabitants of the globe came under a single control, so far as language and geographical boundaries would permit. Each state enforced local laws, but all were obedient to the higher law—the law of humanity which was uniform through the earth. If an individual offended against the law of one nation he was held to have offended against all, and was dealt with as such. The international police needed no treaties of extradition.

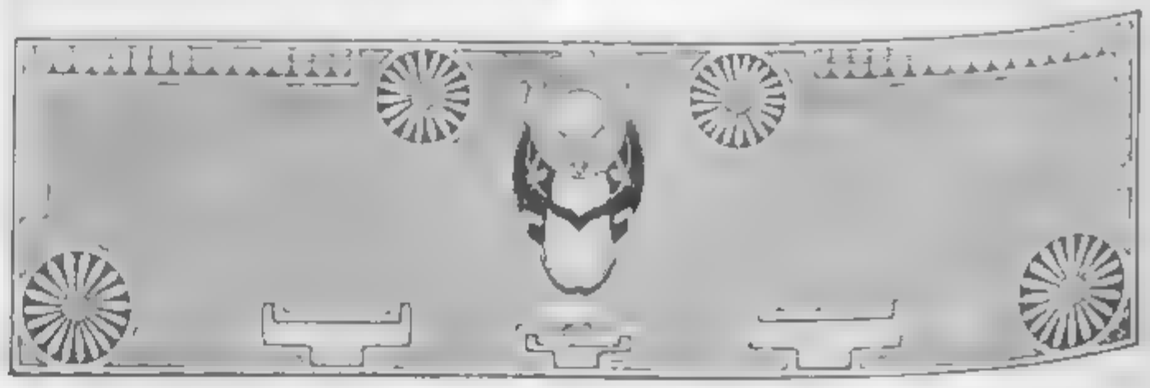
The New York embezzler who fled to Nairobi was sent back as a matter of course without delay. Any man was free to go and live where he chose, to manufacture, buy and sell as he saw fit. And because the fear and shadow of war were removed the nations grew rich beyond the imagination of men, and great hospitals and research laboratories, universities, schools and kindergartens, opera houses, theaters and gardens of every sort sprang up everywhere, paid for no one quite knew how. The nations ceased to build dreadnoughts, and instead used the money to send great troops of children traveling over the world. It was against the law to own or manufacture any weapon that could be used to take human life.

And because the nations had nothing to fear from one another, and because there were no scheming diplomatists and bureaucrats to make a living out of imaginary antagonisms, people forgot that they were French or German or Russian or English, just as the people of the United States of America had long before practically disregarded the fact that they came from Ohio or Oregon or Connecticut or Nevada. Russians with weak throats went to live in Italy as a matter of course, and Spaniards who liked German cooking settled in Munich.

All this of course did not happen at once, but came as a matter of course after the abolition of war. And after it had been done everybody wondered why it had not been done ten centuries before; and people became so interested in destroying all the relics of that despicable employment, warfare, that they almost forgot that the Man Who Rocked the Earth had threatened that he would shift the axis of the globe. So that when the day fixed by him came and everything remained just as it always had been and everybody still wore linen mesh underwear in Strasburg and flannels in Archangel—nobody thought very much about it, or commented on the fact that the Flying Ring was no longer to be seen. And the only real difference was that you could take a P. & O. steamer at Marseilles and buy a through ticket to Tasili Ahaggar—if you wanted to go there—and that the shores of the Sahara became the Riviera of the world, crowded with health resorts and watering places; so that Pax had not lived in vain, nor Thornton, nor Bill Hood, nor Bennie Hooker, nor any of them.

The whole thing is a matter of record, as it should be. The deliberations of Conference No. 2 broke up in a hubbub, as Von Helmuth and Von Koenitz had intended, and the transcripts of their discussions proved to be not of the slightest scientific value. But in the files of the old War Department—now called the Department for the Alleviation of Poverty and Human Suffering—can be read the messages interchanged between The Dictator of Human Destiny and the President of the United States, together with all the reports and observations relating thereto, including Professor Hooker's Report to the Smithsonian Institution of his journey to the Valley of the Ring and what he found there. Only the secret of the Ring—of thermic induction and atomic disintegration; in short, of the Lavender Ray—is his by right of discovery, or treasure trove, or what you will, and so is his patent on Hooker's Space Navigating Car, in which he afterward explored the solar system and the uttermost regions of the sidereal ether. But that shall be told hereafter.

(THE END)



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With all sets over $3.00 I give, without extra charge, an electric motor that runs many of the models—such as elevators, traveling cranes, derricks, drawbridges and machine shops.

The Mysto Erector is by far the most interesting and instructive gift you could find anywhere. It is so fascinating that the entire family will enjoy watching and helping the boy construct the 300-and-more models.

Boys—just see how many things you can build! Think of the fun building battleships, torpedo boats, Brooklyn Bridges with third-rail cars run by a real motor—skyscrapers with running elevators—electric-run sand shovels that dig just like the Panama Canal dredges—workshops with cute little band saws, power presses, lathes, buffing wheels, etc., that really go.

And think of all you'll find out about engineering and electricity!

You can build so many models with Erector that if you worked every minute from Christmas till next summer, without stopping, you probably wouldn't get them all finished. This is because you get so *much* building material for your money with the Erector—more than with any other similar toy.

And the models are made just like real structural steel. You can build quicker—the girders will never buckle up when you are putting them together. Only half as many bolts are needed, and the models are stiff and won't wobble.

Be sure to ask for the Mysto Erector, so you get the extra and better pieces and the motor. No other construction set gives a motor without extra cost.

Toy dealers everywhere sell the Erector, or can get it for you if they haven't it in stock now. Eight sizes, ranging from $1.00 to $25.00.

Send me your dealer's name and I will mail you my brightly colored Book, containing photos and descriptions of Erector models. I'll also send you a free copy of my magazine, *Erector Tips*, which publishes pictures of boys who build prize-winning Erector models; tells how you can win a prize; shows how to do magic tricks, etc. Every boy, every parent, should write for the free Book and magazine at once—today.

HURRY!

SEND NOW
FOR THIS
FREE BOOK

USE COUPON

A. C. GILBERT, President
THE MYSTO MFG. CO.
50 Foote Street
New Haven, Conn.

(CUT OFF COUPON HERE)

Free Book Coupon

Mr. A. C. Gilbert
The Mysto Mfg. Co.
New Haven, Conn.

Please send your book filled with photos of Erector models, and a copy (free) of your boys magazine, *Erector Tips*.

Name _____

Address _____

My toy dealer's name is _____

His address _____

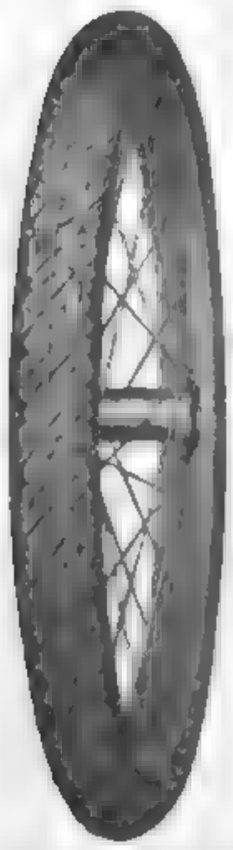
A Revelation in Tires

IN this Firestone Tire motorcyclists enjoy the service of tires built along lines of power and resiliency demanded by the automobile itself.

For the maximum endurance and the buoyant ride—for the limit of security and mileage, specify

Firestone

Motorcycle Tires



The fabric foundation is a special weave of the highest quality.

The tread is extra thick and contains extra quantity of that specially treated rubber which has helped build up the Firestone reputation.

In all standard sizes—Non-Skid and Corrugated Tread. Let us equip your wheel *now*. At the "slippery season," we specially recommend the tight, safe hold of the Firestone Non-Skid. Your dealer has the size you want or can get it.

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, Ohio—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

The Plier with 6 Heads
Get Him This:—
and six adjustable head
KIT Multiple-head Plier
The heads are made of exactly tempered special tool-steel guaranteed not to break, crack or chip on the edges. Every head inspected and tested at factory. Ordinary pliers of like capacity would cost $8 or $9 and be a nuisance to carry around
In durable fibre chest or compact tool roll, 6 heads, one pair handles. Automobile Kit, Mechanic's Kit, or Farmer's Kit.
Price $3.50
Ask your dealer—if he won't supply you we will, on receipt of price—delivery prepaid.
Write for Unique Free Booklet—describing this KIT Plier and the many uses you will find for it.
CURRIER-KOFTH MFG. CO., Coudersport, Pa.

ROMANCE IN HARDWARE

(Concluded from Page 18)

"Here is our plan: We offer to send an expert to make a survey of the home. He then makes suggestions—in writing—as to how the efficiency of the working force of the home may be increased, and gives the prices at which the necessary utensils can be supplied. This entails no obligation whatever, and the housewife may adopt any or all or none of the suggestions, as she pleases. We do not urge her in the least. The matter is left to her judgment. We make the report in writing for two reasons: It gives a more professional air to the transaction, and the housewife doesn't feel that she may be embarrassed by turning down any of the suggestions in the presence of the expert.

"As an example, we suggest in our report that the kitchen should be supplied with:

Hot-pan lifter	$0.10
Set measuring spoons	.15
French frying basket	.55
Food chopper	1.25
Combination egg beater and mayonnaise maker	.35
Plate scraper	.10
Lid rack for pot lids and pans	.35
Bread mixer	2.50
Egg poacher	.35
"The laundry with:	
Wire clothes drainer for wash boiler	.45
Total	$6.15

"We offer to supply all these items for six dollars—a slight reduction from the total cost. This list varies, of course, according to the needs of each family; but we never allow it to be very formidable nor to run into much money. Each item has some value as a labor or time saver.

"We end up the report as follows: 'The most important item for your consideration is a sanitary refrigerator. The above-mentioned utensils have to do only with the working efficiency of your servants. The refrigerator has to do with the efficiency and health of your husband, your children, yourself and your employees! It also has a bearing on your household economies, preventing unnecessary waste of ice, spoiled food, and so on. We have gone into the matter of household refrigeration very carefully, and shall be glad to give you the benefit of our information if you wish it.'

"Almost invariably these reports reach the husband through the wife, and sell him; so we get his influence in our favor without antagonizing the wife.

Selling High-Priced Goods

"Where a refrigerator isn't really needed we suggest a kitchen cabinet, suction sweeper, fireless cooker, or some other article of relatively high cost. You see, we make the cheaper items lead up to the larger expenditure without rousing in the mind of the buyer the antagonism that usually results from a suggestion of any unusually large expenditure.

"This scheme not only has sold a lot of refrigerators, and so on, but has established our reputation as a progressive store with a lot of families who didn't know us before.

"Now I'm educating these families to understand that when they can't come to the store the store can, in a measure, go to them. I'm continually informing housewives that when any article not too bulky is needed a telephone call will bring by bicycle delivery a selection of three or four of such articles, from which she may make a choice."

"That is localizing and improving the methods of the catalogue house," I suggested.

"Well," he said, "the retailer can learn a lot from the mail-order houses. They do everything they can to make it easy and pleasant to buy from them. I've ordered goods from a number of them just to see how they do business. It is certainly satisfactory to deal with them. They make you feel that they want your trade. They are honest and their goods are worth their prices."

"Do they get much trade that you think you ought to have?" I asked.

"If they get any of my trade they are welcome to it," he answered; "because it's my fault if they do. I admit they offer some advantages that I can't offer—as to prices, and so on; but I can give a service here in my territory, with which they can't compete at a distance, that more than offsets the advantages they have over me.

"I can easily show my farmer customers that they have to sacrifice some things in order to get these lower prices—things which are often of greater value than the difference in price. There's the time it takes to get the goods, for instance; the possibility of delay; the uncertainty as to the exact quality and appearance of the goods; credit; and many other factors that enter into a sale and determine values.

"It gives me a pain when I hear of retailers trying to fight the mail-order houses by forming organizations and passing resolutions, or by sending for catalogues over fictitious signatures or by other questionable methods. Is it any wonder the mail-order houses can get trade from such pinheaded merchants? No, sir! The mail-order house does an enormous business just because it renders a service the average retailer doesn't give. And the sad part of it is that the local dealer can, if he would only realize it, give a service in his locality that is impossible from the distant mail-order house.

"It's human nature to want the best or the most for the least expenditure, and that desire is stronger than civic pride or public spirit. It's poor business to try to buck an instinct like that. What does Bill Jones care about the merchants in his home town if he can get more in goods or service elsewhere? To my mind, there is only one reason why the people of this town should support my store—that's because I can give better value in service or goods, or both, than some other merchant."

Coupons for Gas

"In these days of farmer telephones, rural free delivery and the parcel post I don't think much of a dealer who worries about mail-order competition."

I spent the biggest part of a profitable day listening to Tom Connor's plans of the past and for the future. As we stood at the front door of his store that evening for the last few words I noticed a number of automobiles drive up to the curb and get a supply of gasoline from a pump.

"You seem to sell quite a lot of gasoline," I remarked.

"Yes," he said; "more than all the garages in town, I think. That is one of my latest schemes. The garages charge twenty cents a gallon for gasoline. I installed that pump and sent a book containing fifty coupons, each coupon good for one gallon of gasoline, to each car owner in town, explaining that the book and coupons were numbered and the number registered in our office.

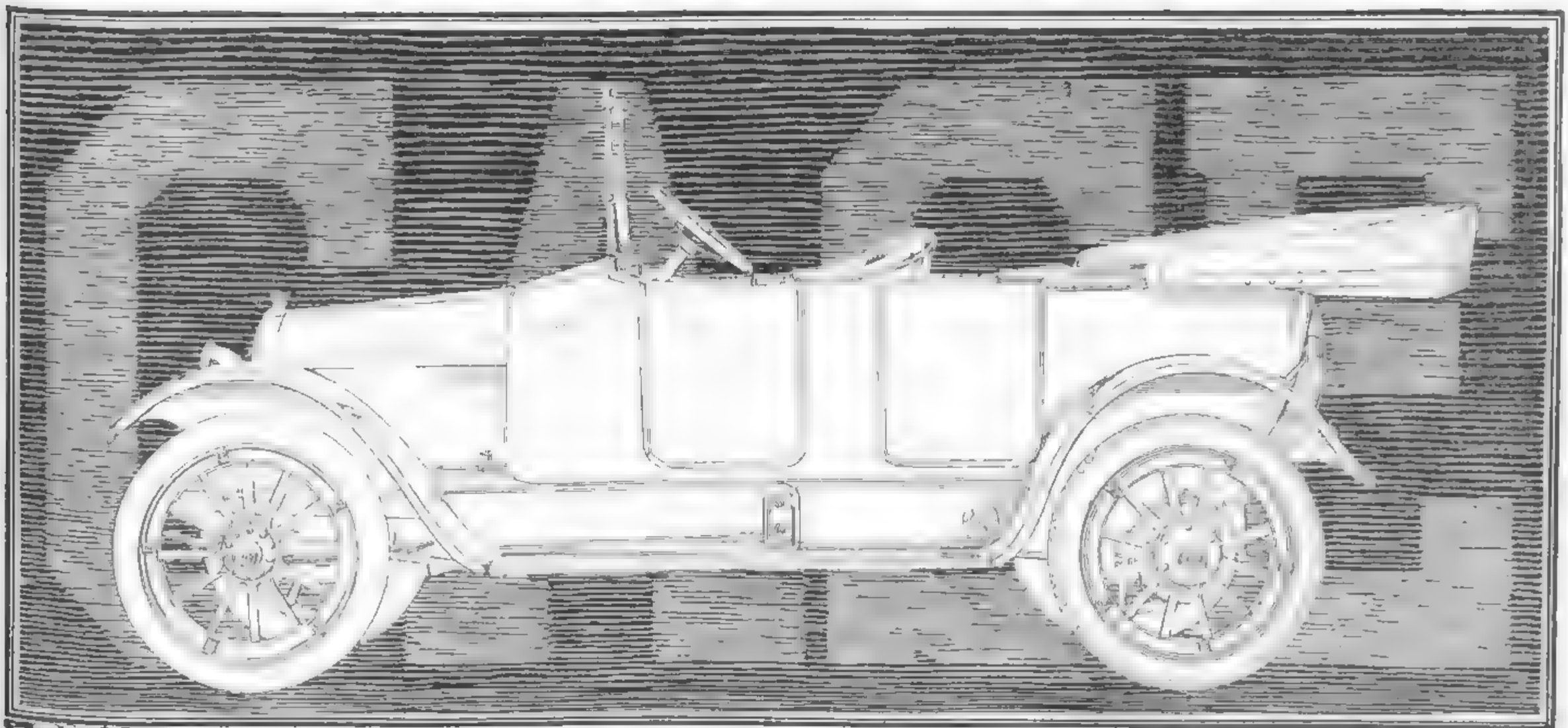
"I invited the car owner to use these coupons for the purchase of gasoline at our store, and told him that when the coupons were all turned in and canceled we would send him a bill for nine dollars—a discount of ten per cent from the usual price. This book can be kept by the chauffeur or in the machine, is as convenient as money, without any chance of loss, and gives the owner a correct check on the amount of gasoline he gets.

"We have the number of each owner's car and honor the coupons only for that car. It isn't necessary to drive into a garage or up a back street. We sell many dollars' worth of supplies and hardware while the car is being filled.

"Don't you think," asked Connor as we shook hands in parting, "that the hardware trade ought to satisfy any man's craving for romance in business?"

"Old man," I answered, "I think you could inject romance into your business if you were a junk dealer!"

"If I couldn't," he said, "I'd quit the business."



The NAME BEHIND the CAR

And What it *Means* to the Man Who *Reasons*

Ability and Responsibility

The known ability of the maker comes before everything else. Because, in your car, the "hidden values" rest solely upon his *ability* to put them there. Then upon his *reputation* for *putting* them there. That is what "The Name Behind the Car" means to the man who reasons.

Sound business reasoning guides the men who are buying CASE cars. They discriminate between popularity that is *meteoric* and success that is *merited*—won through the experience of 72 years of manufacturing and of selling throughout the markets of the world.

These cautious buyers know that CASE *behind* the car stands for Supreme Achievement *in* the car.

Values Seen and Unseen

Note CASE Specifications—their *character*—their *completeness*—the splendid features of which the costliest cars for next year boast, as you know. These values all can see.

But by *unseen values* the Case Company means, for example, the hair-line exactness of machined parts; laboratory determination of the limits of alloy steels.

In such, lie the *vitals* of your car that determine the wisdom of your investment.

This company safeguards your interest in these particulars by habit, born of proven service and a reputation for products of highest excellence.

Price Fairly Judged

The intelligent way to judge the price of a car is to divide that price by the number of years of service of that car. On this basis the cost to you of a CASE car is astoundingly low.

This is largely due to the unique advantage of this company which enables us to make a substantial saving *after CASE cars are built!*

For we have 79 branches, 600 travelers and 9,000 dealers in United States, Canada, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and the Philippine Islands handling our other products. Therefore, the prices of the Case cars do not include a heavy sales expense.

Thus we *save* where others must *spend*. And so we *spend* where others must *save*. Result: Better materials, better workmanship, better equipment, better price.

CASE "25" $1350

5% Discount if Cash

BODY:

Distinctive Streamline, with concealed hardware.

Upholstering—Genuine leather, high-grade curled hair.

Cushion Springs—Strong, deep and comfortable. Full-size door openings.

Actual five passenger capacity. Foot and robe rails. Protective covering on back of front seat.

One Man mohair top, with quick-adjustable side curtains folded in top. Top cover enclosing bows.

Windshield, rain vision, ventilating.

15 gallon cowl gasoline tank, with gauge, tank easily removed without disturbing body.

CHASSIS:

Motor—Built in our own shops: T-Head, 3⅜ inch x 4¼ inch.

Starting and Lighting—Westinghouse six-volt system.

Ignition—Westinghouse high tension, separate unit. Automatic spark control.

Carburation—Hot-air device; dash control.

Spark plugs located in centers of high-compression cylinders.

Highest grade Wesson piston rings.

Crank-shaft and connecting-rod bearings, bronze backed, lined with very highest grade babbitt.

Crank shafts, connecting rods and cam shafts of Case special formula steels forged and heat treated in our own shops.

Valves—Solid 3½ per cent nickel steel.

Lubrication—Splash system, constant level maintained by positive-driven plunger pump in connection with non-leaking circulation indicator on dash.

Radiator—New-design core construction of unusual efficiency and strength.

Clutch—Multiple disc, best high-friction non-burnable facings on steel.

Spicer Universal Joint.

Transmission—Gears and shafts of special alloy steel, Timken bearings throughout.

Axles—Front, I-Beam section, steering knuckles and arms all forged and heat treated in Case shops from chrome-nickel steels. Timken bearings.

Rear—Advanced design, floating, pressed steel housing, large bearings and driving gears; distinctive Case hubs and caps. Brakes—unusually large, 14-inch drum, 2½-inch face.

Frame—Very strong construction, with large factor of safety. Clean running boards of pressed steel, linoleum covered, aluminum bound.

Spring Suspension—Long, easy riding, floating cantilever type, phosphor-bronze bushings, all main plates special analysis alloy steel.

Pressed Steel Crown fenders.

Wheelbase—115 inches.

Drive—Left-hand, center control.

Large, 18-inch corrugated steering wheel; horn button in center.

Headlights, double bulb; tail light, number lighting, with Chicago switch; dash light; work light on 10-foot cord. All single-wire system.

Tires—34-inch x 4-inch, non-skid on rear wheels; demountable rims.

Color—Dark Brewster green.

EQUIPMENT:

Extra Casing and Tube on Rim, with Cover.

Weed Tire Chains.
Eight-day Clock.
Speedometer.
Electric Horn.
Jack, Tire Pump, Repair Kit and Usual Tools

Choice Openings for Aggressive Dealers

We have decided to extend agencies in certain territories for the new Case car to large and small dealers who have heretofore had no connection with our widespread sales organization. This presents a rare opportunity to men alive to the growing demand for this real VALUE CAR. All applications and inquiries are handled in the order of arrival. The priority of a day may be vital to you. Write or wire us before it is too late.

CASE

The Car With the Famous Engine

CASE "25" . .	*$1350*
CASE "35" . .	*$1600*
CASE "40" . .	*$1800*

5% Discount if Cash

May we send you our catalog describing CASE cars?

J. I. Case T. M. Company, Inc.

500 Liberty St., Racine, Wis.

Barrett Specification Roofs

Standard Practice

THE fact that the building shown below is one of the largest industrial buildings in the country is enough to certify that the best architectural and engineering talent controlled its design and construction.

This invariably means that the building carries a Barrett Specification Roof, as the specifying of such roofs for large commercial structures is *standard practice* today. The reason is simple.

A Barrett Specification Roof costs less than any other permanent roofing to build. It costs nothing to maintain. The unit cost (i. e., the cost per foot per year of service) is about ¼ cent—a lower figure than that of any other roofing.

This means that for the next twenty years this roof will probably give perfect service *without a cent's worth of care or attention.* Under favorable conditions such roofs have lasted thirty years.

For buildings of this type, therefore, Barrett Specification Roofs have no substantial competitor.

Copies of The Barrett Specification with roofing diagrams sent on request.

Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St Louis Cleveland Cincinnati
Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John N. B. Halifax N. S. Sydney N. S.

"Please Don't Open Until Christmas"

You will write this on a lot of packages which you will send shortly before the great holiday. You can just as well do it now.

Perhaps no gift has become so popular in recent years as has a year's subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman.* Many thousands have already been ordered for this purpose. Aside from the fact that such a gift is gratefully received, it has the advantage of not stopping with Christmas, but continuing right on for an entire year.

Make out a list of those whom you want to remember in this way, mail to us with a check or money order, and then forget it. We will do the rest.

On Christmas morning the recipient will receive the first copy of the subscription and, at the same time, a beautifully illuminated announcement of the gift, on the reverse of which will be the statement that it is sent at your request.

THE PRICE of a year's subscription to any one of the three periodicals is $1.50 (the Canadian price of the *Post* is $1.75, of the *Journal* $2.00, of *The Country Gentleman* $2.25, except in Toronto, where the price of the *Post* and the *Journal* is $1.50 each).

Order now and get a part of your Christmas shopping off your mind

The Curtis Publishing Company, Box 682, Philadelphia, Penna.

PETER AND THE PRESCRIPTION

(Continued from Page 12)

a great favorite in the betting ring. Men said of him that he could actually make a five-time loser laugh.

"A fine lot of dawgs!" said Mr. Root. "If somebody should drag a sausage across the head of the stretch it would break up the race. They'd all jump over the fence."

He began chalking up the odds opposite the names of the horses. When he came to Dollar Bill he paused.

"You here again?" said the bookmaker. "Oh, well, I'll be liberal. I'll take a gambling chance. Two hundred to one on Dollar Bill; he never won and he never will! Don't crowd, boys, don't crowd! Plenty of time. We have here the grandest assortment of cat-meat on the American turf today. Step up and take your choice! Don't let me advise you!"

Peter arrived in time to hear the last remark. Jonesey's often-repeated instructions came back to him.

"Find out which one they're not playing. Don't be in a hurry to bet. Take your time."

Peter fixed his eyes upon the card and listened with all his ears. As each bet was made the bookmaker called it aloud to the sheet and ticket writers behind him.

"Alcatraz a place, fifty to five! . . . Doc Smith on the limb, twenty to ten! . . . Shellback on the nose, one hundred to four!"

It was the last race of the day and business was brisk. The losers hoped to repair their fortunes; the winners hoped to add to their loot. Peter, understanding no part of the jargon which fell from Root's lips, caught only the names of the horses. From time to time the bookmaker erased certain figures, substituting others. Thus Dollar Bill's price became two hundred and fifty to one—and as yet his name had not been mentioned. Of this Peter was positive.

"They're saddling 'em up!" called the man on the block. "They're tossin' the pigskin on their backs out in the paddock. If you're here to speculate, now's the time!"

Peter stirred uneasily and his hand crept toward his pocket. Henry Root was a remarkable judge of human nature; his eye had been on Peter for some minutes. "Stringing a sucker" was this bookmaker's greatest delight. He liked nothing better than to play with a Saturday sport for the amusement and edification of the crowd.

"Your money will never grow unless you give it air!" chanted Mr. Root. "Keep it in your pockets and it will smother to death! Faint heart never filled a spade flush! How can I give you a winning ticket if you don't ask me for it? They'll be on the track in a few minutes. What's your pleasure of these noble oat-hounds, these hay-burning beagles? What's your pleasure, gentlemen?"

Peter stepped forward, a five-dollar gold piece clutched in his fingers. The bookmaker, his hand cupped at his ear, bent low with exaggerated courtesy. The track habitués, knowing Root's methods and scenting amusement, moved closer.

"Two dollars on Dollar Bill," stammered Peter.

The effect of this simple request on Mr. Root was amazing.

"All of that?" he ejaculated. "You want to play him to win?"

Peter nodded, his ears aflame.

Mr. Root bent even lower. He laid his hand on Peter's shoulder and his rasping stage whisper might have been heard at a distance of forty feet.

"Somebody has told you something, young man! You can't deny it! Somebody has told you and telling ain't fair. I don't know whether I ought to take this bet or not!"

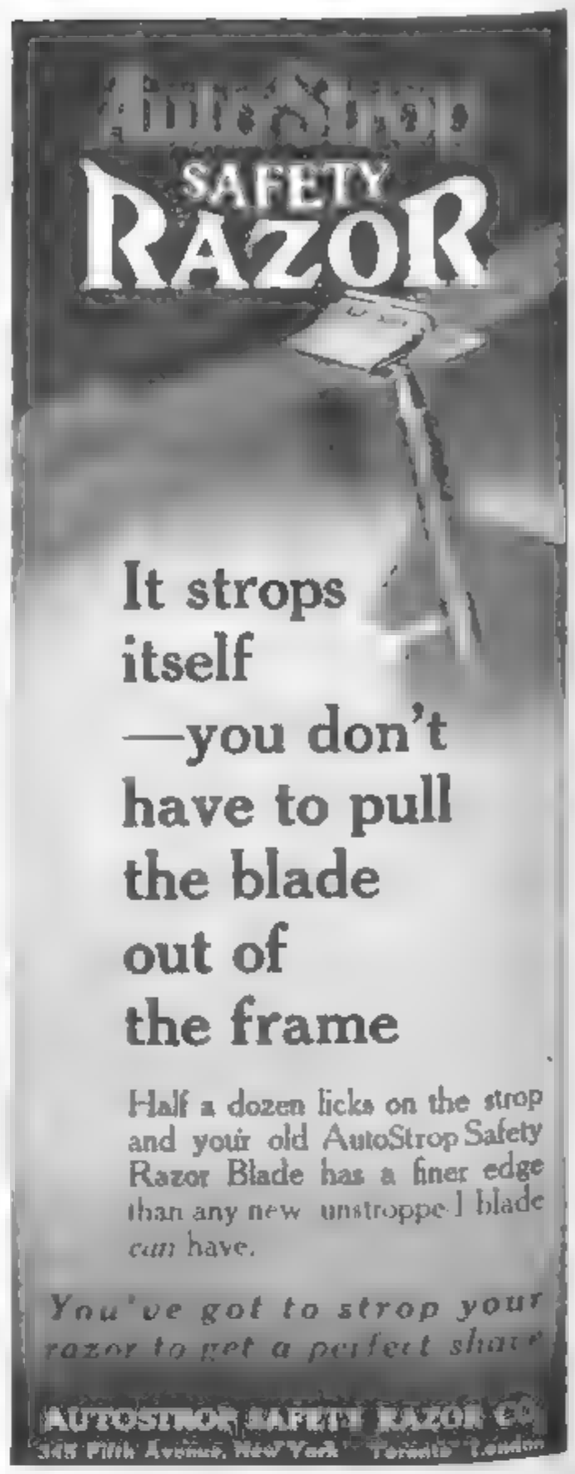
A subdued snicker ran through the crowd.

"And anyway," continued the bookmaker, "it's customary to bet five dollars when you know something. Make it five and you're on!"

"All right," mumbled Peter, who wished that the ground would open and swallow him.

Mr. Root straightened up and leaned over the edge of the booth, whispering mysteriously to his assistants, who grinned as they made the necessary entries.

"No use in letting everybody know about it," said he to Peter. "They'll all want to play him then. . . . Don't go


SAFETY
RAZOR
It strops itself —you don't have to pull the blade out of the frame
Half a dozen licks on the strop and your old AutoStrop Safety Razor Blade has a finer edge than any new unstropped blade *can* have.
You've got to strop your razor to get a perfect shave
AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.
345 Fifth Avenue, New York Toronto London

Xmas 1914
Shirley President Suspenders
50¢
For Christmas
A pair for every suit makes a man's whole year merry—saves time and temper every day. Try it and see! Choice of 12 beautifully designed gift boxes. At stores or postpaid, 50c.
Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles
President Suspender Co. Shirley, Mass.

Picture-Hanging Simplified
no wire — pictures always straight — walls made attractive.
MOORE PUSH-PINS
Glass heads needle points For small pictures, calendars
10c
Moore Push-less Hangers
beautiful Holly Box makes an admirable gift
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 154 Berkley St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Your Boy's Letter to Santa Claus

Thousands of boys are sending these Ives Christmas post cards to Santa Claus. Every youngster who knows about Ives Miniature Railways and Ives Struktiron wants them for Christmas.

Perhaps your boy has already asked you for Ives Toys—and of course is going to get them! If he hasn't asked, why not give him a delightful surprise on Christmas morning?

Ives Toys
Make Happy Boys

They will give him months of happiness and at the same time will teach him the principles of engineering and structural building.

An Ives Miniature Railway makes your youngster a real railroad man. Ives Struktiron makes him a builder of bridges, buildings and all kinds of practical structural iron models.

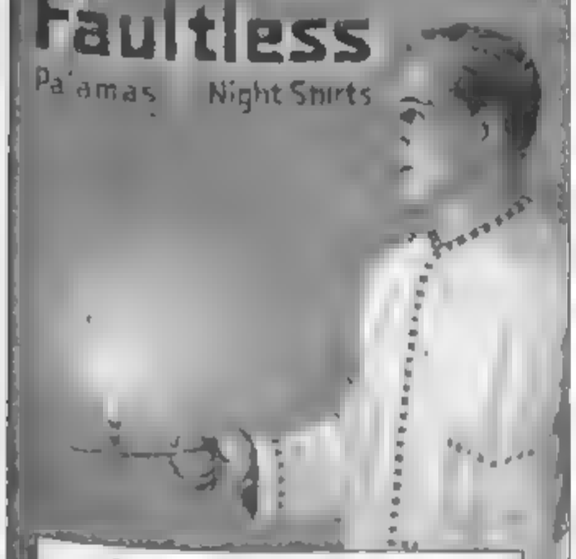
Toy, hardware and department dealers everywhere are now showing Ives [illegible] at regular dealer doubtless has them. If not, write us promptly.

Write today for handsome free catalog of Ives Toys and the Ives Christmas post card which will bring your boy dealer's name.

The Ives Manufacturing Corporation
194 Holland Avenue
Bridgeport, Conn.

Faultless

Pajamas Night Shirts



Over 8000 representative dealers recommend Faultless pajamas and night shirts—the standard nightwear SINCE 1881

Besides making the Faultless line of regulation nightwear, we are the originators of Buttonless night shirts, One-piece pajamas, and Outdoor sleeping suits.

All materials including muslin, cambric, madras, flannel, flannelette, silk mixtures, and silks.

At all prices, depending upon fabrics.

E Rosenfeld & Co
Baltimore and New York

LOOK FOR [illegible] TRADE MARK

High-Grade **MUSIC ROLLS**

45% to 50% saved on regular prices, choice of over 2000 Popular, Classic and Operatic Selections; famous for *exquisite tone arrangement.* Get our

Money-saving Prices

in 88-page FREE Catalog—write NOW, save money, service exceptionally prompt

S. B. Consumers Music Co.
Station O Buffalo, N. Y.

away, young man! . . . Take your ticket. . . . Whatever you do, hang on to it. . . . It'll be valuable. I wouldn't do this for anybody but you, and I wouldn't do it for you only I can see that you know something. . . . Wait a minute; I want to ask a favor of you!"

Peter would have given every cent in his pockets to be beyond the reach of this soft-spoken, insinuating person who, for some reason or other, had singled him out of the crowd as the recipient of unusual and extraordinary attention. He glanced over his shoulder, meditating flight.

"Don't let him get away, men!" cried the bookmaker, and a grinning wall closed in behind the luckless clerk. Root stepped down from the block and whispered in Peter's ear.

"You've got to promise not to tell anybody how you found out about this horse," said he. "It would be awful if these gamblers caught on to it. If you'll promise I'll let you bet some more on him. If you don't promise I'll see that you never get inside this place again."

Peter mumbled incoherently.

"See that you keep your word," said Root, climbing back on the block. "Now you can bet some more."

There are times when a young man is so embarrassed, so confused, so abashed under the eyes of his fellows that he allows words to be put into his mouth and meekly does as he is bid, conscious of nothing but his conspicuous misery, hoping for nothing but solitude and oblivion. Any man who has had a big church wedding will understand why Peter fumbled a ten-dollar gold piece into the bookmaker's palm. It was the price of peace.

"Better go the whole hog!" whispered Mr. Root. "It ain't every day you get a chance like this. Better clean up good."

A few seconds later Peter was backing through the laughing crowd, two pasteboards clutched in his hand. They called for $3765 in case Dollar Bill won the race.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Root, "now that the pilgrim and stranger has made his choice, what will you have? Nine of the worst horses in the world and—there goes the bugle! Bet freely, gentlemen! It's your last chance to spoil the Egyptians!"

Peter wandered out upon a lawn and continued to wander until a fence stopped him. Beyond the fence nine thoroughbreds passed in dainty procession, their smooth coats glistening in the sun. Peter, the tickets gripped tight in his hand and the hand in his pocket, did not even know which one was Dollar Bill, so he asked a stunted youth, who removed a large cigar from his mouth to make answer to the query.

"See that big chestnut next to the last in the line? That's him. Darned if I know whether Dollar Bill's his name or his price tag. You ain't bettin' on the old beetle?"

Peter remembered his promise and moved away without answering. The stunted youth spat contemptuously and returned his cigar to his mouth. Peter marked Dollar Bill closely, noting that the jockey wore a brilliant green jacket and a green cap. It was the only green cap in the line.

As the horses passed the far end of the grand stand they broke into faster pace. Peter, with eyes for one horse only, observed that Dollar Bill seemed to be trying to climb the fence and interpreted this to mean that the animal was full of life and spirit. The official starter, perched upon his stand at the first quarter pole, also noticed these activities.

"If that big chestnut thing was anybody's horse but old Todd's," he remarked, "I'd say he had his tea aboard. He surely acts like it. . . . Jake, you bring him up on the inside and hang on to him or he'll bust up a lot of starts for us."

Peter saw the dancing colors come to a halt and begin shifting as the bits of glass shift in a kaleidoscope. The horses were at the post. A hand fell heavily upon Peter's shoulder and he whirled to face a sullen, dispirited youth, a cigarette depending from his lower lip and his hat far back on his head. It was Jonesey.

"So you came out anyway?" he demanded. "Well, it's lucky you gave me the slip. I'm clean."

"You lost?" said Peter, interpreting the manner rather than the words.

"Every bean," said Jonesey. "I guess there was something the matter with that system of mine. Some of the horses I played haven't finished yet."

"And you think you were wrong about that?" asked Peter with an odd sinking sensation. "It didn't work out?"

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DEAD of night. Dark solitude. Yowl of dogs; creak of doors; crack of floors; fear "haunts the curtained sleeper."

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Bring Back the New Look

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Haven't I told you they cleaned me?" snapped Jonesey. "I'm flatter than a flounder. You'll have to let me have a few dollars until next pay day, Pete."

"But I did just as you said!" cried Peter. "I bet on the one that nobody else bet on! I put my money on Dollar Bill!"

Jonesey laughed harshly. "That old dog?" said he. "Why, say, he never won a race in his life! I heard 'em talking about him in the betting ring. He ain't a horse, he's a joke! A bookmaker in there jollied some farmer into betting fifteen dollars on him. Everybody was laughing about it. . . . Say, Pete! It wasn't you, was it?"

Peter shook off the detaining hand and turned on his heel.

"Where are you going?" asked Jonesey.

"I'm going to make that thief give me my money back!" said Peter. Even as he spoke a muffled roar beat down from the grand stand, followed immediately by derisive hoots and yells.

"You're too late, boy," said Jonesey. "They're off! Holy mackerel, what a rotten start! Half of 'em left at the post, and one skate beat the barrier a city block! . . . What's that thing out in front?"

Peter rose on his tiptoes and looked across at the back stretch. It was indeed a very bad start. The nine horses were strung out over a distance of one hundred yards, but well to the front and all alone a splash of green was skimming the rail. Peter's heart bumped against his thorax.

"That's Dollar Bill!" he yelled. "That's the horse I'm betting on!"

"Well, wouldn't that rasp you!" said Jonesey. "Run, you dog, run!"

At the head of the stretch Jockey Tecumseh Sherman Blue glanced back over his shoulder and saw nothing of consequence save the dust stirred up by Dollar Bill's marvellous and unprecedented burst of speed. The nearest horse was not within hailing distance. Jockey Blue shook out the one remaining wrap and addressed himself to his mount.

"If yo' was any otheh hoss," said he, "I'd 'low I bettah take yo' up in my lap an' nuss yo' some. . . . Seein' as it's you, though, I reckon the onliest way we'll eveh get down there in front is for yo' to run as far as yo' can an' crawl the rest of the way! . . . Thass it, yo' ole scorpion, go while the goin's good, 'cause when yo' quits yo' quits all oveh at once." Then later: "Whut ails yo' to-day anyhow? Yo' gone crazy from bein' out in front fo' once in yo' wuthless life?"

In the grand stand and on the lawn several thousand people were asking similar questions. The aged chestnut wreck swung into the stretch a clean twenty lengths ahead of the nearest horse, and instead of showing signs of fatigue actually seemed to be gathering speed as he straightened out for the wire.

Said the presiding judge to his assistant: "I want to see the bookmakers' sheets on this race. This is reversal of form with a vengeance!"

Said one bookmaker to himself: "———?———??———!!!"

Said Jonesey, hammering Peter violently between the shoulder-blades: "What did I tell you, eh? What did I tell you? Look at him come! Just look at him! He'll win all alone, Pete, all alone! I guess I don't know a thing about these thieving bookmakers! Not a thing! And I'm in with those tickets, ain't I? . . . Come on, you Dollar Bill! Come on! Why don't you holler, you fool?"

"I—I can't," said Peter, his teeth rattling. "They—they'll never catch him now, will they? . . . How far has he got to go? . . . Come on, there! Hurry up!"

Said the stunted youth with the big cigar: "Listen to that nut ravin'! He must have one measly buck on that thing in front and he's afraid the horse'll drop dead!"

Said Tecumseh Sherman Blue as he passed into the shadow of the grand stand: "Quit any time yo' want to, boy. Yo' can turn round an' back in a winneh from here!"

But Dollar Bill did not falter in the last fifty yards. He clung to the rail, eating up the distance with long awkward strides, and as he passed under the wire a horseman of the old school removed a battered slouch hat and murmured: "Well, I'll be tribble-damned! An' I didn't bet a nickel on him—not a nickel!"

A crowd is a fickle and heartless thing. Having laughed at Peter when the bet was made, several hundred people crowded to Mr. Root's booth to laugh at Henry when the bet was paid. The news traveled with lightning speed that the stinger was stung and the hundreds became thousands—cheering, whooping and roaring with merriment. Through this shouting mob came Peter, a trifle pale, escorted by a buoyant young man with a cigarette cocked at an impertinent angle under his nose.

"Make way for Coal-Oil Johnny!" cried Jonesey. "Hey, you paupers! Let a millionaire through, will you?"

Henry Root was game. He dispensed with the services of his cashier and paid that bet himself, receiving the barbed comments of the multitude with commendable calm. "How will you have it?" said he to Peter.

"Bills, old sport, bills!" said Jonesey. "And big ones. We haven't got our wagon with us this afternoon."

On the way back to the city Jonesey brought up the question of financial adjustment.

"A split?" said Peter. "I don't know what you mean."

"You don't?" exclaimed the outraged Jonesey. "Would you have had any of this money if it wasn't for me? Would you? Who got you to play the races, eh? I ought to have half of it, that's what I ought to have, but seeing it's you, I'll call it square for a thousand."

"I'll lend you twenty," said Peter, "and you can pay it back to me when you can."

Jonesey hooted aloud.

"Very well," said Peter, upon whom the spirit of capitalism was descending, "then you won't get a cent. Didn't you tell me this horse was a joke?"

And Jonesey took the twenty. That was twenty-five years ago and he still owes Peter the original sum.

Before Peter was married he made a full confession to Milly. She forgave him but she has not yet forgotten. Peter is now a pillar in the Church and passes the plate on Sundays, but to her dearest friends Mrs. Plymire sometimes confides that Peter, though the best of men, is so reckless.

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 15)

Jean Coulois said nothing. Then very slowly from the inside pocket of his coat he drew a newspaper parcel. It was long and narrow and in places there was a stain upon the paper. Selingman stared at it and stared back at Jean Coulois.

"What the mischief have you got there?" he demanded.

Coulois touched the parcel with his yellow forefinger. Selingman saw, then, that the stains were of blood.

"Give me a towel," his visitor directed. "I do not want this upon my clothes."

Selingman took a towel from the stand.

"You mean," he asked, dropping his voice a little, "that it is finished?"

"A quarter of an hour ago," Jean Coulois answered triumphantly. "He had just come in from luncheon and was sitting at his writing table. It was cleverly done, wonderfully! It was all over in a moment; not a cry. You came to the right place indeed! And now I go to the country," Coulois continued. "I have a motorcycle outside. I make my way up into the hills to bury this little memento. There is a farmhouse up in the mountains, a lonely spot enough, and a girl there who says what I tell her. It may be as well to be able to say that I have been there for *déjeuner*. These little things, monsieur—ah, well, we who understand think of them! And since I am here," he added, holding out his hand ——

Selingman nodded and took out his pocketbook. He counted out the notes in silence and passed them over to Jean Coulois. The assassin dropped them into his pocket.

"*Au revoir*, Monsieur le Gros!" he exclaimed, waving his hand. "We meet to-night, I trust. I will show you a new dance—the Dance of Death I shall call it. To-night I shall dance as though quicksilver were in my feet. You must come, monsieur."

He closed the door behind him and swaggered off down the passage. Selingman stood for a moment perfectly still. It was a strange thing, but two big tears were in his eyes. Then he heaved a great sigh.

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Scores of men write us every day commending "Whip" Smoking Tobacco. These men are not in the public eye but they are pipe smokers who enjoy and appreciate a good smoking tobacco. We reprint here a few of these letters. Won't you please read them?

"I have always wished for just the kind of a smoke which you have given in 'Whip.' And I thought I never was going to find a tobacco that gave me all I hoped for. E. W. O——, WAVERLY, IOWA."

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"I have tried 'Whip' and think it is the best tobacco out. I have tried them all and never found [illegible]
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"It is part of the game," he said softly to himself—"all part of the game!"

XXII

SELINGMAN came out into the sunlit streets very much like a man who leaves a dark and shrouded room. The shock of tragedy was still upon him. There was a little choke in his throat as he mingled with the careless pleasure-loving throng, mostly wending their way now toward the rooms or the terrace. As he crossed the square toward the Hôtel de Paris his steps grew slower and slower. He looked at the building half fearfully. Beautifully dressed women, men of every nationality, were passing in and out all the time. The *commissionnaire* with his little group of satellites stood sunning himself on the lowest step, a splendid, complacent figure. There was no sign there of the horror that was hidden within. Even while Selingman looked up at the windows he felt a hand upon his arm. Draconmeyer had caught up to him and had fallen into step with him.

"Well, dear philosopher," he exclaimed, "why this subdued aspect? Has your solitary day depressed you?"

Selingman turned slowly round. Draconmeyer's eyes beneath his gold-rimmed spectacles were bright. He was carrying himself with less than his usual stoop. He was in spirits that for him were almost boisterous.

"Have you been in there?" Selingman asked in a low tone.

Draconmeyer glanced at the hotel and back again at his companion.

"In where?" he demanded. "In the hotel? I left Lady Hunterleys there a short time ago. I have been to the bank since."

"You don't know yet, then?"

"Know what?"

There was a momentary silence. Draconmeyer suddenly gripped his companion by the arm.

"Go on," he insisted. "Tell me."

"It's all over!" Selingman exclaimed hoarsely. "Jean Coulois came to me a quarter of an hour ago. It is finished. Confound you, Draconmeyer, let go my arm!"

Draconmeyer withdrew his fingers. There was no longer any stoop about him at all. He stood tall and straight, his lips parted, his face turned upward, upward as though he would gaze over the roof of the hotel before which they were standing and on up to the skies. The seconds passed. Then Draconmeyer suddenly took his companion by the arm.

"Come," he said, "let us take that first seat in the gardens there. Let us talk. Somehow or other, although I half counted upon this, I scarcely believed. Let us sit down. Do you think it is known yet?"

"Very likely not," Selingman answered as they crossed the road and entered the gardens. "Coulois found him in his rooms seated at the writing table. It was all over, he declares, in ten seconds. He came to me—with the knife. He was on his way to the mountains to hide it."

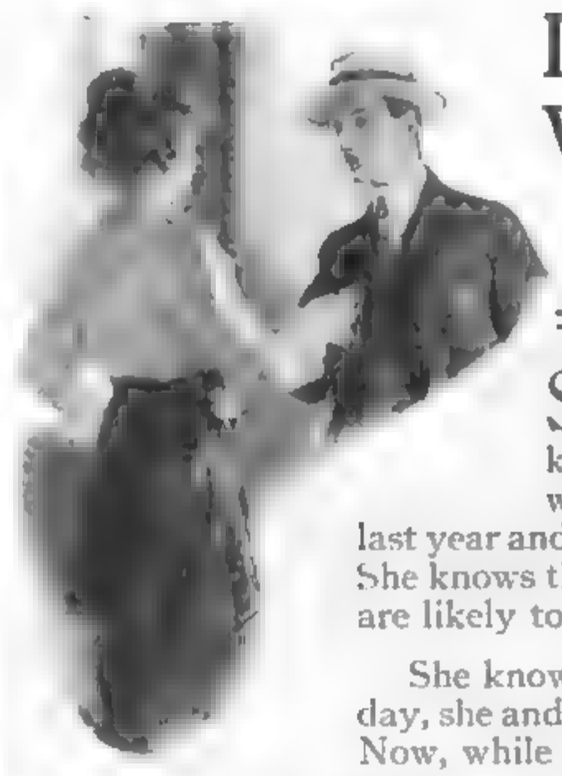
They found a seat under a drooping lime tree. They could still see the hotel and the level stretch of road that led past the post office and the club and on to Monaco. Draconmeyer sat with his eyes fixed upon the hotel entrance, through which streams of people were still passing. One of the undermanagers was welcoming the newcomers from a recently arrived train.

"You are right," Draconmeyer murmured. "Nothing is known yet. Very likely they will not know until the valet goes to lay out his clothes for dinner. . . . Hunterleys dead!"

Selingman, one hand gripping the iron arm of the seat, watched his companion's face with a sort of fascinated curiosity. There were beads of perspiration upon Draconmeyer's forehead, but his expression, in its way, was curious. There was no horror in his face, no fear, no shadow of remorse. Some wholly different sentiment seemed to have transformed the man. He was younger, more virile. He seemed as though he could scarcely sit still.

"My friend," Selingman said, "I know that you are one of our children, that you are one of those who have seen the truth and worked steadfastly for the great cause with the heart of a patriot and the unswerving fidelity of a strong man. But tell me the honest truth. There is something else in your life—you have some other feeling about this man Hunterleys' death?"

Draconmeyer removed his eyes from the front of the hotel and turned slowly toward his companion. There was a transfiguring smile upon his lips. Again he gave Selingman the impression of complete



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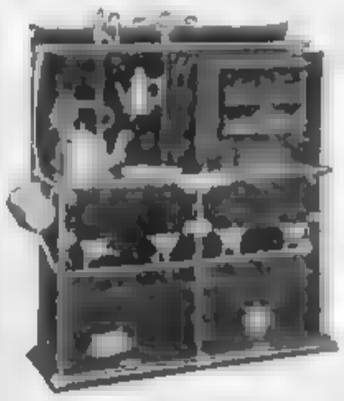

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rejuvenation, of an elderly man suddenly turned young and vigorous.

"There is something else, Selingman," he confessed. "This is the moment when I dare speak of it. I will tell you first of any living person: There is a woman over there whom I have set up as an idol and before whose shrine I have worshiped. There is a woman over there who has turned the dull paths of my life into a flowery way. I am a patriot and I have worked for my country, Selingman, as you have worked. But I have worked also that I might for once before I die taste the great passion. Don't stare at me, man! Remember I am not like you. You can laugh your way through the world with a kiss here and a bow there, a ribbon to your lips at night and thrown to the winds in the morning. I haven't that sort of philosophy. Love doesn't come to me like that. It's set in my heart among the great things. It's set there side by side with the greatest of all."

"His wife!" Selingman muttered.

"Are you so colossal a fool as to have guessed it only at this moment?" Draconmeyer continued contemptuously. "If he hadn't blundered across our path here, if he hadn't been my political enemy, I should still some day have taken him by the throat and killed him. You don't know what risks I have been running," he went on with a sudden hoarseness. "In her heart she half loves him still. If he hadn't been a fool, a prejudiced, overconscientious, stiff-necked fool, I should have lost her within the last twenty-four hours. I have had to fight and scheme as I have never fought and schemed before, to keep them apart. I have had to pick my way through shoals innumerable, hold myself down when I have been burning to grip her by the wrists and tell her that all that a man could offer a woman was hers. Selingman, this sounds like nonsense, I suppose."

"No," Selingman murmured, "not exactly nonsense, but it doesn't sound like Draconmeyer."

"Well, it's finished," Draconmeyer declared with a great sigh of content. "You know now. I enter upon the final stage. I had only one fear. Jean Coulois has settled that for me. I wonder whether they know. It seems peaceful enough. No, look over there!" he added, gripping his companion's arm. "Peter, the *concierge*, is whispering with the others. That is one of the managers there out on the pavement talking to them."

Selingman pointed down the road toward Monaco.

"See!" he exclaimed. "There is a motor car coming in a hurry. I fancy that the alarm must have been given."

A gray, heavily built car came along at a great pace and swung round in front of the Hôtel de Paris. The two men stood on the pavement and watched. A tall, official-looking person with black upturned mustache, in somber uniform and a peaked cap, descended.

"The commissioner of police," Selingman whispered. "And that is a doctor who has just gone in. He has been found!"

They crossed the road to the hotel. The *concierge* removed his hat as they turned to enter. To all appearance he was unchanged—fat, florid, splendid. Draconmeyer stepped close to him.

"Has anything happened here, Peter?" he asked. "I saw the commissioner of police arrive in a great hurry."

The man hesitated. It was obvious then that he was disturbed. He looked to the right and to the left. Finally, with a sigh of resignation he seemed to make up his mind to tell the truth.

"It is the English gentleman, Sir Henry Hunterleys," he whispered. "He has been found stabbed to death in his room."

"Dead?" Draconmeyer demanded insistently.

"Stone dead, sir," the *concierge* replied. "He was stabbed by some one who stole in through the bathroom—they say that he couldn't ever have moved again. The commissioner of police is upstairs. The ambulance is round at the back to take him off to the mortuary."

Selingman suddenly seized the man by the arm. His eyes were fixed upon the topmost step. Violet stood there, smiling down upon them. She was wearing a black-and-white gown and a black hat with white ospreys. It was the hour of five-o'clock tea and many people were passing in and out. She came gracefully down the steps. The two men remained speechless.

"I have been waiting for you, Mr. Draconmeyer," she remarked, smiling.

Draconmeyer remembered suddenly the packet of notes he had been to fetch from the bank. He tried to speak, but only faltered. Selingman had removed his hat, but he, too, seemed incapable of coherent speech. She looked at them both in astonishment.

"Whatever is the matter with you both?" she exclaimed. "Who is coming with me to the club? I decided to come round this way to see if I could change my luck. That underground passage depresses me."

Draconmeyer moved up a couple of steps. He was quite himself now, grave but solicitous.

"Lady Hunterleys," he said, "I am sorry, but there has been a little accident. I am afraid that your husband has been hurt. Will you come back to your room for a minute and I will tell you about it?"

All the color died slowly from her face. She swayed a little, but when Draconmeyer would have supported her she pushed him away.

"An accident?" she muttered. "I must go and see for myself."

She turned and reëntered the hotel swiftly. Draconmeyer caught up with her in the hall.

"Lady Hunterleys," he begged earnestly, "please take my advice. I am your friend, you know. I want you to go straight to your room. I will come with you. I will explain to you, and then ——"

"I am going to Henry," she interrupted without even a glance toward him. "I am going to my husband at once. I must see what has happened."

She rang the bell for the lift, which appeared almost immediately. Draconmeyer stepped in with her.

"Lady Hunterleys," he persisted, "I beg of you to do as I ask. Let me take you to your room. I will tell you all that has happened. Your husband will not be able to see you or to speak with you."

"I shall not get out," she declared when the lift boy, in obedience to Draconmeyer's imperative order, stopped at her floor. "If I may not go on in the lift I shall walk up the stairs. I am going to my husband."

"He will not recognize you," Draconmeyer warned her. "I am very sorry indeed, Lady Hunterleys—I would spare you this shock if I could—but you must be prepared for very serious things."

They had reached the next floor now. The boy opened the gate of the lift and she stepped out. She looked pitifully at Draconmeyer.

"You aren't going to tell me that he is dead?" she moaned.

"I am afraid he is," Draconmeyer assented.

She staggered across the landing, pushing him away from her. There were four or five people standing outside the door of Hunterleys' apartment.

"Let me go in at once," she ordered. "I am Lady Hunterleys."

"The door is locked," one of the men declared.

"Let me go in," she insisted.

She pushed them to one side and hammered at the door. She could hear voices inside. In a moment the door was opened. It was the commissioner of the police who stood there, tall, severe, official.

"Madame!" he exclaimed.

"I am his wife!" she cried. "Let me in—let me in at once!"

She forced her way into the room. Something was lying on the bed covered with a sheet. She looked at it and cried out.

"Madame," the commissioner begged, "pray compose yourself. A tragedy has happened in this room, but we are not sure—— Can you be brave, madame?"

"I can," she answered. "Of what are you not sure?"

The commissioner turned down the sheet a few inches. A man's face was visible—a ghastly sight. She gave it one look.

"Is that your husband, madame?" the commissioner asked quickly.

"Thank God, no!" she cried. "You are sure this is the man?" she went on, her voice shaking with fierce excitement. "There is no one else hurt? No one else stabbed? This is the man they told me was my husband?"

"He was found there, sitting at your husband's table, madame," the commissioner of police assured her. "There is no one else."

She suddenly began to cry.

"It isn't Henry!" she sobbed, groping her way from the room. "Take me downstairs, please, some one."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SPARTON WARNING SIGNALS

"This Car is Equipped with the Most Efficient of All Warning Signals"

Hundreds of automobile dealers—representing the best cars in America—are using just these words in describing Sparton Warning Signals. ***And it is a significant fact that the Sparton-equipped cars are the fast-selling cars on the automobile market.***

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Model "D"	$15.00
Model "U"	14.00
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Model "J"	9.50

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"BUSINESS AS USUAL?"

(Concluded from Page 23)

enables their customers to buy their products, so these orders, in turn, keep labor employed. Thus, the well-being of almost every worker is intimately dependent on the salability of commercial paper.

The banks next determined to correct the foreign-exchange situation, on which our export trade is so dependent. It was impossible for some time either to buy from or to sell to other nations, because there was no available medium of payment. Ships were tied to the docks, cargoes were piling up in the warehouses, and our great foreign commerce was nearly at a standstill. Finally a gold pool was established by the banks and exports began to move.

Since then these exports have rapidly increased. Not only are the figures very satisfactory but there is good reason to believe that real exports are considerably greater than the published figures would indicate, owing to the contraband rulings. Our financial relations with other nations were greatly aided when England declared that cotton would not be considered contraband of war. In addition to this, Sir George Paish and Basil Blackett came to the United States from England and arranged plans that enabled cotton to be moved.

This leaves only the stock-exchange situation for the bankers to straighten out; and it is my opinion they will manage this in the same able manner in which they have handled those other questions. The banks requested the exchanges to close, and the permission of the banks must be secured in order that the exchanges may reopen. Various plans have been suggested.

The Stock-Exchange people claim that they wish to open at full blast, with the understanding: 1—that liquidation from abroad shall be paid for in interest-bearing notes rather than in gold; 2—that the banks shall continue to carry loans undisturbed for ninety days after the opening; and, 3—that a public pool shall be organized to protect the market, under the name of the American Securities Company, capitalized at a hundred million dollars, the stock of which shall be offered to the public.

More conservative interests do not believe in opening at full blast, but claim that the exchanges should return to first principles and open in a modest and primitive way. They insist that, to begin with, the exchanges should be open for only an hour or two each day, and that trading should be allowed only in stocks of which there are few foreign holdings, such as Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Consolidated Gas, National Biscuit, General Electric, Beet Sugar, and so on; omitting stocks like Steel, Amalgamated Copper, and Pennsylvania, of which the European holdings are very large.

There is no gutter market in bonds, because the bond dealers are fearlessly recognizing changed conditions and are permitting prices slowly to seek a natural level without causing harm or excitement. The Stock-Exchange committee, however, in attempting to keep prices at the artificially high level of July thirtieth, has encouraged the development of an active outside market and is also making it necessary, later on, for borrowers to adjust themselves suddenly to big changes, which they could do gradually with much greater ease.

The Law of Supply and Demand

The law of demand and supply is fundamental. All attempts to peg prices of cotton, copper, coffee, wool, wheat, corn, and so on, have failed in the past, and the present attempt to peg stock prices will fail likewise. The brokers did right in closing the exchanges and they are wise in not letting prices suddenly decline with a bump; but they should seek to have prices gradually find their true level in a reasonable time, and in a manner similar to that adopted by the bond dealers—though both committees owe it to their customers to publish the prices at which their approved sales take place and the volume of such sales.

I believe the publishing of such prices would stimulate purchases, for most people will not buy so long as they feel that prices are pegged. If prices are quoted the public feels that everything is open and aboveboard, and that all are being treated alike. As this is an unusual chance in one's lifetime to buy certain standard investments and as money is constantly accumulating, I am sure the results will be very gratifying. As stated above, fundamental conditions are not bad and, moreover, are constantly improving. Just as soon as investors know they are receiving fair treatment and are not being compelled to play with a stacked deck of cards, they will begin to buy.

The railroads have turned the corner; exports are rapidly increasing; the crops are good; and the new Federal Reserve Board is beginning operations. There is little to fear and much to look forward to, provided the war does not last too long. All that is needed is for the bankers and brokers to get together and, by publishing quotations, to convince the investors that they are getting a square deal. It is true that prices may drag during the war; but just as soon as there are any specific signs of peace a great boom will probably be under way, and it may then be too late to get aboard the prosperity train.

While Sir George Paish, the financial adviser of the British Government, was in this country recently, in connection with financial negotiations between the United States and England, I went to Washington to see him. As we were at breakfast one morning I asked him how the war would affect interest rates, and he replied:

"Rates will naturally continue firm; but the supply of money will, I think, be adequate to all legitimate demands."

In talking with Basil Blackett, of the British Treasury, who accompanied Sir George to this country, I learned that he thinks the war will last between one and two years, and that we are now seeing money rates at their top figures. Of course he does not dream there is any possibility of a German invasion of England, or that the Germans will drop bombs on the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

When the Clouds Roll By

It certainly seems strange that money rates should be higher in this country than in any of the nations now at war. Let us hope this paradox will not exist after the new Federal Reserve System is in full operation. Considering that the New York Stock Exchange was not closed during our entire Civil War, it likewise seems strange that it now needs to be closed because of a foreign war, while we are at peace. However, the ways of bankers are strange, and sometimes a trifle inconsistent.

Everything appears to point to a tremendous boom in this country, beginning just as soon as there are any definite signs of peace. This applies especially to the steel, copper and other metal lines, which are completely dead at the moment. Pittsburgh, Birmingham and other steel centers will have an unprecedented period of prosperity as soon as peace is declared. The copper regions in Michigan, Wyoming and Arizona will again come into their own and the good old days will be back in full force.

Business conditions over a number of years will be dependent on the ultimate terms of peace. If the war results in the formation of some sort of federation of nations, with machinery that will enable them hereafter to secure peacefully what they now acquire only by armed conflict, then the next twenty years may be years of abounding prosperity.

If, on the other hand, one nation is simply crushed and the others continue to arm as before, without the development of any forward international step, then we shall continue to have the same old ups and downs as in the past.

Whatever the terms of peace may be, however, America will surely witness a great boom at the close of the war. Hence my message to readers of this weekly is as follows:

Do not become discouraged by present conditions. Whether you are borrower or lender, manufacturer or retailer, employer or employee—my advice is to hold on. Now is the time to prepare the ground for the great harvest ahead. Now is the time to clean house and set things in order. Now is the time to get back your health and store up energy for the busy days to come. Now is the time for the things you have long desired to do, but for the prosecution of which you have never yet had leisure.

Those of my readers who will seize this opportunity for study and development will find the present depression a blessing in disguise, and that the old saying, "Every cloud has a silver lining!" is still true.

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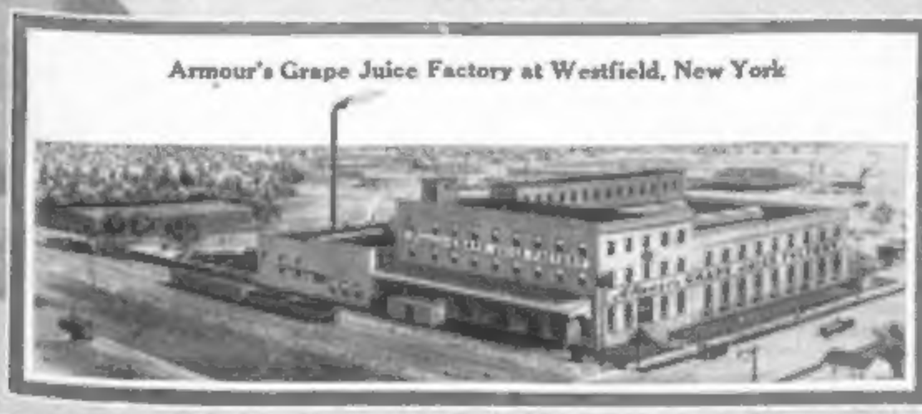
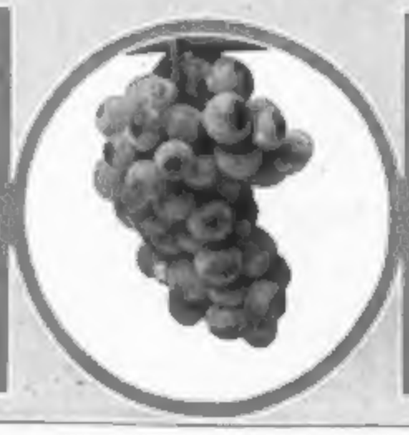
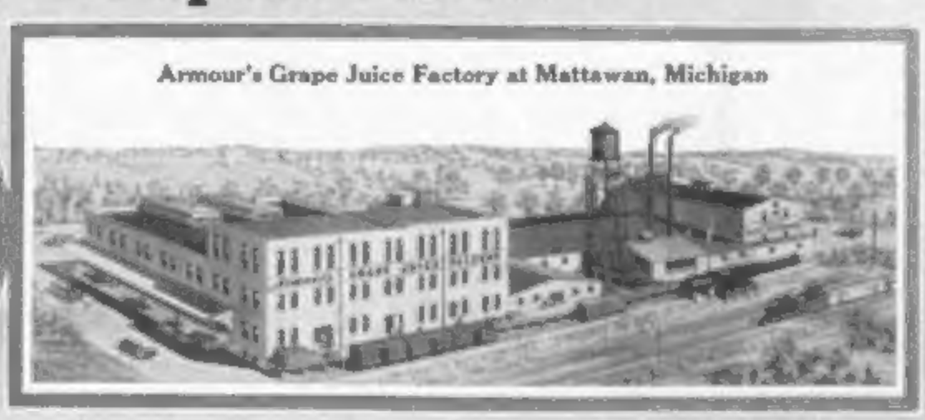




Armour's Grape Juice Factory at Mattawan, Michigan



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